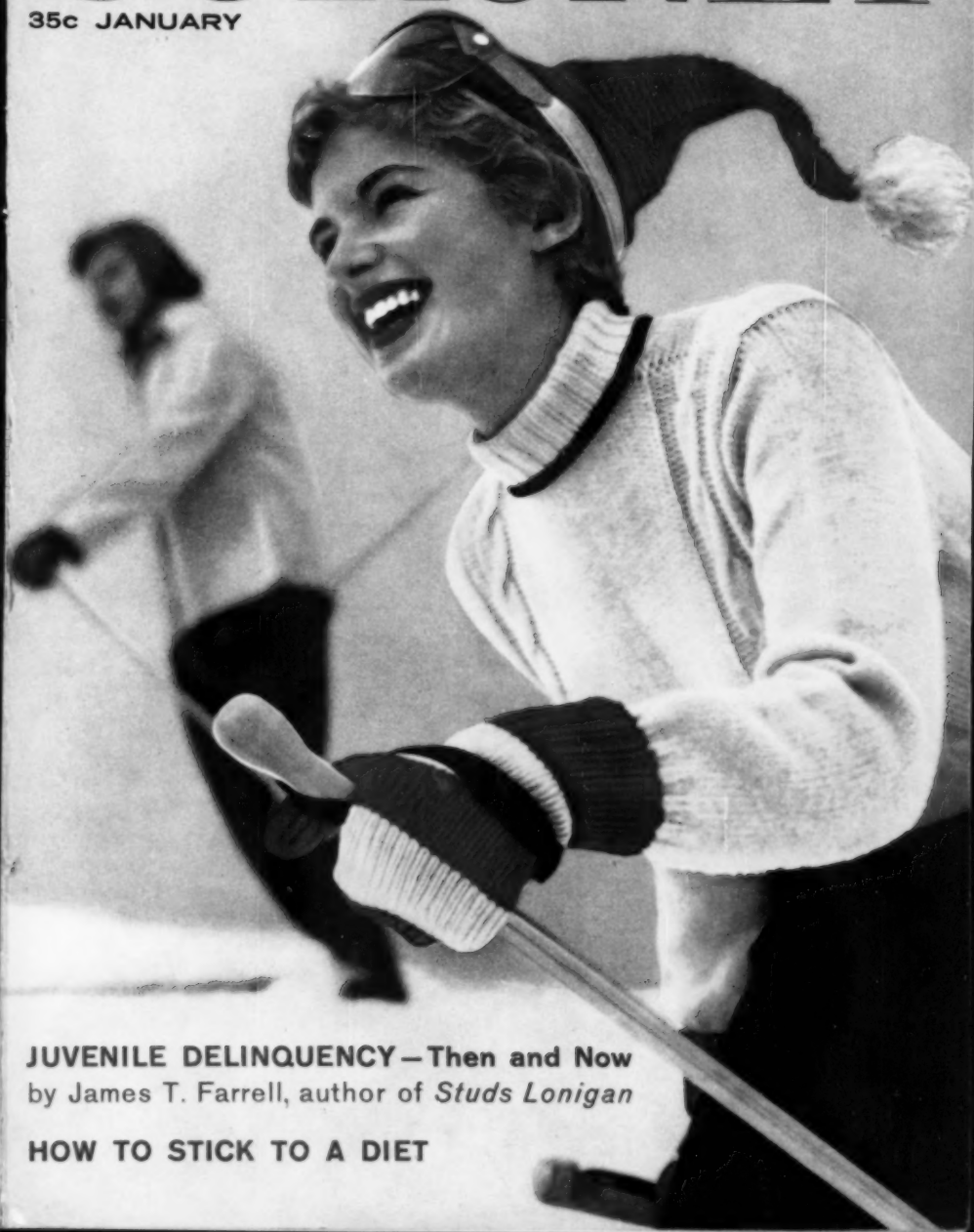


CORONET

35c JANUARY



JUVENILE DELINQUENCY—Then and Now
by James T. Farrell, author of *Studs Lonigan*

HOW TO STICK TO A DIET

When you can't always brush after meals,
even though it's best — start the day with...



GLEEM *Today as ever* ...the toothpaste for
people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys
decay-and odor-causing bacteria



Mouth bacteria, chief
cause of decay, build up
overnight like this

PROOF



After one Gleem brushing,
up to 90% of these
bacteria are destroyed

How many "snacktimes," as well as mealtimes, are there when brushing your teeth afterwards just isn't possible? Then use Gleem—it meets this problem. Just *one* brushing destroys most bacteria. That's how Gleem with GL-70 gives added resistance to decay... protection against mouth odor *all day*. Always start *your* day with the one and only Gleem!

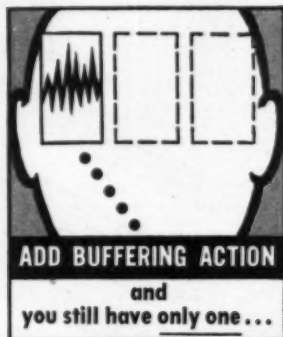
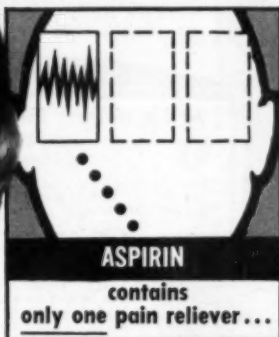


Mouth odor stopped all day with one Gleem brushing. Odor-measuring tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor... means a sweeter goodnight kiss!

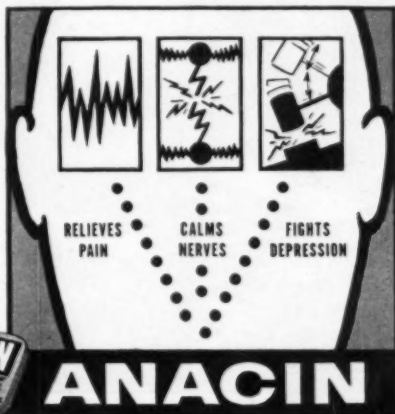
Only GLEEM has **GL-70** to fight decay!

WHY **ANACIN** gives better **TOTAL** results in **PAIN RELIEF**

**better than aspirin —
even with buffering action**



BUT ANACIN® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves — leaves you *comfortably relaxed*. (3) Fights depression. Thus, Anacin gives you better **TOTAL** results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.



3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

FREE-ALL 6 OF THESE TOP

TO NEW
MEMBERS

Perry Mason MYSTERY HITS

by the World's No. 1 Mystery Writer

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ALL FULL-SIZE, HARD-BOUND BOOKS—A \$17.10 VALUE

IMAGINE! You get ALL SIX of these exciting Perry Mason mysteries—a \$17.10 value—FREE on this amazing offer!

Each is a FULL-SIZE, FULL-LENGTH, handsomely hard-bound volume. Read below about the feast of thrills that is waiting for you!

All Six of These Perry Mason Thrillers Free!

1 THE CASE OF THE DARING DECOY

Perry's client says he's being FRAMED on a murder charge. He insists one girl can clear him. Perry finds her—MURDERED!

2 THE CASE OF THE SCREAMING WOMAN

The D.A. has an airtight case. He produces a tape recording of the murdered man's last words—naming Kirby as killer! Can Mason prove he ISN'T GUILTY—with a piano, a cat, a goldfish?

3 THE CASE OF THE GILDED LILY

Bedford wakes up after being drugged—sleeping next to a CORPSE. He KNOWS he'll be accused of MURDER. Can Perry find the real killer IN TIME?

4 THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LOSER

Everybody is convinced Perry's client is GUILTY—even the client HIMSELF! Perry has one chance to prove his innocence—with a CORPSE dead for TWO YEARS!

5 THE CASE OF THE DEMURE DEFENDANT

Nadine "confesses" she poisoned Higley. Mason finds he died a natural death. Then police discover cyanide—exactly where Nadine said she threw it!

6 THE CASE OF THE TERRIFIED TYPIST

Perry locates a gorgeous red-head. She's the surprise witness he's counting on to save his client from the chair. But she's going to be the star witness AGAINST his client!

— Continued on Next Page —

Yes! YOU GET \$17¹⁰ WORTH OF MYSTERIES AT ONCE—FREE!

(Continued from preceding page)

HERE'S the mystery treat of the year! SIX—yes, SIX—complete Perry Mason thrillers by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, including his latest—ALL FREE on this amazing offer! All full-size, full-length, hard-covered books by the "Undisputed King of Mystery Writers."

The Cream of the Best NEW Mysteries—for LESS than \$1 each!

Out of the 300 or more new detective books that come out every year, the Club selects the "cream of the crop"—



by top-notch authors like Erle Stanley Gardner, Agatha Christie, Manning Coles, Mignon Eberhart, Anthony Gilbert, and Leslie Ford. ALL THESE and many other famous authors have had their books

selected by the Club. Many are members themselves!

Club selections are ALL newly published books. As a member, you get THREE of them complete in one hand-size volume (a \$7 to \$8.50 value) for only \$2.29.

You Take ONLY The Books You Want

You do NOT have to take a volume every month. You receive a free copy of the Club's "Preview," fully describing

all coming selections. You may reject any volume in advance. No need to take any specific number of books—only

ones you want. NO money in advance; NO membership fees. Cancel membership any time you please.

You Enjoy These Five Advantages

(1) You get the cream of the finest BRAND-NEW detective books—by the best authors. (2) Save TWO-THIRDS the usual cost. (3) Take ONLY the books you want. (4) The volumes are fresh and clean—delivered right to your door. (5) They are so well printed and bound that they grow into an impressive library.

Mail Coupon for Six FREE Books

SEND NO MONEY. Simply mail coupon below promptly, and we will send you at once—FREE—the six complete Perry Mason mystery thrillers described on the preceding page, together with the current triple-volume containing three other complete new detective books. This exceptional offer may never be repeated. So don't risk disappointment. Clip the valuable coupon now, and mail it at once to:

**Detective Book Club
Roslyn, L.I., New York**



**ALL SIX
BOOKS FREE**

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON

**Walter J. Black, President
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
Roslyn, L. I., New York**

Please enroll me as a member and send me FREE, in regular hard-covered publisher's editions, the SIX full-length Perry Mason mystery novels as described. In addition send me the current triple-volume, which contains three complete detective books.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of volumes. I am to receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and I may reject any book before or after I receive it. I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

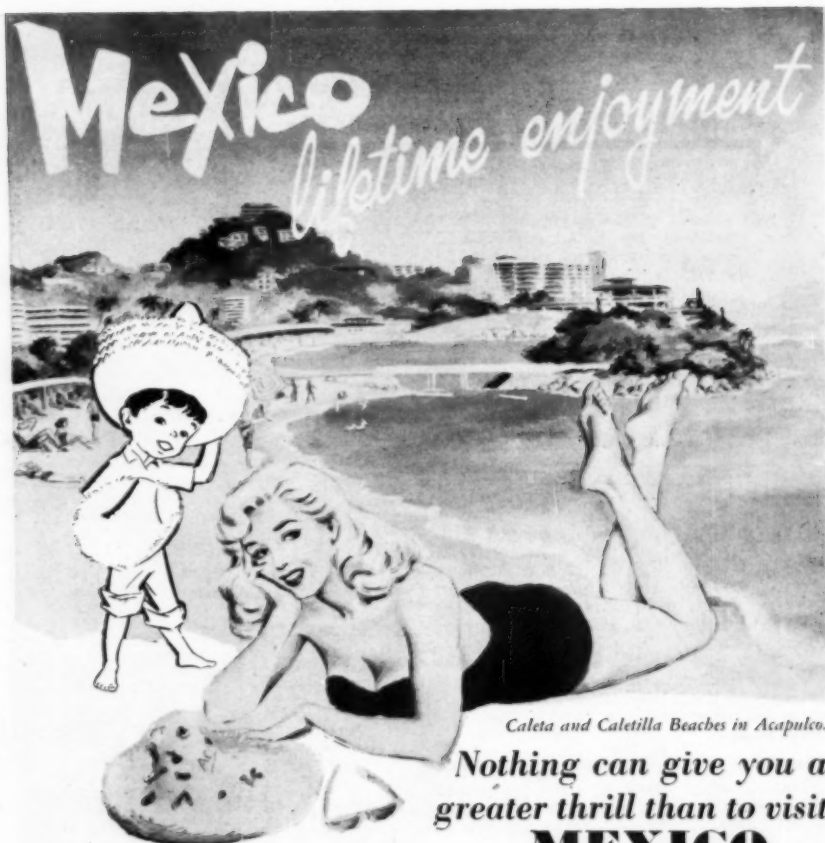
I need send no money now, but for each volume I decide to keep I will send you only \$2.29, plus a few cents mailing charges as complete payment within one week after I receive it. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }

(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....



Caleta and Caletilla Beaches in Acapulco.

**Nothing can give you a
greater thrill than to visit
MEXICO**

In Mexico you will find everything you are seeking . . .
Perfect weather. Restaurants, Hotels, Resorts, and the most
wonderful hospitality. That is why it is the favorite country
for travel.

We want you to be happy in Mexico - Make your travel
and hotel reservations NOW

MEXICO awaits you. *Your travel agent will tell you.*

MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

AV. JUAREZ 89 MEXICO, D. F.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
CHICAGO, ILL.
HOUSTON, TEX. 142 Mellic Esperson Bldg.
MIAMI, FLA.
NEW ORLEANS, LA

3106 Wilshire Blvd.
27-E Monroe St. Suite No 304
45 Columbus Arcade
203 Charles Street

NEW YORK, N. Y.
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
MONTREAL, CANADA
TORONTO, CANADA
LA HABANA, CUBA

630-5th Ave. No. 801 Rockefeller Center
209 E. Travis Street
1255 Phillips Sq. Suite 206
20 Carlton Street
Calle 23 No 72 La Rampa, Vedado

Dear Reader:

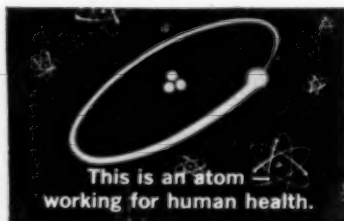
BEFORE COMPLETING his intricately detailed article on Brooklyn's strife-torn Holy Trinity Episcopal Church (page 85), Martin Gross (1) spent two days reading newspaper accounts of the struggle; (2) spent two more days studying legal briefs, court decisions, a history of the Episcopal Church and a history of Holy Trinity; (3) put in over 30 hours interviewing a dozen of the leading participants in the battle and (4) spent another five days—after some days in between for mulling over the story—writing two complete, and many partial, drafts. All of which serves to emphasize that there is considerably more to magazine article writing than just applying typewriter key to paper. It also serves to show that, romantic notions to the contrary, the free-lance magazine writer relies as much on perspiration as inspiration. Altogether, there are some 200 to 300 men and women who earn most of their income in this manner, including the 32-year-old topnotcher Gross. He enrolled at Carnegie Tech before World War II to study chemical engineering, but switched to The City College of New York and journalism because he enjoyed writing for the school paper. Like most of his fellows—who, as a group, earn an average of \$8-18,000 a year—Gross is a jack-of-all-subjects. In the past 18 months he has written ten articles for CORONET, including the story of the GI Bill, spare parts for humans, the adventures of a young missionary, the saga of an experimental rocket plane and the trials of a television censor. It used to be that Gross couldn't scribble notes quickly enough to keep up with himself. Now he records his interviews on a Dictet miniature tape recorder, which he carries slung over his shoulder like a camera. As to flaws in the free-lancer's world, Gross can think of just one—the sporadic nature of payday. But when the checks for his articles come, everything is near-perfect in the Gross' new split-level home in Syosset, Long Island. There life includes getting up at 10 A.M., and gleefully musing over the fate of early rising neighbors who commute to New York.



Writer Gross interviews his four-year-old daughter Amy as his wife Anita looks on.

The Editors

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. Subscription Rates: \$3.00 per year in advance, \$5.00 for two years.

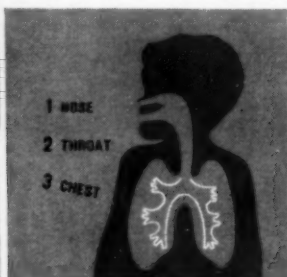


Atom Tracer Tests Prove **VICKS VAPORUB**

**acts faster, longer than
aspirin or any cold tablet**
— to relieve cold miseries



When your child has a cold, rub VapoRub over the area of lungs and heart, throat, back and neck. Acts fast!



No other type of treatment relieves all 3 cold areas... nose, throat, chest...all at once; no internal dosing.



VapoRub's medicated vapors relieve throat, head, cough, bronchial congestion. Your child feels good again fast.

While aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach—Vicks VapoRub is already treating nose, throat, bronchial area—and keeps bringing relief for hours after tablets have stopped working.

Now—from the laboratories of atom medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you can get relief from miseries of colds.

For scientists have used atom

tracer tests in animal laboratory experiments to check the action of cold medications—and found that Vicks VapoRub acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet.

No other type of cold medication treats all 3 cold areas—nose, throat, chest—all at once—for hours—without internal dosing.

So it's no wonder that more mothers throughout the world depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other cold medication.

*World's most
widely used
colds medication*



"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are registered trademarks of the Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

Publisher:
ARTHUR STEIN
Executive Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Editor:
LEWIS W. GILLENSON

Managing Editor:
BERNARD L. GLASER

Senior Editors:
GEROLD FRANK
BEN MERSON
BEN NELSON
JAMES A. SKARDON

Art Director:
MARTIN ROSENZWEIG

Art Editor:
JACK F. REICH

Associate Editors:
PHILIP DOYLE
LESLIE H. HORN
MARK S. NICHOLS
HANNAH MATLUCK

Canadian Correspondent:
ANNE FROMER

Assistant Editors:
PATRICIA GATELY
SALLY B. SANDLER
FLORENCE SEMON
JOAN STRIEFLING

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Production Manager:
BRENDAN WOOD

John Smart, President; A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres.; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Joseph M. Arnstein, Vice-Pres.; Edgar G. Richards, Vice-Pres.; Ellsworth C. Dent, Vice-Pres.; Jerry Jontry, Vice-Pres.; Arthur Stein, Vice-Pres.; Lester Petchaft, Treas.; A. D. Elden, Sec. General Office, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription Offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production Offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, © 1957, by Esquire, Inc. All rights reserved under the International Copyright Union, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Reproduction or use, without written permission, of the editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited. Title registered in the United States Patent Office. Printed in the United States. Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. When writing in, please enclose your mailing label which gives all necessary information.

CORONET

Contents for January, 1958 Vol. 43, No. 3, Whole No. 255

Articles

"My Long Road Back".....	HOMER MCCOY	27
Troubles of the Talking Troubadours.....	WHIT BURNETT	46
Mr. Harrington's Golden Leg.....	GENE BYLINSKY	51
Nashua, Clown Prince of Racing.....	BEN FUNK	52
Tiny Tillers of the Soil.....	PETER FARB	58
A Dishwasher's Glorious Fling.....	ELIOT TOZER	61
How to Stick to a Diet.....	WILFRED DORFMAN, M.D.	67
What Makes Them That Way?.....	JAMES T. FARRELL	71
The Label That Saves Lives.....	PHIL HIRSCH	82
The Ordeal of the Embattled Church.....	MARTIN L. GROSS	85
The Short, Sad Life of a Fairy Princess.....	ROBERT J. LEVIN	102
India's Holy Terrors.....	A. M. ROSENTHAL	108
Your Child's Sex Behavior and You.....	NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE	113

Baltimore's Political Watchdog.....	CHARLES SCHAEFFER AND ART COSING	118
No Tin Cups in Canada.....	ANNE FROMER	123
Fighting Handymen of Uncle Sam.....	ANDREW HECHT	128
Sisters of Safety.....	WILL BERNARD	140
Hollywood's Elegant Redhead.....	RICHARD G. HUBLER	142
The Day of the Black Frost.....	SONYA L. EVANS	148
Pablo Casals, Idealist of the Strings.....	FERNANDO VALENTI	152
Rent Your Luxury.....	ROSANNE MC VAY	155
They Called it Justice.....	WILL BERNARD	170

Pictorial Features

In Search of Beauty.....	JAMES A. SKARDON, PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARY LASCH	34
Zoo Doctor.....	LESLIE H. HORN, PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE DAVIDSON	92
Children's 19th-Century Trading Cards.....	GEROLD FRANK	131

Service Features

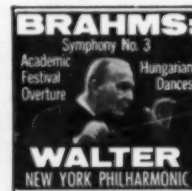
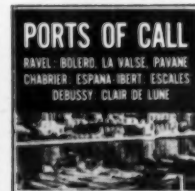
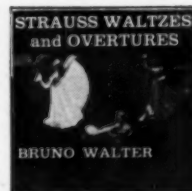
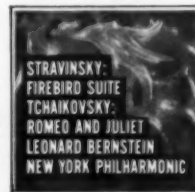
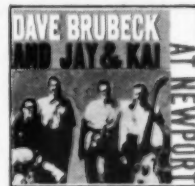
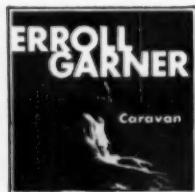
Products on Parade.....	22
Coronet Family Shopper.....	159
Coronet Shopping Guide.....	165
Coronet School and College Directory.....	168
Coronet Resort and Travel Guide.....	169

Departments

Dear Reader.....	5
Idle Dreamer to Self-Made Idol.....	MOVIES 10
All About You.....	18
Grin and Share It.....	HUMOR 33
Human Comedy.....	HUMOR 57
Mixed Doubles.....	A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 81
Driving Dilemmas.....	HUMOR 91
Silver Linings.....	160

Cover


Photograph.....	OZZIE SWEET
-----------------	-------------







FREE-ANY 3

of these superb High-Fidelity

12" COLUMBIA RECORDS

if you join the Columbia  Record Club — and agree to purchase 4 selections during the coming 12 months

- ☆ You receive, at once, any 3 of these records —FREE. One is your gift for joining, and the other two are your Bonus records "in advance"
- ☆ After you have purchased only four records, you receive a 12" Columbia  Bonus record of your choice FREE for every two additional selections you purchase from the Club
- ☆ You enroll in any one of the four Club Divisions: Classical; Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies
- ☆ Every month you receive, FREE, a new issue of the Columbia  Record Club Magazine — which describes all forthcoming selections
- ☆ You may accept or reject the selection for your Division... take records from other Divisions or take NO records in any one month
- ☆ Your only membership obligation is to buy four selections from the more than 100 to be offered in the coming 12 months. You may cancel membership any time thereafter
- ☆ The records you want are mailed and billed to you at only \$3.98 (original cast Musical Shows somewhat higher), plus small mailing charge
- ☆ You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel it by returning the free records within 10 days

© Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1957    


FREE — ANY 3 — VALUE UP TO \$12.94 — MAIL ENTIRE COUPON NOW!

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 500, Terre Haute, Ind.

Please send me as my FREE gift the 3 records whose numbers I have circled at the right — and enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

- ☐ Classical ☐ Listening and Dancing
☐ Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies ☐ Jazz

I agree to purchase four selections from the more than 100 to be offered during the coming 12 months... at regular list price, plus small mailing charge. For every two additional selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia  Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

CANADA: Prices slightly higher.
Address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto 2B

85-A

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia Records dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the dealer's name and address:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....

CIRCLE 3 NUMBERS BELOW:

1. Eddy Duchin Story
2. Beethoven: 3 piano sonatas
3. Erroll Garner ("Caravan")
4. Gaité Parisienne; Les Sylphides
5. Easy To Remember—Luboff Choir
6. My Fair Lady—Orig. Broadway Cast
7. Brubeck and Jay & Kai
8. Gershwin Hits—Percy Faith
9. Sinatra—Adventures of the Heart
10. Ambassador Satch
11. Firebird; Romeo and Juliet
12. Day By Day—Doris Day
13. Johann Strauss—Waltzes
14. Lure of the Tropics—Kostelanetz
15. Ports Of Call
16. Oklahomal
17. Levant Plays Gershwin
18. The Elgart Touch
19. The Great Melodies of Tchaikovsky
20. Suddenly It's the Hi-Lo's
21. King of Swing—Benny Goodman
22. Brahms: Symphony No. 3
23. The Merry Widow
24. Wonderful, Wonderful—Mathis PE-1

Idle dreamer to self-made idol

TONY CURTIS was first born in the mind of a poverty-haunted New York youngster during Depression days. Seeking escape at the movies, he envisioned himself as part of that celluloid world of riches and success typified by a "Tony Curtis," idol of thousands. The youngster, Bernie Schwartz, never relaxed his drive to make it all come true.

Ten years of living his dream hasn't dulled Curtis' enthusiasm for interviews and signing autographs. He hasn't forgotten the fans who spotted him in a bit part—and pushed him to stardom by deluging his studio with letters.

Today, at 32, the 5'10½", 155-pound Curtis has matured into a versatile actor (*Trapeze*, *Sweet Smell of Success*). He credits this to psychoanalysis, which helped

erase the scars of Depression-hunger and resultant petty stealing. "The more I know about myself, the better actor I can become," he says simply.

The scars run deep. When a talent scout discovered him in an off-Broadway play, he chose "Antony Adverse" as his screen name. The studio, however, dubbed him Tony Curtis—and tried to make a trademark of his thick, curly brown hair, flopping into blue eyes. In his newfound confidence, Tony is changing all that: "I look better in short hair. Insecurity made me fear cutting it, or taking any chances."

Currently in big demand, Curtis has found security in producing as well as acting for profit-percentages. In his latest film, *The Vikings* (above), a \$4,500,000 production, he co-stars with his wife, Janet Leigh, Kirk Douglas and Ernest Borgnine.

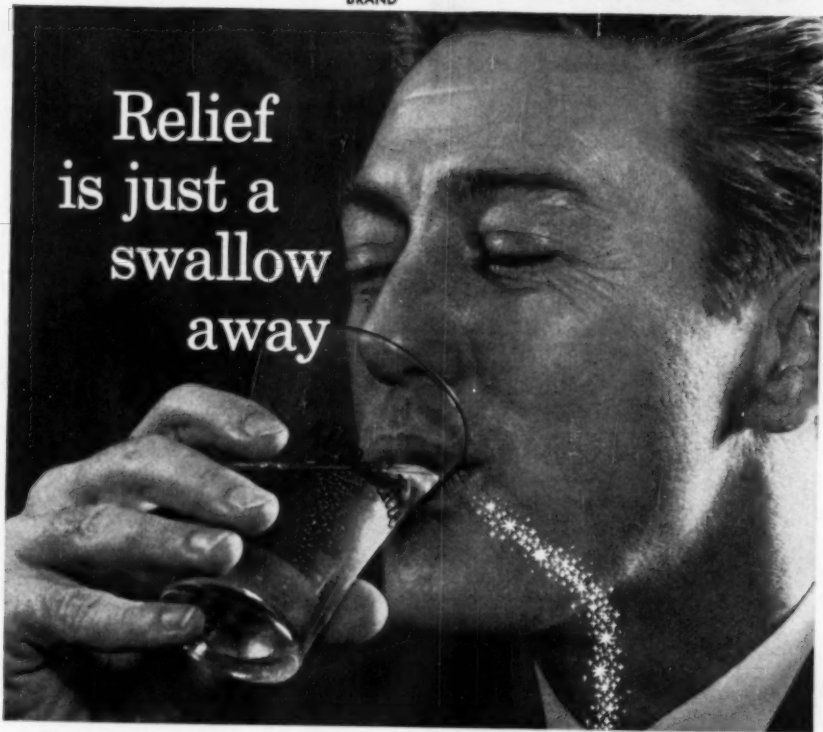
Tony and Janet, whom he married in 1951, live in Beverly Hills, California, with their 18-month-old daughter, Kelly Lee. "None of my pictures has ever lost money," Curtis reflects happily. "One reason is that I spent three years playing bit parts. An audience gets to feel they discovered you, that somehow you belong to them, in a special way."



with **Alka-Seltzer**[®]

BRAND

Relief
is just a
swallow
away



for HEADACHE, UPSET STOMACH, COLD DISCOMFORTS

ALKA-SELTZER brings relief . . . not only for part of you, but ALL of you. Dissolved in water, ALKA-SELTZER becomes a gentle relief-giving liquid that your body can use easily, naturally, quickly. With ALKA-SELTZER, relief is just a swallow away.



*Through the
stomach,
into the sys-
tem, around
and around
it flows . . .
to help you
feel better
all over.*



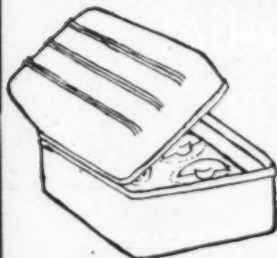
MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Indiana

JANUARY, 1958



This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET.

Lois Cristy tells



Are you slender... yet bothered by bulges? Are you only slightly over your correct size... and not interested in dieting? Relax-A-cizor is your way. No diet. No weight-loss. Yet inches vanish from hips, waist, tummy, arms, thighs... almost like magic... while you rest, at HOME!

Relax-A-cizor requires NO EFFORT, never makes you feel tired... yet it is real, slimming exercise. It is not a vibrator or couch. It is the ONLY home unit that does not depend upon diet for results!

You save time and money, too. No more long trips to expensive salons. You use your Relax-A-cizor privately at home for less than 5c a day. So convenient. So quick and easy to use.

Many women lose an inch or two the first week or so... and with NO diet or weight-loss! No other home method dares make such a promise... because Relax-A-cizor and ONLY Relax-A-cizor reduces without diet or weight-loss!

Relax-A-cizor is a tiny, attractive machine. Looks like a small makeup case. It causes "beautifying, reducing exercise that trims away inches." Easy to use... simply place "Beauty Belts" or pads over bulges of hips, waist, abdomen, thighs, turn a dial and Relax-A-cizor does your slimming exercise while you rest, read, watch T.V. or even sleep!

how **SLENDER** women can **REDUCE** their hips...

No diet. No weight-loss, yet inches vanish almost like magic!

Tested and proved by more than 200,000 delighted women. Praised by such famous magazines as *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Mademoiselle*, *Charm*, *Glamour*, *Coronet*... and newspaper beauty editors coast-to-coast. (*Send Coupon for Free Beauty Articles.*)

Just a few of our famous slender users: Doris Day, Eleanor Powell, Jolie Gabor, Patrice Munsel, Lisa Ferraday, Lola Albright, Helen Grayco and Helen O'Connell.

Diet may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does NOT; instead it firms and tightens your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. New FACIAL exercises and tightens muscles under eyes and chin. Chest muscles that help support the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Clinically tested by physicians... Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Husbands use Relax-A-cizor, too... for slimming exercise of their bulging waistlines... for soothing RELAXING exercise of tired, aching back and feet muscles. Relax-A-cizor is for the WHOLE FAMILY... teenagers to glamorous Grandma. *Everyone* uses it!

Users report results... Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania writes: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California says: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26". She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

Free: "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" by Ralph Bass and complete illustrated booklets about "How to Reduce Inches at Home"... No cost. No obligation. MAIL COUPON BELOW.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Mexico City 14-68-16; Havana, Cuba FO 3875; Caracas, Venezuela 71 79 14; Santurce, Puerto Rico 3-2151.

----- FREE mail today -----	
Relax-A-cizor	Dept. CT-22
980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif. OR 711 Fifth Ave., New York City, OR Suite 800, 17 N. State St., Chicago, Illinois	
Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen. No cost.	
(PLEASE PRINT)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Mrs. <input type="checkbox"/> Miss <input type="checkbox"/> Mr.	
NAME.....	
ADDRESS.....	
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....	
TELEPHONE.....	
Use margin for more writing space	
CT-22	



A FAREWELL TO ARMS David O. Selznick, who produced *Gone With the Wind*, has made an impressive film of Ernest Hemingway's classic novel of the Italian campaign in World War I. This second—and superior—screen version (there was another in 1933) stars Jennifer Jones (*above*) as the British nurse's aid and Rock Hudson as the American lieutenant in charge of ambulance evacuations. Their sad love story is enhanced by the Italian scenery and striking camera angles created by director Charles Vidor. Hudson turns in a fine, rounded performance—probably the best of his career—and Miss Jones, albeit a trifle mannered, is competent, as are the other members of the cast, Vittorio De Sica, Mercedes McCambridge, Kurt Kaznar, Alberto Sordi and Elaine Stritch.

PATHS OF GLORY This World War I story—based on Humphrey Cobb's novel—ranks among the finest anti-war films ever made. Movie audiences may feel as if they had been punched relentlessly in the solar plexus when it is over. This cumulative shocking effect is intentional.

Stanley Kubrick, director of last year's *The Killing*, attacks the military mind with both fists, as well as devastating subtlety and he extracts finely integrated performances from his actors: Kirk Douglas (*right*), Ralph Meeker, Adolphe Menjou, George McReady and particularly Timothy Carey. Don't miss it.

—MARK NICHOLS



Now
this is
Holiday
Eggnog!



To make eggnog right, you need rum. And the right rum is **myers jamaica**—this season in the striking “Treasure Chest” gift package! Here’s the short cut recipe: To a quart of prepared eggnog mix, add 8 oz. of **myers jamaica rum**, place in refrigerator for ½ hour, remove, sprinkle with grated nutmeg.

IMPORTED FROM JAMAICA • MYERS'S RUM • 97 PROOF • FOR FREE BOOKLET ON THE NEWEST IN RUM DRINKERY AND COOKERY WRITE: GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., 405 LEX. AVE., N. Y. C. 17 • DEPT C7-A





"I save by mail and earn 5½% a year
It's safe...and so much easier...

I work hard for my money, so when I chose a savings account I had to know my money was safe and working hard for me. At First Western my savings earn 5½% a year, and interest is paid every quarter. That means I can easily withdraw funds without losing interest, or I can let the interest remain in the account for compound earnings, every three months.

Few savings institutions can offer so much. First Western can do it because it is located in the fastest growing area in the country, where dollars are needed to finance expansion. Of course I checked them out thoroughly and found that First Western is the largest savings and loan association in the entire State of Nevada, over \$23-million strong. Their officers and directors are all

community and state leaders of long standing. They have always paid withdrawals instantly, and have a history of dependable performance as well as above-average earnings.

Another important point. Saving by mail is the easiest way to save, no traffic, no waiting in line, no wasted time. I find I save more, and earn more, by transacting my savings business in my own living room, with a First Western Savings Account."

You can open a save-by-mail account with as little as \$1.00. Accounts under \$5,000 earn 5¼% a year, accounts of \$5,000 or more earn 5½%. Interest is paid quarterly on all accounts. Funds received by the 15th of any month earn from the 1st.

Write or mail funds to:
FIRST WESTERN SAVINGS
 AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, DEPT. C,
 118 South Fifth Street, Las Vegas, Nevada • BART LYTTON, Pres.



A message of importance for you and your family



Bart Lytton President
First Western Savings

Over the years, I have spoken to you many times through the pages of *Coronet*, about the importance of truly protecting your savings through higher earnings combined with availability of your funds. On the opposite page is a message representative of the thousands of letters First Western receives from prudent account-holders throughout the nation. These wise savers have *acted* to protect their family's financial future, whatever the national economic trend, by combining a markedly better return on their savings, with quick access to their hard-earned capital.

Now, more than ever, with our national economy entering a new phase, I urge you to consider the message on the opposite page.

←.....

ALL ABOUT YOU

Early indulgence: will it help or hinder your child? How your personality predicts future ailments



FOR HAPPY RETIREMENT

Men with little jobs do better in retirement than their intellectual superiors, according to Dr. Seymour Perlin of the National Institute of Health. Men who had routine jobs most of their lives, he discovered, were happier living on a pension than those who had more mentally taxing chores in their active years. One reason, he explained, was that the man in the lesser job was able to transfer the details of that job into minor, self-imposed assignments for puttering around the house. But the man who had heavy intellectual obligations was often unable to find, in retirement, any comparable and rewarding substitute for those interests.

STRICT VS. EASY-GOING

What's better for your child—to grow up under strict parental supervision, or in a household where he does pretty much as he pleases? Dr. Goodwin Watson of Columbia University, studying chil-

dren from these two opposed backgrounds, found the following: in self-control, inner security and happiness, little difference. But children from strict homes were more apt to fall into extreme categories—either unusually persistent or too easily discouraged—while those from permissive homes were more moderate in their persistence. But he also found that children from easy-going homes generally showed more initiative and creativity, more independence, better cooperation, less inner hostility. Another finding, of more than passing interest: contrary to the popular notion, strict parents are in the majority. Dr. Watson found three times as many strict as permissive!

ILLNESS & PERSONALITY

Like to have a preview of the illnesses you *may* develop? It's not too far-fetched an idea, accord-



ing to Dr. Floyd O. Ring of the University of Nebraska's College of Medicine. He studied more than 400 patients to discover if a rela-

Next month **ESQUIRE** will present
THE GROWING STONE, a long story by
ALBERT CAMUS, the winner of the
1957 NOBEL AWARD for Literature.

"The Growing Stone"

tells the story of
an expatriated
French engineer in
a remote village
in Brazil.

An adventure story in tone,
it demonstrates
the literary skill and
philosophical insight which
won M. Camus the award.
The story marks Camus'
first appearance
in **ESQUIRE**
since December 1953,
and continues the magazine's
established tradition
of publishing important works
by leading writers.
Of the forty
Nobel Prize winners
since 1910, ten have appeared
in **ESQUIRE'S** pages:

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
KNUT HANSUN
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
THOMAS MANN
SINCLAIR LEWIS
IVAN BUNIN
LUIGI PIRANDELLO
BERTRAND RUSSELL
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
ALBERT CAMUS



ALL ABOUT YOU

Nail-biting: a cause and a cure

tionship existed between three basic personality types, and a whole gamut of psychosomatic ailments. He found that "excessive reactors"—persons who are generally apprehensive, emotional, talkative—seem prone to coronary illness, ulcers, and degenerative arthritis. "Deficient reactors"—those who are just the opposite—suffered more from rheumatoid arthritis, colitis and nervous skin ailments. And "restrained reactors"—those aware of their tensions but keeping them under control—seemed more likely to complain of high blood pressure, thyroid ailments, migraine, asthma.



SHADES OF COUÉ

Do you bite your nails? If you do, try this ingenious method for breaking the habit, which worked with approximately 50 percent of a group of nail-chewing students at New York's City College. To cure themselves, they stood for half a minute every hour before a mirror while they went through the motions of biting their nails without, however, actually doing so. At the same time they repeated the phrase, "This is what I am *not* supposed to do." After three months, according to Dr. Max Smith, nearly two out

of three had either broken the habit, or improved considerably. Ten months later a recheck showed that some were nibbling away at their nails again, but fully half of the group had been cured. The reason? Dr. Smith suggests that a child's nail-biting may be the result of tension, but in an adult it's often a habit he's carried on long after the original tension vanished.

NO PANIC

Along with the latest astonishing developments in rockets and war-head projectiles, it's reassuring to learn that, if you're the average person, chances are you'd neither panic nor succumb to shock, should disaster strike you today. That's the conclusion of a Michigan State University study based on 116 victims of a death-dealing tornado. The researchers discovered that only one person in five suffered panic or shock—and these were persons hit hardest by the calamity, those who were alone, isolated from their families, or injured. But the majority of disaster victims were not incapacitated, were able to pitch in and do what was necessary. And even the panic victims—when asked to chip in and help rescue—got over their momentary disability.



CORONET
presents the
**PERFECT
ANSWER**
to the
**last-minute
gift giving
problem**

**SPECIAL HOLIDAY
RATES**
1 one-year gift **\$2.50**
2 one-year gifts **\$5**
Each additional gift only **\$2**

**USE THE
HANDY
ORDER
FORM
NEXT TO
PAGE 170**

HELD OVER TILL JANUARY 15

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY! There's still time left to treat one and all to months of sparkling Coronet reading entertainment. Here's a monthly hit "review" featuring the best in Lively Articles . . . Beautiful Picture Stories . . . Intimate Closeups . . . Just-For-The-Fun-Of-It Anecdotes . . . Games . . . Puzzles . . . and Loads of Merry Surprises! It's your most happy choice for all gift-giving occasions—a touch of home to those away from home. And postage is free to any point in the world.

*For easy ordering
Take your cues from here:*

Enter names and addresses on the postpaid form you'll find opposite page 170

OR

Write to CORONET, Dept. 1016,
Boulder, Colorado

Be sure to include your own name so we'll know how to sign it on the cards that announce your gifts.

Of course, you may enter or extend your own subscription at these lower rates.

ORDER NOW

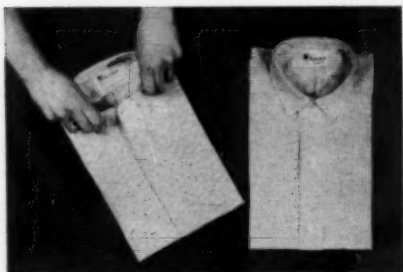
PAY LATER

BUT DO ACT TODAY!

JANUARY, 1958

21

PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



No Collar Discomfort for a young lad who wears a Nexponder shirt. Durable elasticized collar expands as boy grows. Choice of red or blue stripe or check fabric with barrel cuffs. Sizes 6 to 14 J, 13 to 15 Y. \$4.05 pp. Kaynee Co., COR, Broadway at Aetna Rd., Cleveland, O.



Preserves made from fruits and berries grown in the northwest are a real taste treat. Package of two 5 oz. jars and 12 oz. decanter of fresh fruit syrup, \$3.50 pp. Box of five 5 oz. jars of assorted jams, \$3.95 pp. Northwest Corner Store, Dept. COR-1, Longview 81, Wash.



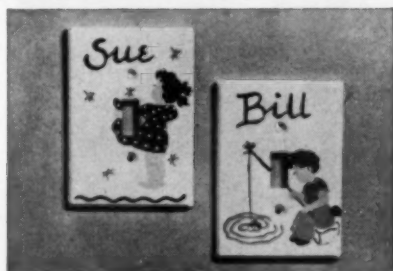
Terrycloth Baby Bibs for eager little eaters. Each bib is hand-appliqued with a nursery rhyme motif and is guaranteed washable. Pastel blue, pink or white. Welcome gift for a new mother. \$1.25 pp. Trudy Richmond, Dept. COR, 105 S. Victoria Ave., Ventnor, N.J.



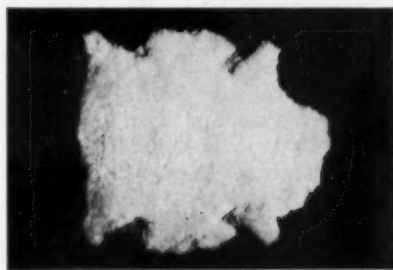
Kiwi Shoe Groomer is compact shoe-shine kit. Contains 3 giant cans of polish, black, brown and neutral; 2 buffer brushes and 2 shine cloths. White birch case has combination handle and footrest. \$5.95 pp. Rittenhouse Enterprises, Dept. COR, 35 Rittenhouse Blvd., Norristown, Pa.



Imported Electric Warmer will be instant success with the homemaker. Boils 4 cups of water in 2½ minutes. Wonderful for making instant coffee or tea. Of sparkling white porcelain; 7½" high. Turn off and on with a touch. \$3.69 pp. Seth & Jed, Dept. C, New Marlborough, Mass.



Personalized Switch Plate is that special touch for a little one's room. Sparkling white ceramic, each plate is decorated with a colorful figure and the child's first name. Fits any standard single switch-plate. \$1.75 pp. Wales, Dept. C, 540 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



Natural Animal-shaped sheepskin rug can be used in a bedroom, den, etc. Golden tan shade will blend with most color schemes. Measures 30" x 42"; washable. Deep luxurious pile. Wonderful buy at only \$7.50 pp. H.M.J. Fur Co., Dept. C, 150 W. 28th St., New York 1, N.Y.



Focus the Magic Art Reproducer on anything you want to draw and follow reflected image on a piece of paper. Easy to make a professional-looking drawing. Kit includes pencils, color pictures and paper. \$1.98 pp. Norton Products, Dept. CR, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7, N. Y.

(Continued on page 24)

PRODUCTS ON PARADE



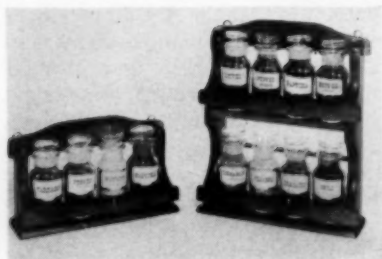
Crayon Apron is just the thing for keeping a tiny artist neat while working. Multicolored crayons are tucked into individual pockets along with safety scissors. Of washable denim, personalized with first name. \$1.00, pp. Carol Beatty, 483 Beatty Bldg., Hollywood 46, California.



Solo Bridge is exciting new game for 1, 2 or more players. Demonstrates correct Goren point count bidding and proper play of cards. Has 36 prepared deals. For beginners and advanced players. \$2.95 pp. Bridgemasters, COR, 1151 Moore's Mill Rd. N. W., Atlanta 5, Georgia.



You Won't have to coax Junior to drink his milk when you serve it from this Cow Pitcher that "moos" as you pour. Gaily decorated china; attractively packed with fruit flavored lollipops. \$2.45 pp. Rosemarie de Paris, Inc., Dept. CT, 118 E. 28th St., New York 16, New York.



Hang-up Wooden Shelves hold a cook's herbs and seasonings in attractive apothecary jars. Assortment of 48 spices and herbs to choose from. Shelf with 4 jars \$4.50, 8 jars and shelf \$8.50, pp. Epicure's Mart, Dept. CJ58, 53 E. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.



Fun bubbles both ways in a friendly "telephone break." You're glad you called, and it's so appreciated. Routine gets a poke in the ribs, the day gets an unexpected sparkle. So dust off your morning, pick up the phone, and just for fun—call someone.

Bell Telephone System
Working together to bring people together



NOT A
WHISPER OF
BAD BREATH
WITH NEW IPANA

...its distinct taste tells you so

● New Ipana® Tooth Paste with germ-killing WD-9 prevents bad breath. Use it regularly. Ipana's distinct taste and refreshing after-taste tell you it cleans your entire mouth.

● Ipana with WD-9 actually has twice the decay-germ killing power of any other leading tooth paste. So it can help your children fight tooth decay effectively, too.



Another fine product of Bristol-Myers

Look for
the **BIO** cap—
only on NEW Ipana

*This is the unforgettable
story of a man who,
poised on death's edge,
dared to accelerate
his life—and proved he
was scared of nothing*

"My long road back"

by Homer McCoy

I WAS SUPPOSED to be long dead, but I'd never felt better as I pressed the accelerator and passed the aged jalopy I'd been timidly trailing since the last town. Why, there was nothing to it—and I must have been doing almost 50. I wished the doctors could have seen me.

The doctors, half a continent away back in California, would have been shocked if they'd known what I was up to. I should have been following their orders, resting and recovering from the series of operations they'd performed on me. Instead, I'd run away; and everything I'd done since was a medical and an economic mistake. Like the plane trip from the Coast. Like buying this new station wagon back in the city.

Yet I wasn't really running away, least of all not from my trouble. I was facing it. During this recess the doctors could do nothing for me. But I could—I could give myself a real test that would tell how I was, and how I was going to be, much better than the specialists with their

blood samples and their biopsies.

Long hospitalization can reduce you to an irresolute, inefficient and soggy mass of meat. A slob. You are banana-fingered when you dress yourself. You have to learn to do many things all over again.

I figured I was relearning pretty good. For I'd stumbled along well enough to get up into the northern brush country of Minnesota, my home state. I gave the gas pedal another jolt.

Having made and acted upon the weighty decision of passing the jalopy, I thought I'd earned a rest. It was overdue, anyway. The doctor had told me not to sit too long at a stretch, but to lie down and elevate my feet. All right, doctor. My legs, encased in elastic stockings, were starting to pulse and pain.

I got out of the car, went around to the rear, opened the tail gate and began blowing up my air mattress. I blew until I got dizzy and had to slow down.

This was to be expected. I no longer had my old lung capacity. There'd been a blood clot following

one of my operations. It had made it through the heart and lodged in a lung. This pulmonary embolism had killed off part of the lung.

By the time I'd injected enough air into my mattress, I was tired. I crawled over the tail gate and placed a pillow at one end for my head, another for propping up my feet, and lay down. With my legs raised, the throbbing and hurt in them began to ease. I could almost feel the blood seeking and finding detours in its return passage to the heart. The blood's freeway had been blocked because the doctors had ligated, or tied off, the iliac veins to lessen the chances of more blood clots. The elastic stockings were a further preventive.

I remembered the encouragement given me by one of the doctors, a wit. "After all," he'd told me, "there's nothing unusual about your condition, except that it is seldom encountered in a man who is still living."

Well, I was living, and good. I got behind the wheel and started off, driving a little faster.

THE HIGHWAY now ran wide, straight and purposefully through the pine-covered hills where years ago it had meandered in a lingering fashion. It no longer skirted the big bay on Lake Shamineau, but from the top of a grade I could see the shining water. Basically, however, the country had scarcely changed during the quarter of a century since I had been there last. This gave me a feeling of security—a sense of everything being just as it had been, with me and with the

world in that wonderful, carefree period B.C.—Before Cancer, that is.

The little town that was so near my destination was in its familiar state of arrested deterioration, I saw as I drove slowly down the main street. What used to be the bank was now a bar.

The sight of it gave me an inspiration, followed swiftly by resolve. I would saunter into the bar like anybody else, climb onto a stool, look the bartender in the eye and order a bourbon and soda exactly the way I used to. Never mind the doctors and their orders.

I made a U-turn and parked before the place, excited and happy. I was making fast decisions and carrying them out.

I walked inside slowly and carefully to hide my limp, and attempted a jaunty swing up onto a stool. My left leg played its familiar trick, buckling and sending me lurching against the bar.

Embarrassed, I held on and eased myself onto the stool, then looked furtively about. No one had paid any attention. Why should they? Here was one place where lurching was a common and accepted routine.

I drank cautiously, for I was out of training, and got through my first drink so well I had another. "This is fine therapy," I muttered to my glass. "I'll probably become a lush and drink myself to death, for therapeutic reasons."

I finished my second bourbon-and-soda, left, got into the station wagon, executed another U-turn and drove on.

Two miles from the village I

turned onto a country road and inched along, searching for the old abandoned logging trail that would take me where I wanted to go. I couldn't find it, and I felt sick and hollow. To come this far, and fail—perhaps—perhaps I'd expected too much.

Then I drove around a bend and saw it. It would still accept a car, although I could see no signs that cars used it any more.

I went slowly in low gear, and at length emerged into the clearing which was road's end.

The spot was just as I remembered it. Once it had been the site of a sawmill, but the buildings had rotted away and the piles of sawdust had long since disappeared. Along one edge of the clearing ran the stream—spring-fed, small, chattering.

I was hungry, but I didn't eat. I was too tired. Anyway, I wanted to make a lot of room for the whopping breakfast I would have in the morning. I was anticipating that meal.

I undressed all the way, even taking off the elastic stockings. The doctors would have frowned on this, but it was worth the risk.

By the time I crawled into my sleeping bag, twilight was yielding gracefully to darkness. I smoked and watched the tree trunks melt away to become part of night's curtain. I doused my cigarette and listened, feeling safe and secure, for the wilderness music to begin. I could hear the stream, its voice blending with the soft sighing of wind in the pine trees to make a background theme for the soloists.

The first performer was a whip-poorwill, its musical signature a timid fanfare that opened the nocturne. Far off a brush wolf yodeled. A tiny creature, probably a white-footed mouse, scurried through the pine needles near me. Then came a dominant, compelling voice—the hollow booming of a great horned owl. And immediately after, the shriek of a snowshoe hare as the owl's piercing talons squeezed out its life.

The cry of the hare jerked me to a sitting position, sweating and afraid. Death had struck swiftly and unexpectedly in the forest. It could strike again. Me, maybe. What was I doing out here alone, so far from help? What if I had another embolism? Maybe I hadn't been so smart after all.

During the silence following the sound of tragedy, the forest held its breath. It was a vast arena of terror and I was panicky. But gradually the wild things began stirring and talking, going about their business as if nothing had happened.

I began to relax. Okay, the owl had killed the rabbit. It had to be. The owl was a controlling agent through which Mother Nature maintained her delicate balance. I must have a place on her scales, alive and as I was. If not, I should have died months before.

I snuggled back into my sleeping bag with a sense of peace and satisfaction. I was getting along fine. I had overcome the obstacles of civilization and now I was coping with the wilderness. I slipped into a light but untroubled sleep.

I woke up at dawn, unzipped the

sleeping bag and dressed, leaving off the elastic stockings. I brought out my gas stove and got the burners going. Next I unpacked food and utensils.

Then I opened a large can of syrup, took it to the stream and emptied the contents into the current. I had no use for the syrup. I merely wanted the container for making coffee. I could have brought a regulation coffee pot with me, but the best outdoors-style coffee is brewed in a syrup can—always.

I rinsed the can of its sticky residue, filled it with brook water and put it on the stove, measuring enough coffee into it for a strong compound. Afterwards, I slung in another large handful. That last extra load always did the trick.

A visitor dropped in on me—a Canadian jay. I'd almost forgotten how neighborly they were in attaching themselves to campers. The jay perched on the station wagon and watched me fix breakfast.

As I remembered, male and fe-

male Canadian jays looked alike. I hoped the bird was a female, and proceeded on the assumption that it was. Now I had a date. I hadn't had a date in ever so long.

"How do you do, Madame," I told the jay.

While I scrambled the eggs with sausages I kept talking to the jay.

Seated on my camp stool and using the tail gate of the station wagon for a table, I ate. The hospital with its correct but tasteless diets seemed long ago and far away. I luxuriated over the potent coffee and a cigarette, recalling a quotation from somewhere: "Fate cannot harm me, for I have dined today."

When I had cleaned my dishes I put together my casting rod. I had only two lures—basic models that hadn't been altered since I was a kid. They were red and white spoons, each with a trailing treble hook. These I had removed, replacing them with single barbless hooks.

With rod over shoulder, I set out



along the path through the woods slowly and gropingly, testing my legs for this, the most sustained work they had been asked to do since leaving the hospital. They were adequate, they would hold out if I took it easy. There was no reason for haste.

I emerged from the path onto a meadow bordering the river. I had forgotten that when I left the meadow I must climb a steep, pine-covered hill.

When I got about one-third of the way up the hill, trouble overtook me. The needle-carpeted path was slippery, and my legs began to ache, then throb, and sharp pains geysered up them. They quit on me, buckling, and I fell and rolled down against the trunk of a tree.

I tried to get up, but couldn't make it, and lay still with waves of pain rolling over me, thinking they must be blood clots rushing toward the heart and that I'd been an idiot to leave the elastic stockings behind. I must have rushed things too much, I concluded, and passed out.

I CAME to feeling good, lying head downward on the hill; my feet above me correctly elevated. The doctors would have approved the way I had fallen. I looked around and saw that my rod was undamaged. So was I. I could have made it back to the car easily, but there was no turning back now, with my objective so close. I could make the top of the hill with the application of some common sense.

I got my fishing rod and crawled on hands and knees to the summit.

Descending was merely annoying,

because it called into play the seldom-used muscles in the back of the thighs. At the bottom I gave them a short rest, then went on to the bank of the river where it was joined by the brook.

I sat down at the base of the giant Norway pine which was a marker for my own very private fishing spot. Lightning had long ago knocked off its top, and its trunk was scarred and fire-blackened. But it was still living and green-needled. I hoped that I had a small fraction of its character.

As I took off my shoes and stockings and rolled up my trousers, I had the queer sensation that time had done a magical back-flip. It was only yesterday that I had fished here, not a quarter of a century ago. I had really never been far away. I had never been sick. Any fears I had about future malignancy were groundless.

With clumsy fingers I attached a spoon to the leader and waded into the river on the gravel bar formed by the feeder stream. The water was cold and exhilarating. I didn't know whether wading was correct therapy, but it felt so good it had to be.

Where the bar sloped off into dark water, I halted. So far as I could tell, just below me was the deep hole where the northern pike used to lurk.

I made a practice cast upstream, away from the hole. The spoon shot through the air, halted as though it had struck a wall, and snapped back toward me in the grand-daddy of all backlashes—a classic, intricate tangle of line. I picked away at it and

finally got the line straightened out.

I made several more casts over unproductive waters, fabricated two more backlashes less obnoxious than the first, and then achieved a series of smooth throws, gaining distance each time. Now I was ready.

Bringing the rod up vertically to a high-noon position, I flipped the spoon slightly upstream and across the current. I let it carry downstream, reeling in just enough to keep it from snagging on the bottom.

When the angle of my line indicated the lure was below and beyond the hole, I began to retrieve it, with misgivings. Here I was using the old-fashioned method of casting in an era dominated by spinning tackle. Maybe my basic spoon was too dated to fool these new, knowledgeable generations of fish.

Maybe I was through as an angler, and—it followed—in every other way.

I could see the darting lure approach, flashing as it ascended toward the sunlit surface. And then there came another, bigger flash as a pike struck the old-fashioned spoon in its old-fashioned incomparable way.

I struck back, felt solid resistance and, laughing and shouting, let the fish run. I had come far for this moment.

The pike broke the surface threshing and shaking its head, then sounded. I let it sulk and dart around the deep hole. It leaped again, and abruptly quit. For sheer

savagery and swiftness of attack, it's hard to fault a northern pike, but it isn't outstanding for staying powers.

I reeled in carefully until it was a few feet from me, at which point it made a final, frantic resistance, splashing and writhing like a wounded snake. Then it was over.

Pulling the tired fish close in, I reached down, slid my hand around its body close to the head and lifted it out of the water. It wasn't heavy; it wouldn't go over three pounds.

I removed the barbless hook from the pike's lower jaw. Then I restored the fish to its element, with a prayer of thanks. With sudden violence it once again became a projectile of grace and beauty, darting away toward deep water.

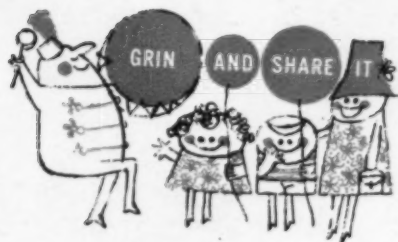
I waded back to shore and stretched out on the pine needles at the base of the big Norway. I had passed the final test. I knew what I needed to know.

All I had had to do was catch one fish, and I had done it. As fish went, it was small; but as a symbol of permanence and security, and as evidence that nothing had changed, including me, it was the biggest and best fish in the world.

Ahead of me lay the long road back, which very soon would involve an undignified crawl on hands and knees over a needleslick hill. I had no misgiving about that, or about anything else in the future. I wasn't afraid of my next examination, of the biopsy, of cancer. I was scared of nothing now.

All Too True

THE PLURAL of whim is women. —Nassau



THE WARDEN of a midwestern penitentiary is still looking for the comedian who placed a small sign on the wall behind the prison's electric chair. The sign simply stated:

"You can be *sure*, if it's Westinghouse!"

—MARSHALL K. MCCLELLAND

MECHANIC to owner of old, broken-down car: "Let me put it this way—if your car were a horse, it would have to be shot."

—FRANCES BENSON (*Catholic Digest*)

WHEN uranium prospectors armed with Geiger counters first began invading his region, a mystified Kentucky oldtimer confided to a visitor:

"I don't know what this is all about. Fust thing I knew some feller comes on the place with a goober counter and said he's huntin' for geraniums."

—RUTH GREENWALD

A WOMAN'S HUSBAND asked her what she wanted for her birthday the next week. She thought for a moment, then said, "No more scarfs, or stockings, or sheer black nighties. This year I want cold, hard cash for a change."

The following day her husband filled her request. He put \$20 in

nickels, dimes and quarters into a quart jar, then filled it with water. On her birthday he handed his wife a solidly frozen bottle of change from the freezer locker.

—Wall Street Journal

A HOBOKEN, New Jersey, resident bought himself a goat. His next door neighbor, the local tax assessor, eventually grew tired of the goat being around under his picture window all the time and levied a \$4.00 tax on the animal. The owner of the goat complained bitterly, and finally demanded to know under what law the tax assessor made his levy.

"The levy is strictly in accordance with the laws of the State of New Jersey," said the tax man.

"I demand proof of that!" snapped the goat man.

"Here it is right in the law book—'All property abutting and abounding on the public street shall be taxed at the rate of two dollars per front foot.'"

—Woolery Digest

"BUT WHY," demanded the puzzled judge of the burglar standing before him, "did you break into the same store three nights running?"

"Well, judge, it's like this," was the reply, "I picked out a dress for my wife, and I had to change it twice."

—Vandalia (Ill.) Union

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



*A photographer proves the most beautiful women
of all are those that you see on the street every day*

in search of Beauty

KARY LASCH (at work, right), a Czech who has lived in Sweden for 18 years, has won an international reputation as a photographer of beautiful women—without specializing in pictures of such recognized beauties as Sophia Loren, Marilyn Monroe or Anita Ekberg. Instead he travels thousands of miles every year in search of beautiful unknowns. Lasch does this, he says, because “well-known stars and models are too conscious of how they look. For them, posing for a picture is an assignment. For the unknown girl it is an adventure.” Besides naturalness, Lasch looks for youth. “It is not disturbing,” he says, “if there is no intelligence or charm reflected in a young girl’s face. But it makes an older woman look cheap. Youth covers a multitude of deficiencies.” Lasch, a 43-year-old bachelor who has photographed over 2,000 women, strives to make each picture express his own reaction to the girl being photographed. In Birgitta Kembel (left), 17-year-old Stockholm school girl, he saw a “cold, severe, enigmatic Garbo quality” which he brilliantly captured with his camera. What he beheld in ten other beauties is reflected on the following pages.



Text
by James A. Skardon

Photographs
by Kary Lasch



Lasch especially likes to photograph strikingly Nordic-Swedish types such as Brita Krüger, 19-year-old salesgirl (*left*), because he finds them a fascinating admixture of "glowing health, clean lines and unabashed provocativeness." He associates coolly beautiful Jean Quick, an English ballet dancer (*below*), with "breeding, education, sensitivity, wide interests, talent and a home with nice parents."







Intrigued by a pretty face, Lasch's desire to photograph it becomes compulsive. Sighting Yvonne Monlaur, 21, on a Paris boulevard for the first time, he immediately posed her on a chair in the middle of traffic. Later he photographed her more than two hundred times, including the beach pose on the left. Lasch also uses trick effects to heighten a personality, such as the venetian blind shadows lining the features of Claude Beneditti, 19-year-old Nice working girl (above).

Another Lasch special effect: photographing 22-year-old Swiss beauty Maryse Jaton (*below*) in a mirror to enhance what Lasch calls her "natural hauteur." Lasch was attracted to Italian actress Adriana Asti, 22 (*right*), by her eyes which he describes as "almost unbelievable in their emotional intensity." He feels you are more likely to find beauty combined with "dignity, bearing and human spirit" among Southern European women.







A combination of American directness and Middle-European warmth drew Lasch's attention last year to Cecelia Kreisler (*above*), a 21-year-old college girl from Hempstead, N. Y. Daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer, she is of Hungarian descent. Also photographed by Lasch last year was Celise King (*right*), then 23, an American dancer working in Europe. She fascinated Lasch with her enormous ambition and vitality.







"Explosive!" is Lasch's word for France Nuyen, 16 (*left*), a former Marseilles shopgirl of Chinese-French parents. She recently launched a movie career in *South Pacific*. Akemi Negishi (*above*) was 20 and becoming a well-known Japanese movie actress when Lasch met her. He sensed in her a placidity of spirit which, he feels, is hard to find in the western world.





by Whit Burnett

Troubles

EVERY SPRING, in the Salon de Musique of a fashionable New York City hotel, an audience waits expectantly before a platform. On that platform, one at a time, appear the human exhibits in a curious kind of modern "slave market."

The audience is made up of 150 formidable women, notebooks in hand and resplendent under new spring hats. Their eyes now are on the man on the platform.

And the man's eyes are on the ladies. For these ladies can make or break him. They can buy him, or they can turn their thumbs down. He has ten minutes in which to manifest his glittering personality, to inform his judges of the state of the world, the degree of his humor, or the range of his ability "to inspire."

In short, he is next season's Visiting Lecturer—if he's booked. And these ladies with the steely glare are the chairwomen of various women's club program committees.

"They do everything," sighed Richard Tobin, a former *Herald Tribune* man offering his services, "but feel your muscle."

In another part of town, a similar group is conning over another agent's new crop: a lady just back from a safari in Africa (with color movies), a man who has hitchhiked around the world on \$80, a poor man's philosopher with homely wisdom, a turn-coat ex-Communist

CORONET

of the talking troubadours

He's hired like a horse, often works like a mule and doubles as the tail of his own kite—that's the goofy life of a traveling lecturer

with words of alarm, a lady author. Their fate is in the thumb and pencil of the spring hat ladies.

If you're booked, in subsequent weeks or months you may receive the plaudits of the multitude (or such of the multitude as care to pay to hear you), and if you can make connections by plane or train, and arrive on time, you will be welcomed, treated as a personage, handsomely introduced (sometimes as somebody else). Man, you are now a wearer of the red kimono, contributing to the several million dollar a year lecture business in America. You might even make a small fortune yourself.

Emile Coué, the French psychotherapist, had little more than a single phrase to lecture on, but he made it stretch in public from one end of America to the other.

Coué was a believer in self-help through autosuggestion. For a year he had most of America rising with the birds and chanting his famous phrase, "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

"His fee," says Lee Keedick, head of one major lecture bureau, "was as much as \$5,000 a lecture. That was in 1927, a good era for big names and substantial fees. People wanted so much to hear Coué that I sometimes booked him, at that figure, three times in a single day."

For nine months a year, a continu-

ous stream of 400 to 500 troubadours of words wend their way out of New York and Chicago on their fall-to-late-spring lecture rounds. These are the well-known stars from the five or six biggest national agencies—from W. Colston Leigh, Inc., Lee Keedick, National Artists Corporation Lecture Division, and Columbia Lecture Bureau, all of New York; the Redpath Bureau of Chicago, and scores of lesser bureaus.

And since each platform performer commands a fee of from \$100 to \$500 a lecture—and many fetch \$1,000 to \$1,500—and makes from ten to 80 lectures a season, it is plain that saying a few words at women's clubs, rotary meetings, college assemblies, town forums, teachers' conventions and the annual banquet of district insurance managers, pays off pretty well, all things considered.

It pays off three ways: it pays the agencies from 30 to 55 percent of the gross, the higher commission if the agency foots the travel bill; it exposes the country to varying degrees of culture; and it enhances the pocket and the ego of the lecturers.

When a public speaker is in the news and hot, his price is high. Had General MacArthur cared to make a few talks just after he returned from Japan, he could have filled Madison Square Garden. Mrs. Roosevelt today, with all her graciousness and popularity, does not

get as high a fee as she got when her husband was President. Such is celebrity.

Successful lecturing is partly a matter of timing, and fitting into the times. From 1880 to 1930, distinguished foreigners were the vogue on the American lecture platform. Then, anyone who had written a book and spoke English and came "from the other side" could find a culture-seeking audience and give us ignorant Americans the latest pointers on world affairs, manners, morals and the arts.

"Today, America has its own authorities," says Robert Keedick, son of the man who founded the Keedick agency 50 years ago. "Until the last war, Great Britain was the world power and we wanted to hear what the British thought. In the 1920s you could pack them in with anyone from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, chatting on how he came to think up Sherlock Holmes, to Sir Oliver Lodge, discoursing on the spirit world.

"Now Britain is not the power she was, and we don't seem to care to be told what to think or do. We'd rather listen to our own celebrities."

To be a lecturer, you must know something special, or be able to say something special—whether you know it or not—and you must be willing to be put on exhibit. As some men of retiring disposition become shoe clerks, others, who only blossom in the sun, become public speakers.

But few become lecturers altogether painlessly. For they never know what to expect. They arrive in a strange city, meet unknown spon-

sors, are taken to unfamiliar halls, and then are supposed to be at ease, in full command, and be entertaining or wise, preferably both.

Sometimes this can make a good man nervous. Thomas Wolfe, a colossus of a man who could never comfortably fit his huge bulk and excessive height into the standardized Pullman berth, was jumpy as a cat before every public speech. At a round table, where he stood, just barely touching the table, a shaking mass like Thomas Wolfe could move a whole seated literary panel, physically. At Boulder, Colorado, when he talked, his colleagues near him looked like they were executing a vibrato in sympathy.

Not all lecture halls are suitable to the speaker. A lecturer speaking on the secrets of creative writing or the essence of poetry to an audience of 200 may feel a little silly trying to pick them out of the empty seats in a hall as vast as Baylor University's new Waco, Texas, auditorium, which is only slightly less roomy than the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City.

FIFTY YEARS AGO, the best audiences in America, according to Mark Twain, were composed of men. A humorist was never sure of ladies. It wasn't nice in those days, they thought, to laugh out loud.

Women are the American audience nowadays. So much so that it sometimes becomes a trifle embarrassing.

Bernard De Voto, critic and biographer, disliked talking at women's clubs because he felt they were only interested in surface personality.

They wanted to be able to say they had heard, or knew, "Ted" (the distinguished Mr. Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and himself a popularizer of the cryptic phrase, probably stemming from the geisha-girls of old Japan, "wearing the red kimono"). Or they liked to be able to say they'd just been talking with "John." (John could be John Mason Brown, or maybe John Gunther.)

As for his own personal experience, Mr. De Voto says he found that they might own his books, but no women's club member he ever encountered had read him.

"Well," one matron told me, in Rye, New York, "why should we? What did we hire Mr. De Voto for? Can't he tell us what he wrote?"

He can and did. Or at least he did, usually, except for the time the club chairwoman introduced him as Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, the distinguished Russian-born New York psychiatrist. They did look a little alike. Mr. De Voto gave them a piece of his mind.

Minor accidents notwithstanding, I personally do not think women's clubs should be so maligned. Daddy is in town all day, making what goes to the grocer and landlord. Mother has to stay at home and hers is the job to keep abreast and spread what culture she can among her busy menfolk and growing children. Women's club members are the backbone of the American lecture system.

Not all lecturers have had to go through the slave market. Those sufficiently known to the public indicate their art by their title.

H. V. Kaltenborn, the news analyst, was once asked his advice on titling a lecture. "I have always," said H. V., "liked comprehensive titles such as 'We Looked at the World,' or 'The Press: Profit or Profiteer,' or 'Radio: The Fifth Estate.'"

Speakers most in demand today, however, are *not* experts on world affairs. The public feels it can get expertizing quicker from TV and radio commentators. People, say the agents, want something to take them out of themselves—travel, adventure, something exciting and different, something funny, something personally inspirational.

The lecture business, as we know it today, dates back in this country to about the time of the Civil War. When the conflict ended, James B. Pond, a former newspaperman, was discharged from the Army as a major. Understanding the hunger of Americans for knowledge, culture and manners, he cast about for people who would share their cultural wealth.

Major Pond managed the box office giants of the day, from the eloquent preacher Henry Ward Beecher to Mark Twain, when he was with the Redpath Bureau of Boston and later when he came to New York. Pond handled Hoosier poets, humorists, novelists (like Lew Wallace who wrote "Ben Hur"), and whatever England could send us in the way of writers. Those were the days when Oscar Wilde, in velvet breeches, a flower in his buttonhole, talked before miners in the Nevada "opry" houses, and the 19th wife of Brigham Young (actually, including the

dead ones, he eventually had 27) crusaded the land to free the Mormon women from polygamy.

A lecturer should not go to sleep at his own lecture. Some do. I did. In Wyomissing, Pa., I arrived, as usual, too early. So they put me in a deep leather chair in the center of the stage. And there I waited a whole warm summerish afternoon while they had the general presentation of the plan for a new building and then the full-length monotonously read reports from each of 16 committee chairwomen.

Unhappily, it was the hay fever season and I was in the habit of carrying various small white pellets in a side pocket for momentary relief or stimulation. Thinking covertly to revive my slumping soul, I reached in and surreptitiously managed to swallow a couple of what I thought were ephedrine pills.

The next thing I knew someone descended on me like a ton of bricks and I was assisted to the lectern to be introduced. I managed, very gradually, in slow motion, to discover my error. And I decided the best explanation was frankness.

"I am sorry to say," I said, "that just before the lecture I seem to have taken a couple of sleeping

pills." I was never booked again in Wyomissing, Pa.

If speakers can be nervous, and many are, introducers of the best can often be more so. It is not uncommon to be introduced not merely as someone else, but sometimes as a person of no name at all. The chairwoman has forgotten your name.

But once on their feet, speakers usually love it. All eyes are on them. Their egos and their chests swell out. They are the men of the hour, their opinions asked, admired and deferred to, and they can talk for 55 minutes without interruption from their families.

"On the other hand," explains Phil Tippin of National Artists Corporation Lecture Division, "nothing will ever take the place of seeing the famous in the flesh. (Not even TV.) For when you have a lecturer before you, you can talk back, ask him questions, even give him what-for. You can't talk back to a 17-inch screen."

James B. Pond, Jr., son of the old major, puts it this way: "Nothing can kill off lecturing. Man has an invincible impulse to stand up and bray. Nor can you kill the urge of other men to become their managers and profit by the braying."

Making The Headlines

WHEN A member of the Legislature returned to Spokane, Washington, from a 60-day session that failed to balance the budget, he found a sign on his law office: "Welcome home anyway."

—Associated Press

IN LONDON, thieves broke into a movie house and tried unsuccessfully to crack the safe. But they didn't leave empty-handed—they took six bags of popcorn!

—Canadian Press

Bitter, vengeful,
he played his
handicap for a
big payoff—
but he earned
a prison
stretch instead

Mr. Harrington's

GOLDEN LEG

by Gene Bylinsky

THE WEST'S MOST BIZARRE gold robbery was perpetrated not by galloping desperados, but by a mild-mannered graduate of the Colorado School of Mines named Orville Harrington. Mr. Harrington accomplished the practically impossible when he caused some 270 pounds of gold to vanish from the U. S. Mint in Denver.

Handicapped by an artificial leg since childhood and embittered as a result, Harrington eventually took a job in the Mint refinery. There, with stacked gold ingots worth nearly \$5,000,000 within reach, he saw his chance to get even with an indifferent world—if he could only figure out a way.

At last, in September 1919, a brilliant idea struck him: why not hide an ingot in the hollow of his wooden leg? It was just large enough to hold one of the three-pound bars.

Night after night, Harrington hobbled past the unsuspecting guards, a golden ingot inside his peg leg. He buried the bars in his basement until the cache grew so large that he built a brick wall and sealed it off from the rest of the cellar.

His plan was an ingenious one: when he had enough loot he would stop, but he would continue to work at the Mint for a year to allay suspicion. Then he would lease an abandoned gold mine. There he would melt his gold down, lump it


with unrefined ore, and turn it in to a mill as a legitimate strike.

Mint officials and Secret Service men knew, of course, that gold was disappearing almost daily. They investigated, searched workers, laid traps—all without result—and their alarm and puzzlement grew. No one thought of looking in Harrington's peg-leg treasure chest.

Overconfident, he eventually became careless. One night in January, 1920, a fellow worker opened the refinery-room door to see him furtively replace a gold bar.

The next day, Harrington couldn't resist taking an ingot left deliberately near his work bench. Ten minutes later, as he was coming off his shift, Rowland K. Goddard, Chief of the U.S. Secret Service in Denver, snapped handcuffs on his wrists. But though he searched the frightened thief, he could still find no gold.

However, after long interrogation, Harrington, a bitter smile on his face, suddenly pulled up his trouser leg and the mystery was solved.

In the basement of his home, Secret Service men battered down the brick wall and recovered 90 gold ingots worth some \$100,000. On May 12, 1920, Orville Harrington was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary—a loser again because of his wooden leg. 



Magnificent on the track, this fabled thoroughbred was also thoroughly ham—with a wry sense of humor

NASHUA CLOWN PRINCE OF RACING

by Ben Funk

IF EVER a race horse had a sense of humor, in addition to some very uncommon horse sense, it was the fabulous Nashua, who earned more money than any other thoroughbred in history. During a spectacular career touched with comedy, tragedy and high excitement, the big, barrel-chested bay captured the imagination of the public as no other champion, not even the immortal Man o' War, had ever done. The crowds loved him in victory or defeat, which latter was seldom.

Like any *matinée* idol he was an incurable ham, and seemed fully aware of his popularity. While other horses went about their business seriously, Nashua played up to the crowd. Sometimes he ran smoothly, with long powerful strides. And on other days he played the comedian, half frolicking, half loafing, gazing up at the grandstand as

though he were counting the house.

"The lazy clown gave me a harder time than any horse I ever rode," says Eddie Arcaro, his regular jockey. "But no matter how playful and ornery he got, you couldn't help loving the big jerk."

Almost as though he had planned the racing strategy himself—and sometimes in deliberate opposition to Arcaro's considered opinion—the great horse made every finish a thriller for his fans.

Nashua was foaled April 4, 1952, at Claiborne Farm near Paris, Kentucky. He was a bay like his father Nasrullah, the son of unbeaten Nearco. As he grew up under the watchful eye of Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the grand old man of American trainers, he developed a regal manner and a tremendous stride that made him stand out in any pack.

His breeder, William Woodward,

Sr., owner of the famous Belair Stud racing stable, had planned to run Nashua in England, pointing him for the Epsom Derby. But after his death, his son, William Jr., decided to keep the horse in America.

Fitzsimmons, Arcaro and Nashua made a near perfect team. "Mr. Fitz" trained the *big horse*, as he always called Nashua, with the craftsmanship learned over half a century. Arcaro rode him with the skill of one of the finest riders of his time. And Nashua ran—to suit himself.

BEGINNING his two-year-old campaign at Belmont Park, *the big horse* won his first race and took home \$2,600. A week later, in the Juvenile Stakes at Belmont, he crossed the finish line a half length in front of Mrs. Russell A. Firestone's Summer Tan. He also took the Futurity at Belmont, the nation's top race for two-year-olds, and the Hopeful at Saratoga.

In the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct, Arcaro, who had been ordered to restrain him in the early stages of the race, had to fight to hold him back. Then, when Arcaro asked him to move, Nashua looked around at him and spit out the bit.

The big horse loafed for a furlong and then, as though he felt Arcaro had been punished enough, he went after the pace-setting Summer Tan who had indulged in no such foolishness. Summer Tan set a track record, but Nashua almost caught him at that.

With a record of six wins and two seconds in eight starts and \$192,865 in total earnings, Nashua was voted the best two-year-old colt of 1954.

Taken to Florida to start his three-year-old campaign, he showed his tremendous drawing power when a record crowd of 37,282 turned out at Hialeah to see him win the Flamingo Stakes, an important prep race for candidates for the Triple Crown—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont.

A cloudburst hit Gulfstream Park during the first race on Florida Derby day and water flowed inches deep down the track. Nashua had never run under such conditions and Woodward was asked if he would scratch Nashua rather than risk his star in the mud. Woodward peered up at the packed stands and shook his head.

"These people came to see Nashua run," he replied, "and he will run. I know Nashua wouldn't want to disappoint his fans."

Nashua seemed to love running in the goo. After prancing playfully along in fifth place, while the leading horses threw mud in Arcaro's face, he all but leaped to a position alongside the pace setter, First Cabin. Having gained a narrow lead, Nashua stayed there until, in the home stretch, he looked back and saw Blue Lem sneaking up on the outside. Then he rocketed forward to win by a neck.

Nashua seemed to resent it bitterly when Arcaro used the whip. In one race that year, Arcaro struck him and Nashua hurried into a lead.

"He went wide on the first turn, just gawking around," Arcaro explained. "So I belted him a couple to remind him to keep his mind on his business."

Then, as if to give Arcaro a lesson,

Nashua suddenly propped (thrust his forelegs out stiffly) and almost sent his rider flying. After that he went on to win, by his own margin.

So far as Nashua's fans were concerned, there wasn't any doubt who would win the Kentucky Derby. Summer Tan was second choice in the early line, but the day before the race, Rex Ellsworth's beautiful chestnut from California, Swaps, became the second pick behind Nashua. By not taking Swaps seriously, Fitzsimmons made one of the few bad mistakes of his career. He told Arcaro to concentrate on Summer Tan and near the end, when the jockey sent Nashua after the flying Swaps, it was too late. Nashua finished second by a length and a half.

Swaps returned home to overwhelm the West Coast opposition, while Nashua went on to come from behind and edge Saratoga in the Preakness. In the Belmont, he apparently was in the rare mood to run, for at the top of the stretch he bolted away to win by nine lengths.

Nashua and Swaps met August 31 in a match race at Washington Park, over the Derby distance of a

mile and a quarter, for a winner-take-all purse of \$100,000.

In direct contrast to his Derby strategy, a grimly determined Arcaro drove Nashua to the front from the starting gate. Horse and rider were obviously thinking alike in this one and Nashua carried Woodward's red and white polka dot silks home by six and a half lengths.

On October 15, Woodward walked proudly with Nashua into the winner's circle after he had won the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont. Two weeks later, mistaken for a midnight prowler in his Long Island home, Woodward was shot to death by his wife.

Nashua was sent to Claiborne Farm to rest pending settlement of the estate. While there he was named Horse of the Year—he had set a single-season earning record of \$752,550.

The big horse was put up for sale and on December 15, 1955, sealed bids were opened. The largest, \$1,251,200, was made by a syndicate of seven men headed by Leslie Combs II, owner of Spendthrift Farm. The highest previous price for a horse was \$700,000, paid for Tulyar, the 1952 Epsom Derby winner.

Combs, who had played end for the "Prayin' Colonels" of Centre College when they beat Harvard in football's most famous upset, said, "We figure Nashua will get us back maybe half a million dollars on the track, and the rest in stud fees."

Combs' first act after buying Nashua was to engage Mr. Fitz to continue as trainer, and the old man immediately began pointing Nashua for the Widener Handicap at Hia-

CORONET



leah Park, the race that could make him the second horse in history to win a million dollars.

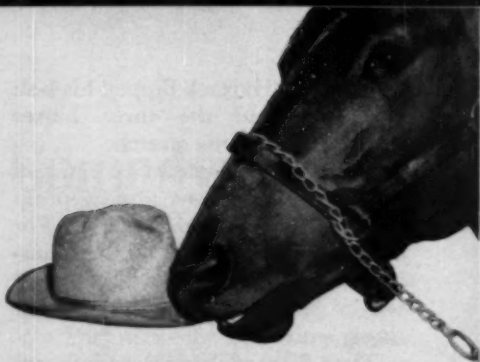
To give him a warmup, Mr. Fitz took Nashua to nearby Tropical Park and turned him loose over a mile and a quarter, the Widener distance, in an early morning workout. Nashua shattered three fractional track records in his sizzling run. Then, perfectly relaxed, he returned to his stall and in two minutes was sprawled out, snoring gustily.

Nashua's long-time groom, Al Robertson, believed that all horses were smart but that Nashua was a genius. Once, when Nashua snickered at him, Robertson told a watching group: "Right now he's asking me for a drink of water." He brought a bucket of the mineral water bottled in Arkansas especially for Nashua and *the big horse* slurped it up thirstily.

"He even knows when we're talking about him," Robertson went on. "We're talking about him now, see, and he's all ears. When we change the subject, he'll lose interest."

At another time, two men walked up to Nashua's stall and one told the other: "There he is. That's the horse that Swaps beat in the Derby." Nashua promptly leaned over and bit him on the shoulder. "Swaps is a bad word around this horse," Robertson grinned.

On Widener day, as Nashua stepped out in Combs' orange and blue colors, the crowd roared a welcome. Against him, Alfred G. Vanderbilt posed a terrific one-two threat with the double entry of Social Outcast, his distance star, and Find, his great sprinter. Undoubt-



edly, Vanderbilt's strategy would be to send Find out under Ted Atkinson to set a killing pace, in the hope that he could exhaust Nashua in the first mile and set him up for the finishing burst by Social Outcast, under Eric Guerin.

Brookmeade Stable entered the sturdy Sailor and got Willie Hartack, the year's leading jockey, to ride him. The others in the field had only a slim chance against Nashua, although he was burdened with 127 pounds, the most he had ever carried, and was giving the others handicaps of six to 22 pounds.

Fitzsimmons warned Arcaro to restrain *the big horse* in the early going and not allow him to nibble at Find's bait. But Nashua went after Find from the starting gate, fighting against Arcaro's efforts to hold him back.

The crowd got its first big thrill when it saw that Find, who was supposed to use himself up the first mile, was not going to quit. As they rounded the last turn, the great-hearted Vanderbilt speedster still held a lead of a length and a half and it looked like he might steal the show. But at the top of the stretch, free at last of Arcaro's restraining bit, Nashua bolted forward to catch

Find. Then Hartack flipped his lash at Sailor and the three horses pounded down the stretch.

Now Social Outcast, fresh and strong, made his move and swept up like a tornado on the outside. For one dramatic moment, under Guerin's frantic urging, Social Outcast was a neck in front of the other three.

Then, 20 yards from the wire, with a lunge that almost left Arcaro suspended in midair, Nashua thrust his head forward to win by the length of his lower lip. Social Outcast, Sailor and Find were left in a photo finish for second in one of the most thrilling races ever run.

"It was the way that fool likes to win," Arcaro said. "He gives just what he needs and no more."

The winner's purse was \$92,600 and Nashua now needed only \$47,745 to break Citation's all-time record of \$1,085,760, set in 1951.

For his part in the victory, Arcaro collected a commission of \$9,260, the customary 10 percent. Fitzsimmons drew the same. Nashua got a few lumps of sugar and ate them with relish.

The following month, carrying 129 pounds in the Gulfstream Park Handicap, Nashua couldn't have been less interested. He loafed,

played and finally finished fifth.

"The bum should have told me he wanted the day off," Combs remarked.

But in spite of his defeat, Nashua received more applause when he left the track than Sailor did going into the winner's circle.

On May 5, though he went to his knees at the start, Nashua defeated Find and Fisherman in the Gray Lag Handicap at Jamaica. Two weeks after that, he won the Camden Handicap at Garden State Park and wiped Citation's mark off the books.

Nashua's last race was October 13, 1956, the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont, when he ran the fastest two miles in American records. In his 30 starts he had won 22 times, placed 4 times, been third once, and unplaced 3 times. The band played "Auld Lang Syne" and the crowd gave him a tremendous hand as he went into the winner's circle.

His \$36,600 purse that day set a career earning record of \$1,288,565 and Combs retired him to stud in a ceremony held at Keeneland Racecourse. Then the magnificent bay was taken to Spendthrift Farm to become a family man and perhaps produce sons and daughters who will some day thrill the crowds as their daddy did.

Improving on the Dictionary

ABODE—Wooden plank.

A BOOT—Approximately.

BECKON—Meat from a pig, often eaten with aigs for brakefuss.

CANE CHEW—Aren't you able to, i.e., "Cane chew talk like a good Charlestonian?"

HARMONY—Cooked grits.

HOMINY—What number?

MINE EYES—Salad dressing.

—*Charleston News and Courier*



Human Comedy



A CERTAIN well-known San Diego judge attended a banquet at a local hotel recently. Upon entering, he checked his coat but neglected to get a check-stub in return.

When he was ready to leave he asked the attendant for his coat, which was promptly handed to him.

"How do you know this one is mine?" the judge asked surprised.

"I don't, sir," answered the attendant. "But it's the one you gave me when you came in."

—NANETTE C. THOMPSON

A FAMOUS opera singer who had reached her 40's yet still retained her girlish figure was one day asked the secret of her trimness.

"Confetti!" she said. Then, by way of explanation: "Every morning when I get up I toss a handful of confetti on my bedroom floor. Then I bend over and pick it up one piece at a time."

—MRS. IRENE DREYER

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL Sunday morning in Chicago, and a local church service was beginning with a surprisingly small congregation. This fact disturbed the pastor, who asked, "Does anyone know what has happened in Chicago to cause such a small attendance this beautiful morning?"

One of the members present informed him that the Chicago White

Sox and Cleveland Indians were engaged in a double-header at Comiskey Park with the Sox three games out of first place.

The pastor resigned himself to this fact, and bowed his head for the morning invocation saying, "Shall we pray—for the White Sox?"

—HOWARD HINTON

BECAUSE OF THE heat the baby in the barber chair just wore rompers.

The sweating barber clipped angrily away at the hair, ignoring both the child's screams and the mother's plea of "don't cut it too short."

After he was finished, the child leaped off the chair and ran to its father getting shaved in another chair.

The father looked down and said to the barber, "That's the worst haircut I've ever seen."

The exasperated barber growled at the father, "That's the same haircut I give all little boys, and I've never had any complaints."

"Boy!" the father yelled, "this is a GIRL!"

—Newark Star Ledger

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication... No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

TINY TILLERS OF THE SOIL

Amazingly ingenious, insects in their unseen world operate minute, but fabulously productive farms—with a skill that man may well envy

by Peter Farb

UNDER OUR FEET and in the decaying stumps of trees flourish the wondrous farms of the insects—the only other creatures on this earth to cultivate crops. Millions of years before man became a tiller of the soil, they had perfected their agriculture to a point that we may envy.

Among the most ancient of these insect farmers are the ambrosia beetles that build nests deep inside trees. And what nests they are—coal black, as if burned out, and speckled with a white frost. Feeding on this frost are tiny beetles—the young nibble only the tender tips, like calves cropping the heads of clover, while the adults chew the fodder down to the base. This frost is a kind of fungus, and *the more of it the beetles eat, the more it grows.*

Thus, the ambrosia beetles have stumbled upon the most perfect of all food supplies, since to insure enough to eat they just keep eating.

When a female leaves her home garden to set up housekeeping on her own, she takes as her dowry a few specks of the family fungus. These she transports in a special pouch in her mouth, or attaches to bristles on her head. Then she searches for a suitable home, usually a felled or dying tree.

Once the female has bored into the wood, she immediately starts her fungus farm in a tiny pile of sawdust from her borings. It soon blossoms as she and her family tunnel through the log, sowing as they go.

So long as her offspring remain in the tunnels of the nest, cultivating and eating the fungus, her farm yields only pure ambrosia. But so essential are the beetles to the cultivation of their plant that if they are removed, though only for a few hours, the chambers become choked with weeds.

Among the most amazing of the



CORONET

many kinds of insects that farm for their daily rations are the termites (closest kin: cockroaches). Not only do termites devour wood, straight, but in many parts of the world they also destroy more of it to fertilize their large mushroom gardens.

These gardens are usually what account for the immensity of the termite mounds of the tropics. Some of these are more than three times a man's height, and each resembles the broken off trunk of a large tree. Topping them is an intricate system of tubes engineered to ventilate the gardens and give off excess heat.

Each termite species cultivates its own kind of fungus—found nowhere else in nature but in their gardens. The walls of the gardens are coated with pure-white filaments of fungus, each one-half the size of a pinhead, making the galleries appear to be hung lavishly with white velvet draperies.

"The fungus filaments are deliberately maintained at a uniform length, perhaps sheared off by the saw-like jaws of the workers, just as humans keep the grass cut on their lawns," says David Fairchild, the famous plant explorer.

Scientists have attempted to grow these termite fungi artificially, using modern apparatus to exactly duplicate conditions in the termitary. They failed utterly. Yet no sooner did they add some termites to the unsuccessful experiment than the little gardens blossomed.

Crawling all over the gardens are tiny worker termites, the most expert weeders in the natural world. No unwanted fungi can survive them. And so carefully are the gar-

dens managed that there is a continuous crop to meet the ups and downs of the nest's latest population census.

Occasionally, the fungus is allowed to blossom into tiny mushrooms—and here is the most fantastic part of termite agriculture. One South African naturalist has seen the insects bring up tufts of the stuff and actually plant it in loose soil outside the nest. Quickly, numerous tiny mushrooms develop and produce their reproductive spores—which are gathered by the termites to reinvigorate any exhausted or barren gardens underground.

The ants, too, have their fungus-farmers, found in the Americas from New York to Argentina. These are the ants that clip off large bits of leaves and carry them back to their nests. In one night's foraging, the inhabitants of a single nest can completely defoliate a large tree.

The ants chew the leaves into tight little balls which are strategically placed around the gardens for fertilizer. The more balls, the more the garden flourishes—and soon it produces masses of little knobs, like cauliflower heads, which are the sole food of the ant legions.

These underground ant farms sometimes cover areas of as much as a hundred square yards and occasionally are set 20 feet below the surface. Some fungus-ants construct their chambers in layers, so that as the upper ones dry out in summer the ants can plant new fields a couple of floors below.

Each of these ant farms flourishes only because the founding queen sacrificed her first-born to its success.

After mating, the queen burrows a small chamber in the earth and empties on the floor the pellet of fungus she took from her parent nest. It sprouts, but would wither without fertilizer.

It is then that the queen commits the sin upon which every new farm is founded. She breaks her tiny eggs and spreads them on the tuft of fungus. Now the garden blooms—so she lays more eggs and lets these hatch.

Her first young are stunted and they quickly wear themselves out slaving to till the garden. As the garden needs more fertilizer, the queen provides it with the bodies—sometimes still alive—of these first children. Only when the garden is under way does she begin her fabulous egg-laying.

On the leaves brought back to the nest by the foraging worker ants are thousands of contaminants, bacteria and weed-fungi capable of sprouting in the ideal moist climate of the garden. They could bring sudden ruin to the whole crop. Yet they

never sprout. Dr. Neal Weber of Swarthmore College, the top authority on the fungus-ants, believes there may be some antibiotics in the ants' saliva which kills off the contaminants.

An entirely different group of agricultural ants are the harvesters that gather seeds and store them in special chambers in their nests. An Amazon species even creates its own garden. These ants carry bits of rich topsoil to crotches in trees—until they've formed masses larger than a softball. "Although some of the plants growing in this ball are undoubtedly sown by the wind, naturalists have actually seen the ants plant them," says William Morton Wheeler, the famous ant expert.

As the lives of insects are being more closely studied, new insect farmers turn up. And there are undoubtedly others waiting to be discovered. But until we learn more about the marvels of this lowly agriculture, we can but wonder at its perfection—and hope some day to duplicate it to our advantage.

Salesmanship

WHEN A MOVIE STUDIO advertised in New York papers to fill a vacancy on its sales force, one applicant replied:

"I am presently selling furniture at the address below. You may judge my ability as a salesman if you will stop in to see me at any time, pretending that you are interested in buying furniture.

"When you come in, you may identify me by my red hair, and I will have no way of identifying you. Such salesmanship as I exhibit during your visit will be no more than my usual work-a-day approach and not an effort to impress a prospective employer."

From more than 1,500 applicants, the redhead got the job.

—A.M.A. Journal



**With his
\$56,000
sweepstakes
winnings,
he reveled
in a six-month
splurge of
a lifetime**

A dishwasher's glorious fling

by Elliot Tozer

IF A MAN has worked hard all his life, and he wins \$56,000 in the Irish Sweepstakes, I figure he ought to live it up a little," says Pete Zakals. "And so I did."

Pete is a frail, graying wisp of a man, 50, a loner, and a dishwasher when he works. He's the kind of fellow who smiles first and asks questions later. Long ago, he learned how to laugh at himself. And it's a good thing he did. For, six months after Pete had won \$56,000—he was broke.

"I had a helluva good time, though," he says, a little dreamily.

In October, 1956, Pete, who lived in the two-dollar-a-night Plaza Hotel down by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad tracks in Bridgeport, Connecticut, got a telephone call from the Bridgeport *Sunday Herald*. A reporter told him, "We understand you've drawn Hafiz, a horse in next week's sweepstakes. Any statement?"

Pete's tired eyes lighted, but he hung up.

Why?

"What if the horse hadn't come in? I'd have looked like a fool."

For the rest of that week Pete rode a rising wave of good fellow-

ship. Old friends—very old friends, that he had not seen for months—began dropping in at the Rotary Diner in Stratford, where he was dishwasher, to say hello. His foster brothers, Frank and Wallace, climbed the long flight of stairs to his room to ask him over to their homes for Sunday breakfast. The cops, on occasion, even stopped traffic for him to cross the street.

Then came the day Peter Zakals, unknown dishwasher, joined the immortal ranks of the got-rich-quick. Hafiz came in second and the newspapers flashed Pete's name from coast to coast. The sweepstake people wired that they were mailing a check for \$56,000.

THE NEWSPAPER reporter called again, but Pete would not talk. What could he say? That he had worked during his lifetime as a shipping clerk, a kitchen helper, a silver plater? "I have no statement," he told the reporter, in the round tone of injured dignity.

That same day he won \$4 on a nickel bet in the local numbers game.

That night Pete moved from the Plaza Hotel by the railroad tracks to the Arcade on Main Street—a more fitting abode for a man with no responsibilities and a check for \$56,000 on the way from Ireland. It cost \$5 a night at the Arcade, but Pete figured he could cover the difference, at least for a while.

The check arrived, and on Monday morning, December 10th, Peter Zakals and his two brothers, Wallace and Frank, took it to the Connecticut National Bank. Pete was glad to get inside, out of the cold wind, be-

cause he did not own an overcoat.

Business came to practically a complete stop when they found out who Pete was. Then he was ushered over to a bank officer who explained that Mr. Zakals wouldn't really get \$56,000 after all. It seemed that the mysterious process known as "foreign exchange" had exchanged him out of \$665. "So," said the official, "you will receive only \$55,335."

"That's okay," said Pete.

The officer, with due ceremony, carried the check to a paying teller's window.

"Now," said the teller helpfully, "what shall we do with it?"

Pete opened his mouth, but his younger brother, Frank, said, "He wants to open a savings account with me as executor." The brothers had decided it would be best to do it that way.

"And how much do you wish to deposit?"

"All of it," said Frank.

"Just a minute," Pete said. "I'm going to withdraw \$13,000 right now."

His dark green-brown eyes were moist but his thin lips were pulled back in probably the fullest smile he had smiled in years as he presented \$7,000 of this to Wallace, his older brother, and \$5,000 to Frank.

"You guys have been good to me," he said.

That left \$1,000 for Pete.

"How do you want it?" the teller asked.

"Give it to me in 20s," Pete said.

His thin shoulders were thrust back as he left the bank, his graying head erect.

"What are you gonna do with

that \$1,000?" Frank wanted to know.

"I'm gonna get me some good clothes," said Pete. "And I'm gonna do a little traveling." He thought a moment. "And I'll look for a diner to invest in. Perhaps in St. Petersburg. Anyway, somewhere in Florida. But, mostly, I'm going to do all the things I've wanted to do all my life."

That afternoon Pete went around to the Rotary Diner, entering out of habit through the back door. When the owner saw him, he threw up his hands and hastily ushered Pete out to one of the tables in front.

"No more kitchen for you," he cried. Then he clapped his hands. "Coffee for Mr. Zakals!" He hitched his chair closer and leaned forward. "Pete, how would you like to invest a little of that money in a new diner with me? Up where the Thruway is coming by?"

Pete said he'd have to think about it, and he thanked the owner for the coffee. And then the two men chatted about Pete and his money and how far he'd come from the days he had lived with his aunt, and how she had had to go out and do housework because his uncle couldn't seem to keep a job even though he was a good tailor.

Pete didn't like to think about his aunt, although he reminded himself guiltily that he should be thankful for what she had done for him when his real mother had left him. His aunt had been strict. But that was long ago, all but forgotten now.

He pushed away from the table and then—because he likes everyone just a little but is afraid to like any-

one too much—he paid for his coffee with a \$20 bill. Sheepishly, he pushed part way through the door and said, "I think I'll resign from my job here."

He went out quickly and headed for his favorite hangout, Lavery's Grill.

The habitués of Lavery's greeted him with, "Well, if it isn't the richest man in Bridgeport."

To show that he understood, Pete set up drinks all around. He did so again and again that night. And the next night. By Wednesday morning, Peter Zakals' \$1,000 was gone.

He suffered some brief pangs of remorse, but he cheered up considerably when he remembered that there was plenty of money where that thousand had come from. He and Frank visited the Connecticut National Bank and together signed a withdrawal slip for \$1,500. "Give it to me," said Pete, "in 20s."

Now he moved his base of operations to the Dubonnet Restaurant two blocks away, but there the greeting was the same: "Well, if it isn't the richest man in Bridgeport." Many of the greeters seemed to have moved over from Lavery's. But Pete set 'em up again. And again.

The following Thursday, he withdrew \$2,500 and announced he was going to Miami.

Walter McMahon, a counterman at Lavery's, said, "How about bringing me back a monkey?"

Someone else called out, "How about an alligator for me?"

"Okay," said Pete, "you'll get 'em."

He took a taxi the 80 miles to New York City, and a train to Miami,

where he checked in at an expensive hotel. Then he dutifully went out and bought a live monkey, an alligator, and some coconuts. "Ship 'em to this list of guys," he said, and paid the bill in 20s.

That evening he visited a nightclub that we shall call the Tropics. It was not long before the habitués—all very charming in their way—discerned that they were dealing with the richest man in Bridgeport.

The scenery was different at the Tropics, but the scenario was the same as it had been at Lavery's, though each round at the Tropics cost considerably more.

But Peter Zakals had not traveled all the way to Florida *just* to sit in a nightclub. "Horses," he said, "have been good to me. Especially horses named Hafiz."

BUT MIAMI HORSES were different. For three straight days they betrayed him. Wednesday morning the richest man in Bridgeport was broke.

He would have to fly home and get Frank to cosign a withdrawal slip, but he did not have even the \$55 for a plane ticket. In a slight panic, he wired Frank for the fare and sat miserably alone in his hotel room, waiting.

When \$250 arrived, he took the first plane. At LaGuardia Airport, he hailed a cab and rode to Bridgeport. The first order of business was to sign several slips so he would never get caught short like that again.

"Before you leave," said Frank, "I think you ought to know that the Probate Court has appointed a lawyer as conservator of your account."

Zakals was troubled. "What does that mean?"

"Well," said Frank, "he'll keep track of the account, take care of taxes, and things like that."

"Oh," said Pete. "Okay. For a minute, you had me worried."

Next morning he withdrew \$1,500 and went back to Miami. When he showed up at the Tropics, he was pleased to note that everybody remembered him. They made it easy for him to slip into the old pattern. "Set 'em up for everyone?" they asked.

Pete Zakals smiled with deep satisfaction. "Right," he said.

Action at the race track also followed the familiar losing pattern.

At the Pershing Hotel—Pete had moved from the first hotel because it was a little too posh for his simple tastes—he struck up an acquaintance with one of the barmaids in the lounge. Half seriously, she complained that her uniform was uncomfortable in the hot weather.

Pete laughed. "You oughta be in Bridgeport. They're freezin' to death up there right now." And he gave her enough to buy lightweight uniforms for every barmaid in the room.

Didn't he ever get the feeling that any of these people were playing him for a sucker?

"Sure, but what did I care? It isn't very often that a man picks up \$56,000 without lifting a finger. I figured I might as well enjoy it."

Tiring of the Tropics, Pete visited other nightclubs. Everywhere, the richest man in Bridgeport found it easy to make friends.

One night he invited them to go with him on a deep-sea fishing trip.

"Sure," they said, "we'll see you at the dock."

But no one showed up next morning. And the big fishing boat he'd chartered nosed out into the blue Atlantic with only one fisherman aboard.

That night, the fisherman flew back to New York. At LaGuardia Airport, he climbed slowly into a cab. He had a couple of hundred dollars left. "Bridgeport," he said.

"What?" exclaimed the cabbie.

"Bridgeport. You know, in Connecticut."

"Yes, sir."

And a light broke on the cabbie's face that made Pete feel good again.

For a few days, he tried to forget Miami. He visited the night spots of New York City, The Latin Quarter, the Copa. But they weren't the same as Miami.

Even the old friends at Lavery's began to lose some of their charm. But when one of the older habitués, a woman who cackled, was ill, Pete sent her a housecoat. A stranger came in one afternoon complaining about the beastly New England rain. Pete silently peeled off a \$20 bill. He said, "Go get an umbrella," and turned back to his drink.

Hour after hour he sat in a booth at Lavery's and pumped quarters into the jukebox, playing Irish melodies because the Irish Sweepstakes had brought him his luck.

A few days later, Pete was on the train to Miami again. Again, it was the same routine. Suddenly stricken with severe abdominal pains, he flew home. Frank put him in the hospital. Liver ailment, the doctors said.

As he lay there looking up at the

ceiling, he began to think. He ought to invest some of his money. In a diner, or a movie theater. He'd shop around for a good investment, as soon as he was out.

He thought a lot about Stella, whom he'd met at Lavery's. Stella was the kind of woman he had always been looking for. Perhaps he should marry her.

The doctor finally said, "You can go home, Pete. But take it easy. Lay off the fast life for awhile."

Pete said he would, but the most restful place he could think of was Miami. He met Stella at Lavery's that night and asked her to go to Miami with him.

"I'd love to," she said, "but I don't have a thing to wear."

Next day, he took her to New York and bought her a \$1,000 wardrobe, right down to a diamond-studded bracelet, and they left for Miami.

For a week, Pete was happy. It was true that Stella was older than he but she still liked to have a good time. And she wasn't strict.

Pete Zakals had decided that he would marry Stella, if she would have him, when an urgent wire from Frank ruined everything: **COME HOME AT ONCE.**

Back at Bridgeport, Frank told him that the court had instituted proceedings to take over his bank account. No telling how much more he'd be able to draw out.

"But why?" said Pete.

"I don't know. Taxes. Something."

Pete smiled. "They picked a good time—I'm broke."

Next morning, he went to the bank to withdraw as much as he

could before the final papers were filed. Timidly he asked for \$3,500, and a tremor of relief went through him when the teller started to count it out. But an official stepped up then, there was a hurried conference, and the teller said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Zakals. We can't allow any more withdrawals from your account."

"How much is left?" said Pete.

"There's \$23,500."

"Do you think I'll ever get any of it?"

"Probably not. The lawyers fig-

ure you owe the Government more than you have here."

Pete threw back his head and laughed.

Today, Pete Zakals is back washing dishes. His friends at Lavery's and the Dubonnet call him the poorest man in Bridgeport now.

"But I've got a hunch I'll hit the Sweeps again," he says. "Maybe the next one. This time I'll invest in a small diner somewhere. But I'll pay off my debts first." He smiles. "I owe Lavery's \$5.20."

Liliputian Logic

THE LONG-SUFFERING FATHER had just put his three-year-old to bed when the child asked for a drink of water. "Will you take it in a paper cup?" he was asked. "Anything, Daddy," said the youngster cheerfully, "just so it has something around it!"

—*Woman's Day*

ONE WINTER AFTERNOON as I sat in our living room busily knitting, my five-year-old son joined me for what he called "a serious discussion." I was expecting a new arrival in a few weeks and he had decided that the information he had had concerning babies did not cover how the new brother or sister actually got there.

Since we have always answered all of our children's questions to the best of our ability and gauged to what we thought they could understand, I told him of the wonderful plan God has devised so that all mothers might bear their young. As I knitted and talked he listened intently to what I had to say.

When our discussion ended he settled back in his chair and with a sly smile stated: "Now I know why fathers can't have babies."

Rather warily I asked, "You do?"

"Sure," came the answer, "they don't know how to knit."

—NANCY S. SNYDER

AFTER WASHING my kitchen floor, I told my two-year-old daughter not to walk on it because it was wet. In a very short while I found her walking across the still damp floor and received this explanation:

"It's O.K. Mommy, I put my rubbers on."

—MRS. ROGER E. BOY

HOW TO STICK TO A

DIET

by Wilfred Dorfman, M.D., F.A.C.P.

Find out what's gnawing you. Then by following this expert's rules you can conquer that yen for blubber-building calories

THE TOUGHEST THING about reducing is sticking to it. Dr. Norman Jolliffe, one of the leading authorities on diet and nutrition, reports that one of his patients lost some 500 pounds, and was still overweight. She lost pounds, and then gained them back, again and again.

Doctors estimate that over 30,000,000 people in America today are overweight, and that at one time or another most of them attempted to diet, unsuccessfully. So, since overeating is without doubt the major factor in overweight, the important question to them is why they do so.

All do not overeat for the same reason. In some, it is simply a matter of habit and conditioning to the pleasures of the table. In many, however, it can be traced to psychological factors.

To such persons food is often a vicarious means of obtaining emotional satisfaction. For them, it has become a symbol, a kind of emotional "input" similar to the satisfaction that can be derived from receiving love, admiration, recognition, attention or praise. When the going gets rough they automatically reach "for a sweet instead of a solution" to their problems.

For others, food may symbolize strength and security, and the resulting overweight may give them a feeling of superiority through being "big" or "bigger" than others.

A ravenous attack on food may similarly symbolize hostility. In other words, devouring a meal may very well be a 20th-century substitution for devouring one's minor enemies.

Overeating may also serve as a means of punishing oneself. It may mask a feeling of sadness or depression which comes to the surface when the diet is too severe or too pro-

longed. Here food symbolizes the "good mama" of early infancy; and stopping its intake becomes equivalent to being unloved or unwanted.

In other instances, food and the resulting obesity may represent an impregnable wall of defense. For example, a young woman might wish for marriage, a home and children, but deep down she may be frightened and as yet unprepared for its responsibilities. Her overweight serves as a buttress which shields her from social activities and the possibility of meeting a likely mate.

In cases where the emotional problems are sufficiently severe, expert psychiatric guidance may be indicated. But in those with fair emotional stability, much can be accomplished by an all-out attempt to help oneself through increased self-understanding.

The first step in a sound reducing program is therefore to discover why you are overeating. For two weeks keep a diary. On one side of the page list "What I Eat," and on the other side "What's Eating Me." After a while, a pattern should emerge. You may discover, for instance, that whenever you run into difficulties in the office you tend to break your diet with a high-calorie dessert.

Be on the lookout for feelings of anger, especially when this powerful emotion is not expressed openly. An excessive need to please others, for example, may prevent you from adequately expressing hostility or anger, even under quite justifiable circumstances.

Understanding that certain unpleasant emotional feelings are caus-

ing your excess appetite will not make you feel less "hungry," but it should make you more capable of breaking a pattern of eating that has been almost a reflex action.

The second step is to give yourself a real motivation to reduce. Too many people unknowingly put obstacles in their way because they want to reduce for the wrong reasons. Take, for example, the young girl who decides to lose weight so that she can attract a husband. This goal is a possibility since she would become more attractive through weight reduction; but if it is not accomplished after a reasonable weight loss, the resulting emotional reaction may easily cancel out all of the losses in a short period of self-pity or loneliness.

A realistic goal would be for her to seek to lose weight to improve her physical and emotional state; a husband may eventually be acquired, but this should be considered as a bonus rather than as the primary goal.

Ask yourself why you want to lose weight and make sure your answer is a sensible one. If you want to reduce because you will feel better, or, say, take an extra load off your heart and blood pressure apparatus, that's fine. But don't plan and count on having all of your problems solved and your life transformed.

The third step is to set up a reasonable goal in pounds. Don't plan to lose an enormous amount of weight all at once, for you will be putting an undue strain on both your body and mind.

Suppose, for example, you want to lose a total of 50 pounds. Instead

of thinking of the time and deprivations necessary for this distant achievement, break it up into stages. Try to lose 20 or 25 pounds during a two- to three-month period. Let your weight stabilize for a few weeks at this level before you proceed the rest of the distance.

You will feel a sense of accomplishment and satisfaction when you reach this new level, and it will encourage you to go further. And doing it in stages gives your body a chance to adjust more gracefully. But it should be borne in mind that action must be taken at the first sign of increasing weight.

The fourth step is to realize that it is quite normal to break a diet.

A one- or two-day orgy of eating will still permit you to get back to your overall plan without permanent damage. Unfortunately, many dieters oscillate and vacillate between the two extremes of rabbit fodder and pie-à-la mode. This type of dieter gets on the scale three or four times a day and is disappointed when there is no loss—despite the fact that ordinary arithmetic should warn him that a loss of ten pounds a month is difficult to measure at four-hour intervals.

One of the most common obstacles that faces the dieter is social custom. Food has always been a symbol of friendship, and hostesses frequently take it as a personal affront when guests fail to gorge themselves at their dinner or cocktail parties. The dieter is often faced with the "either-or" alternative of maintaining his diet at all odds, or antagonizing his hostess.

A good plan in handling this type

of situation is to realize that the hostess too has needs to be fulfilled—her needs are to feed her guests and to be a good provider. She may be forceful, but can be handled with a reasonable degree of firmness and courtesy.

But even if you do weaken a bit and succumb to a few extra calories, as most people do on such occasions, this should not be the signal for a complete abandonment of the weight reduction program. If you can indulge on occasion and still return to the diet, it will have been a much greater triumph than to compulsively deny yourself the pleasures of food at all times.

The fifth step in successful weight reduction is to choose a sensible diet. Nobody can live on a few shreds of lettuce, a grated carrot and two ounces of boiled asparagus a day, and nobody has to resort to such rigorous tactics.

Diets that severely restrict food intake may have value for a few days, to meet an emergency situation such as a tight evening gown before an impending social function, but have no value in long-term plans. Fad diets, similarly, have no real permanent value since they accomplish nothing as far as permanent dietary re-education is concerned. The appeal of these diets lies only in their being bizarre; they cater to the need for the "magic gimmick" and enable the overweight person to resort to magical thinking rather than facing the obvious and painful truth that a radical change in eating habits is the only possible solution.


A sensible diet is one which close-

ly resembles normal eating patterns. It should be one you can stay on indefinitely, without fear of depriving your body of vital foodstuffs.

Successful weight reduction is unquestionably a battle against odds. To emerge victoriously, the dieter must learn calorie values; which foods he must avoid, which are low in calories and still satisfying.

His diet must be an adequate one; one that is balanced in that it meets mineral and vitamin requirements. It should contain adequate proportions of carbohydrate, protein and fat. Appetite-appeasement drugs may have value in getting a start, but they should not be self-prescribed, since side effects and overdosage can produce results far more pernicious than obesity itself.

Most important, the overweight person must understand and tackle the emotional problems that so frequently lie at the very roots of his obesity. In many instances this can be accomplished by an increased knowledge of oneself; and this insight may provide not only the motivation but also an increased self-tolerance that permits reasonable goals and a less perfectionistic approach.

Medical help may be necessary, since marked obesity is difficult to cure and often cannot be solved by oneself. But no matter what the method, the problem can be corrected only by a permanent change in eating habits. If this is accomplished, overweight is most assuredly curable. 

Earn As Much As \$1,000 On A Two-Cent Investment!

That's right—earn as much as you want on an investment of only a two-cent stamp! Thousands of Coronet Agency Subscription Representatives are doing that right now . . . and so can you!

We can immediately authorize you as a magazine representative—entitling you to take subscription orders for *all* magazines at lowest authorized prices—and you keep a cash commission on every sale. You need no experience to earn steady profits. And because your service saves time and money for your customers, it's easy to build up an active subscription business in your community.

And you'll also “be in on” these special advantages:

- ✓ **Special Offers** . . . money-saving customer prices that prompt sales.
- ✓ **Cash Bonuses** . . . a sure way to increase your profits.
- ✓ **Valuable Prizes** . . . merchandise items for you and your family.
- ✓ **Free Sales Aids** . . . to make order-taking easy and enjoyable.

To get started immediately, rush a two-cent postcard (your only investment) to me and I'll promptly send you *free* 1958 selling material. Write today to: **J. M. FOSTER, CORONET, Dept. 300, 488 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.**

**Comparing today's
delinquents with the
problem kids
he wrote about so
searchingly 25
years ago, a
distinguished author
sheds new light
on one of the most
baffling questions
of our times...**

WHAT MAKES THEM THAT WAY?

by JAMES T. FARRELL
author of Studs Lonigan



AFTER A DODGER night ball game at Ebbets Field last year, my wife said that she would like to see some of New York's so-called tough East Side bars. While we were having a beer quietly at one of them, a rowdy group of adolescents, obviously a gang, burst in and began acting as though they owned the "joint."

The leader was a husky, rather handsome blond boy who demonstrated his authority by egging his followers into a raucous show of horseplay patently, though unconsciously, designed to antagonize. I got to talking with him and in the course of the conversation remarked that nobody in the bar disliked him, and that no one wanted to hurt him.

He turned immediately hostile.

I took him by the shoulders, and looking directly into his eyes I said (and I said it deliberately): "Listen, boy, I'm an old football end and don't want monkey business. To you I may seem to be just an old man of 52. But I am wiser than you."

His followers crowded around us.

"Get away," he told them. "We're talking man-to-man."

"You don't have to act this way in order to be respected," I went on. "You and your boys are looking for trouble, and if you keep on drinking you may find it. And it will be rougher than you think. I'm giving this to you straight. Go home and think about it."

He considered this a moment,

then gave his cohorts a large wave of the hand and they quickly followed him out of the tavern.

I was lucky enough to catch that boy at a doubtful moment when he was at a turning point. And I am certain that many of the teenagers who prowl our cities are at that turning point, when they need quiet but firm and judicious authority—not necessarily police—applied to them. But they need to know that it is being applied without vindictiveness and without any feeling of guilt, for they can sense both as an animal can catch a scent. I was in no danger in the performance of a seemingly rash act for I felt neither, and the blond boy sensed it.

And that gets to the root of the matter—that today's teenagers want to be *men* and *women* rather than *big boys* and *big girls*. They are playing their own horrible, mixed-up concept of maturity. In this acting, they are making of themselves grotesque caricatures of men and women, while they are still children.

Many things over the years have brought this about. For the fact is—and it is a crucial one in the highly complicated overall picture of delinquency—the fact is, that times have changed, and with them the teenagers and their parents.

The condition of youth today is different from what it was in my own time, the late 1910s and early '20s. There were boy gangs then as now. In the tough Chicago neighborhoods near my own, there were

two rough ones, the Cornell Hamburgs, and the Regans or Regan Colts. But relatively few carried weapons. Boys in the Black Belt were rumored to carry razors. Possibly some did.

In my own 58th Street neighborhood, the background for my "Studs Lonigan" trilogy, I knew of only one boy who ever carried a gun. There were gang fights, but these were with fists, and there was general contempt for anyone who would use brass knuckles.

Many people have regarded "Studs Lonigan" as a study of juvenile delinquency, and Studs as a delinquent. In no serious sense of the word would I consider Studs to have been a delinquent. He merely wanted to appear in the eyes of the adolescents with whom he associated as "strong and tough and the real stuff."

There were crap or dice games under the 58th Street elevated station and in the lavatory of a fairly tough dance hall at Sixty-third and Stony Island. But few of Studs' or my peers ever were in court or went to jail. A couple snatched a pocket-book, were caught and one of the local police sergeants handled the case in a way to save the boys; they never did this again. Ice boxes, which used to be on back porches, were sometimes raided, or candy was stolen from stores.

Most of the girls in my old neighborhood were what we called "good girls," though a few were promiscu-

ous. Most of the girls did not drink. Some were disturbed and would play hooky from school; but violence on the part of girls, or the formation of such things as girl gangs, would have created a sensational shock.

The young men went to public dance halls. There were three near my neighborhood where it was believed—with some basis in fact—that pickups could be found. But in the main, all of this was an expression of the budding sexuality which follows puberty.

By 1920, World War I was over, Prohibition had come, and city life and culture were in a process of change. During the final years of the 19th century, the town had triumphed over the country; and the 1920s proved the decade during which a great swollen mass of people began to live by the new urban values. Among other things, this produced a revolt against authority as it was then conceived.

Prohibition both accentuated and worsened this process by helping to make law-breaking a sport. We all drank too much and out of bravado. To get drunk was an act of defiance. You could buy either alcohol or gin in most of the drugstores on the South Side of Chicago in those Prohibition days.

My first experience with "juvenile delinquency" came in 1927. I was attendant at a Standard Oil Company filling station in what was called the Central Manufacturing

District. A group of boys ranging in age from eight to 14 used to rob the cash registers of restaurants, or



Studs Lonigan: "All he wanted to prove was that he was 'strong and tough, the real stuff.'"

break into gasoline stations, rip off the telephone cash box, break it open and divide the nickels.

Several times, they broke into my station and went off with the telephone cash box. One night when I had forgotten to lock the safe they broke a window and climbed into my station. They found the unlocked safe. But they were afraid to take the bills inside—about \$75. Instead, they ripped the telephone cash box off the wall, and stole only the change. Teenage crime was still small time.

Meanwhile, with Prohibition had come another development: gangsterism, a big and rather efficient business. And the gangster became a cultural hero. The positive values which we had gained in honesty, frankness and the respect for truth were partially negated by a species of contempt for the law which helped to weaken civic spirit.

And with the emergence of the gangster as hero, respect for honest work declined. The principle of the dignity of work, and that work is what makes our culture possible—this was more seriously weakened than many Americans have as yet come fully to realize.

The rising wave of prosperity further complicated the situation. Teenagers could now buy cheap cars, or steal them. With automobiles, boy gangs and prowling groups had greater mobility. On country roads, delinquent driving became a grave problem. Adult drivers who pro-

tested risked a serious beating.

Since the end of World War II, guns have become more easily procurable, and some kids have learned to make their own. With increased opportunities for antisocial behavior, with prosperity and loose money, destruction and violence have increased among those whose antisocial conduct tends toward the extreme.

Any idea that delinquency and extreme behavior are mainly products of slums and poverty is furthermore disproved by the fact that many families of delinquents dwell in well-to-do neighborhoods and the suburbs. These problems, in fact, have spread through many layers of our society and many of its sub-cultures.

One of the grave new developments today is the use of narcotics by teenagers. (While the number of juveniles using dope is comparatively small, the increase in addiction is both tragic and menacing; and it includes a number of girls.) Another dangerous new development is the girl gangs that have sprung up, usually under the influence of a pitilessly sadistic leader. They call themselves Rebelettes or Tigerettes in imitation of boy gangs.

Television, as had radio, has contributed indirectly to this rising tide of delinquency. Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, an authority on disturbed children, has pointed out how family situation serials often confuse children. The father is derogated. He is a dope, manipulated by mother. The only form of work re-

vealed is housework, that of the mother. The idea of the father performing his major role, that of bread



Today's delinquent: "He is play-acting his own horrible, mixed-up concept of maturity."

winner, is often not treated. Father is a bumbling adjunct to mother. The association of the father with work and authority is thus weakened in the minds of children. The children sense this. For children are more honest and aware than they have the vocabulary to articulate.

THESE THEN are the background factors which have contributed to today's problem. Essentially, it boils down to a question of values—the values by which we have lived, are living, and by which we are going to live tomorrow.

I have discussed this problem with psychiatrists, social workers, judges, teachers, policemen, parents. I have sat with magistrates in adolescent courts and watched the parade of emotionally immature teenagers, both boys and girls, who have been acting out in their daily lives a distorted script spawned in the dark recesses of their minds.

Before the court comes a well-to-do boy charged with disorderly conduct, for instance. His father is overworked, and gives him little attention. His mother is busy with her social life and is cold and dominant. The father at home is passive and under the mother's thumb. They have two automobiles. The boy drives, recklessly. He imitates his mother and dominates other boys. He becomes a gang leader.

The home has not been a source of directing values; the parents have been a bad example. The boy is

really finding his own means of imitating his mother.

A Negro boy is charged with felonious assault. He lives in a crowded home. His parents come from a poor rural area of the South. They are uneducated to city life. The father and mother work. The father drinks. Because of poverty and color, the boy's family seems worthless in society. There is no incentive to study. In school, he gets in with other boys whose circumstances of life are parallel. Excitement, release, expression of pent-up feeling and frustration all come through violence. The boy is imitating the destructiveness and aggressiveness his father shows while drunk.

A girl of 13, in high-heeled shoes, her face grotesquely made-up, is charged with prostitution. She is a little girl play-acting the role of a woman, even of a vampire. Neglected, wanting someone to want her, knowing her family would like to be rid of her. She runs away and is caught with a boys' gang.

In her case, as in that of many young girls who are brought into court today, sex is incidental. The girls are confused about sex and love. But sex is all they have to give. It is the only asset which will give them worth, make them valued and wanted.

Among girls, one of the decisive factors contributing to delinquency is the desire of parents to get the girls off their hands. This is the case even among "non-delinquent" girls.

Girls are a danger to many parents. The girls might go wrong, or have an illegitimate baby. The girls feel unwanted.

One girl's father drinks and is trying to turn her over to the care of the state. Another has been raised strictly. She revolts, steals, runs away and has affairs with four or five boys. The parents go to the police. The girl is caught. The parents take the daughter to court. They do not know why their girl has acted as she did. If the court takes custody of the girl, the parents are relieved.

SUCH GIRLS are without goals, confused, unwanted, and hence easily become wayward or delinquent. And unless they gain mature insight—become *women* instead of babies with women's bodies—they may eventually launch *their* children on a course which continues their own aimless and victimized lives.

Frequently, it is difficult, even with tests, to determine if they are intellectually a low normal or a sub-normal. The emotions and budding minds within their flowering bodies are too choked for one to know with sure confidence whether or not they have the potentialities to take their place as mothers, wives and citizens in the America we want to build to a higher peak of freedom and civilization. Questioned by a judge as to why they did certain things, they repeatedly say: "I don't know."

And we can be reasonably sure that they don't know. One of the

terrifying aspects of the growing problem of our delinquent, wayward, destructive teenage youth is that these half-children, half-adults do not know. They do not know why they are against society while they are within it. They do not know that, if they increase in number, they can become the barbarians within the gates of our cities. They know that they are rebels, but they do not know that, at the heart of their rebellious sickness, one of their motives is revenge. A second, and this is of overwhelming significance, is their virtual instinct in sensing the guilt toward youth which many adults feel. As I sat in court I could not miss this fact. This is one of the sources of delinquency which is to be found more in the home than in society at large. In many instances it is more obvious in the case of fathers and mothers with girls.

Concerning the blond boy in the tavern, one of the reasons why I was in no danger with him was that I conveyed no sense of guilt to him. This is standard knowledge to trained workers with emotionally sick and troubled children.

More important, however, is the factor of neglect. By and large, it is the neglected children who become delinquent and end up in the courts, the reformatories or in jail.

Generally speaking, such kids have never known love—love in the more general sense, and focusing principally in the mother. They have not, in what little—and futile—edu-

cation they have received, either found or been sufficiently helped to find the avenue to the development of self-insight.

I have watched many of them brought into court on criminal charges, surly, their fear and fright repressed. One boy of 18 had, in the space of about two years, established a record of felonious assault and burglary. His career in crime began, significantly, at the time that his divorced mother remarried.

He had become a lone wolf in our society. To him, the city was a jungle. He had not seen his mother but once in a year. He had not seen his father in many years.

Day after day, such boys go through the mill of the courts. A number of them have fathers who have vanished from their lives. They have known neither the restraint of authority, nor love. And in consequence, the values of society have not been fixed in their minds.

In many cases, talking to them is almost like speaking to a stone wall. They will rob and destroy, attack and eventually even kill, because they know no other way of proving themselves. At the same time, some of the toughest of such boys were, in court, whistling to keep up their courage.

The human nature of children is frail. It snaps because of mistreatment and of glaring inconsistencies in home and society. And if this human nature is mangled at an early age, and steadily, then you get the

young killers, the incorrigibles. Today, also, authority has partly broken down in home and school. The children have more freedom than they can command. Case after case of boys brought to court on serious charges reveals a total intolerance to any authority.

Also, violence, sadism, cruelty are coming more to the fore than sex. This fact often stands out in the crimes of teenage gangs. Some of them are senselessly brutal.

Also, there is growing destructiveness. It was rare in my day for teenagers to wreck a school, a library or a theater. A few broken windows through which rocks had been thrown was big stuff. This was the pattern. There were exceptions, but fewer than now if considered in the gross.

Sheriff Joseph Lohman of Cook County states that today there are probably 4,000 to 5,000 gangs in Chicago alone. Many of these are destructive. Less than a year ago, 15 boys of a gang assaulted and killed a Negro boy who was waiting for a bus on a South Side street corner.

During one week in New York City last August, three youngsters were brutally murdered and two others critically injured in purposeless flare-ups of teenage violence. In October, a street gang called "the Diplomats" calmly displayed a .45-caliber Thompson submachine gun—loaded and in good working order—with the warning: "Don't start any trouble with us."

"It takes years to make normal babies into criminals and monsters"

Today's gangs don't fool, which is the frightening fact about them.

The problems posed by these delinquent, emotionally disturbed and sick children cannot be overlooked. Society must, if it would meet them, develop methods of preventive delinquency. This calls for more effort and more expenditure of time and energy, as well as money, than society is apparently now prepared to make. This is not only foolish; it is dangerous. For not only are the presidents of tomorrow growing up among our children today; so are the criminals. It takes many years to make healthy and normal little babies into criminals and monsters.

TODAY we perhaps do not know too much about how to cope with the problem of juvenile delinquency. But *something* is known, some techniques have been developed. The application of what is known and of what techniques have been and are being developed requires all the resources needed for this work.

There is no need for endless research which establishes the same conclusion, and for a staggering compilation of case histories. Already there are enough studies and enough case histories to fill entire libraries.

And there are additional case histories and studies in other countries and other languages. In Israel, I read in French the case histories of disturbed children of Moroccan-Jewish immigrants. Translate these,

and change a few place names and they would seem to be the case histories of American children.

This kind of research is not necessarily going to advance us, no more than will a proliferation of committees appointed by mayors and composed of distinguished and public-spirited citizens.

Trained people and more trained people are needed, for one thing, and they must be paid sufficient salaries so that they will stick at this work. In New York City, for instance, much better rehabilitative work could be done if there were a larger and better-paid staff of probation officers.

But money is not enough. The child is a reflection of, and an anticipation of, the adult. The payment called for by all of us if we would do something to meet this problem is heavier—and it must be exacted by us and upon ourselves and our consciences. We must act upon ourselves and seriously try to check and correct *adult* delinquency.

And we must consider the morals, the manners, the goals of our society. We cannot have our birthday cake if we eat it. We cannot have a reduction of delinquency unless we work to develop a society which is improving and creating better conditions of growth.

The alarming growth of delinquency in America is a challenge and a criticism of our society. If a growing number of children become disturbed, emotionally sick, destruc-

tive, criminal, then we are failing to reach these children. This we must recognize.

Already too many people think off the top of their heads about these problems. There is far too much tossing of opinions back and forth. Frequently, this bandying of opinion and the angers it provokes is but a symptom of guilt on the part of adults.

Punishment, prosperity, sentimental coddling, none of these is enough. We do not know fully what is enough. But we should know that we have failed in many instances. To continue with crowded courts, and a continuing flood of children to courts, to institutions, is senseless. But it is happening.

We, individually and as we compose society, must prevent so many children from developing aberrantly or we will pay the consequences of their aberrations. For unloved and neglected children become

unloving and neglectful parents.

From generation to generation, hates, guilts, dislikes, distortions are carried on. This, as much as love and growth, is part of the mystery of man. We cannot easily and by routine break these negative circles whereby conditions of destructiveness are perpetuated. Yet somehow we must.

Delinquency is a legal term, a mode of behavior. Also, it is an extreme, dramatic and tragic illustration of the problem of youth. And the problem of youth is one of the values current, not only in our society, but in others as well.

What legacy are we leaving to youth? Is it a good legacy? Will the values we cherish—the values which distinguish us from the brute animal kingdom and the jungle—inspire future mankind to make its best effort to complete with success the experiment which we call civilization?



Wrong Foot Forward

MY WIFE AND HER GIRL FRIENDS take their bridge club very seriously. So one day she scurried around getting up fancy refreshments to serve the club during their session at our house. In fact, my wife worried so much about the cakes and coffee, she completely forgot to get a prize for the winner at bridge.

Just before the guests arrived, she climbed up to the attic and grabbed the first thing she saw that looked at all decent for a prize—a sort of silver bon-bon dish. She frantically cleaned and wrapped it, finishing just in the nick of time.

The afternoon went off beautifully—until the presentation of the bridge prize. The prize-winner opened the present, then stormed out of the house in a rage. It turned out that the prize wasn't a bon-bon dish, but a trophy. Engraved on it was the legend: "First Prize Boxer Bitch."

—Type-Graphic



Guest Quizmistress Jayne Meadows doubles as a dramatic actress and as a regular panelist on "I've Got a Secret" (CBS-TV, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., EST). Note the clues, she says, then single out those same letters that, arranged differently, will complete both words. For example: join ---t---; unfasten ---t---. Answer: unite; untie. (Check answers on p. 151.)

Mixed doubles

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|------------------------------|---------------|
| (1) an apparition | — p ——— | (12) to commend | — r ——— |
| a symbol of royalty | — — — p ——— | to desire earnestly | — — — — r — |
| (2) blows with a whip | — — — s ——— | (13) harsh in sound | — — — — r — |
| a struggle | — — — — s — | on land | — — — — — r — |
| (3) a time before | — — — — v ——— | (14) an instructor | — e ———— |
| easily permeated | — — — — v ——— | a fraud | — — e ——— |
| (4) many | — — — — — a — | (15) partial monetary return | — e ———— |
| discloses | — — — — — a — | scold | — — — — — e |
| (5) answer | — — — — — n — | (16) the last mentioned | — — t ——— |
| thinks | — — — — — n — | baby's noise-maker | — — t ——— |
| (6) suppose | — r ———— | (17) save | — e ———— |
| highest | — — — — r ——— | safe | — — — — — e |
| (7) using together | — — — — r ——— | (18) outcome | — — s ——— |
| to decorate food | — — — — r ——— | sheen | — — s ——— |
| (8) woodland | — — — — — t | (19) metal bolts | — — — — — t — |
| promote | — — — — — t — | to endeavor | — t ———— |
| (9) to puncture | — — — — — c — | (20) wall-covering | — — a ———— |
| culinary directions | — — — — — c — | a prayer book | — — a ———— |
| (10) to humor | p ———— | (21) means available | — — — — — c — |
| to slip away | — — — — p ——— | resort | — — c ———— |
| (11) part of a desk | d ———— | (22) a light sword | — a ———— |
| a guard | — — — — d ——— | restore | — — — — — a — |



by Phil Hirsch

LATE ONE dark night not long ago, a man slunk along an alley behind the main street of a Midwestern city. At the rear door of a jewelry store he stopped, looked about, then went to work with a small metal tool. Seconds later, the store's burglar alarm went off. But instead of running away, the "burglar" pulled out a stop watch and waited.

When the police arrived, he calmly showed them his identification card and explained that he had set

off the alarm to find out how soon they would get there.

The card bore a name you have undoubtedly seen thousands of times and never given a second thought—Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. Yet your life is protected every hour of the day and night by the seal of approval of this world-famous testing organization.

It is probable that UL has tested the floor, wall, and roofing material of your home, as well as your furnace and water heater. Did you have toast and coffee for breakfast this morning? Both the coffee maker and the toaster, if they are reputable brands, had to meet rigid UL performance standards before being put on the market.

Your car probably contains a number of parts—the muffler and air filter, to mention two—which bear the UL label. In fact, UL protects you from the cradle to the grave: both hospital incubators and burial caskets are on its list of approved products. And it has inspected such out-of-the-way items as motor-driven toothbrushes, electrical mousetraps and push-button-controlled studio couches that change into beds automatically.

"The dumbest housewife and the most careless workman are the people who really design many of our tests," explains a UL official. "We figure that if a product can stand up against their mistakes, it will take just about anything."

Television sets for example, undergo elaborate torture tests in UL laboratories. A precisely suspended steel ball, weighing 1¼ pounds, catapults through a five-foot arc into

the screen. Then technicians drive a spike through the top of the cabinet into the picture tube. This causes the tube to break into millions of fragments, most of which are hurled at high speed against the inside of the screen. These tests make sure that the screen won't shatter some evening while you and the family are watching your favorite program. For if it did, glass fragments would hurtle out into the room like buck-shot.

Electric blankets are folded up and an insulated pad is put on the top layer. The idea is to keep the blanket's heat from escaping. Then the control button is turned to "high" and left there for eight hours.

These tests are just a sample of the punishment UL engineers have cooked up for several hundred electrical products ranging from Christmas-tree lights to beauty-shop hair dryers, coffee urns to wall switches. Few of the items will ever have to take such rough treatment in the field but, if that eventuality occurs, lives might be lost unless the product measures up.

Take the fuse test, for instance. A 15-amp household fuse must withstand a charge of 10,000 amps without exploding or it isn't approved. Why? Conceivably, a flash of lightning might send that much current through the circuit sometime. If the fuse exploded, it could easily cause a fire.

On the first floor of UL's fortress-like headquarters laboratory in Chicago is about the closest thing to hell on earth. Here, huge panels of building materials—concrete and glass block, the "drywall" board

used for interior partitions, and various kinds of roofing—are enveloped in sheets of flame. These products must withstand temperatures as high as 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit for as long as six hours or UL will not approve them.

UL set up its first torture chamber after a group of Midwestern capital stock insurance companies became suspicious of a modern invention called the electric light bulb. The time was 1893, the place the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Some 50 fires had occurred while the Exposition was under construction and the new bulb seemed to be the culprit. To find out for sure, the insurance companies sent a young Boston engineer named William Henry Merrill to Chicago.

"Somebody ought to test these electrical gadgets before they're installed," he reported, and he was delegated to do the job.

In 1894, Merrill went to work, his first lab a small loft containing about \$350 worth of equipment. The staff consisted of two men—himself and another engineer named W. C. Robinson. They spent most of their time testing the electrical equipment being used at the Exposition.

Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., was officially chartered a few years later, as a private, non-profit company. In the early days, the capital stock insurance companies which sponsor it made contributions to support the laboratories. But since 1917, UL has been self-supporting, the individual manufacturers who make use of its facilities being charged for the time of an engineer assigned to an investigation, construction work

done, materials used, preparation of the report, etc.

Today UL has four huge testing facilities: one in New York, one in Santa Clara, California, and two in Chicago. It employs some 800 engineers and technicians, serves 6,000 clients who operate 6,500 plants and turn out an estimated 1,000,000,000 safeguarded articles a year. Nearly 200 inspectors make sure that approved products continue to measure up after they have passed the laboratories' performance test.

Occasionally, a company will try to cheat on materials, design, or both. A few years ago, an inspector who visited a manufacturer of fire-resistant materials was kept waiting at the reception desk, allegedly because the plant manager couldn't be located. When the inspector was eventually given a look at the material as it came off the production line, everything seemed to be in order. But the inspector was suspicious.

The next day he came back again, and again had to wait. When the plant manager finally led the way to the production line, the inspector suddenly ordered a detour through the warehouse. There he discovered the real reason for the delay.

The company had been skimping on an expensive ingredient that gave the product its slow-burning quality; the result was a product that didn't measure up to UL standards. When the inspector arrived, machines were merely reset so that material of the proper quality would come out. This operation required some time, however, so the inspector had to be stalled at the reception desk. After he left, production of the inferior material was resumed.

In the warehouse, the inspector quickly spotted the substandard product and ripped off its UL labels. For some time afterward, every item turned out by this plant was carefully checked to make sure the manufacturer tried no further shenanigans.

Ironically, despite their rigid test standards, army of experts and gold-plated reputation, Underwriters' Laboratories cannot prove the value of their tests. Nobody keeps figures on accidents that *could* have happened. But it is unquestionably a fact that, thanks to these quiet, dedicated engineers and technicians, today's world of gadgeted homes and super-mechanized factories is a far safer place for all of us.

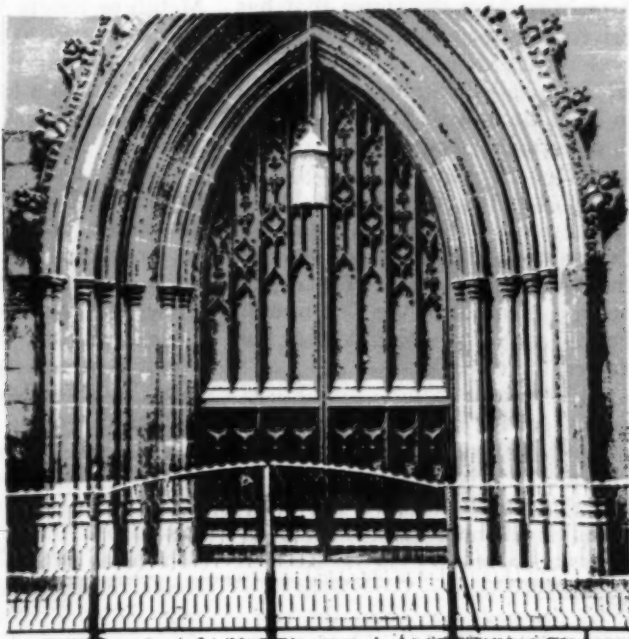


Sleek Trick

SLIPPERY ICE, very thin;
Pretty girl tumbled in.
Saw a boy upon the bank—
Gave a shriek, and then she sank.
Boy on bank heard her shout,
Jumped right in—helped her out.
Now he's hers—very nice;
But she had to break the ice.

—Laugh Book Magazine

The ordeal of the **EMBATTLED CHURCH**



*A raging conflict
has set friend
against friend
and locked
the gates of
Brooklyn's
venerable
Holy Trinity*

by
MARTIN L. GROSS

THE SIGN ON THE FAÇADE of an old Gothic church in downtown Brooklyn Heights, a once fashionable brownstone neighborhood on a bluff overlooking Manhattan, beckons to worshipers: "Come In, Rest, and Pray."

The sign is misleading, for the church is closed. The iron grill gates in front of dignified century-old Holy Trinity Episcopal Church have been locked ever since this past summer when the church itself became the latest casualty in a fiery theological, political, and legal battle. For over a year and a half the church has had two ministers and two groups of vestrymen, each of whom claims to control the church corporation. The controversy has touched an alleged freedom of the pulpit, the power of Episcopal bishops, the power of the parishioners and the vestrymen. Financially, the stake is some \$400,000 in church funds—cash steadfastly held by the banks against claims from both sides.

At the center of this ecclesiastical whirlpool is 47-year-old Reverend William Howard Melish, whose activities

have stirred up the storm that has driven friend against friend. Tall, professorial Melish, who was awarded the so-called "Stalin" Peace Prize in 1956 along with \$14,000 in cash, is a former vice-president of the far-left New York State Committee of the American Labor Party. He has been accused by Louis Budenz, one-time managing editor of the Communist *Daily Worker*, as being a member of the Communist Party—a charge which Melish has denied under oath.

"The trouble really started Easter Sunday, 1946," says Bill Melish, who was assistant to his father, Dr. John Howard Melish, then Rector of Holy Trinity. "One of the vestrymen complained about some of my statements and work in post-war Russian relief."

In the next two years the complaints about Bill Melish's left-wing politics got more vociferous as he became more active. In 1947, he made a trip to Yugoslavia with other clergymen and issued a pro-Yugoslav statement on the imprisonment of Cardinal Stepinac. He succeeded Corliss Lamont as chairman of the National Council of Soviet-American Friendship. He was a sponsor of the Citizens Committee for Harry Bridges.

Early in 1948, the growing tension erupted when Bill Melish's politics got a national airing on a coast-to-coast radio program, "America's Town Meeting of the Air." Former OSS chief, Major General "Wild Bill" Donovan, debating with Melish, suddenly accused him of being "pro-Communist."

Soon after, the vestry asked Bill

Melish to resign. When he refused, they appealed to his father to discharge him, but the 74-year-old preacher with a long record of crusading for liberal causes wholeheartedly supported his son. The vestry met again and decided to try to get rid of Bill Melish by trying to dismiss Dr. Melish himself, despite his 45 years as Rector and his popularity with many of the parishioners. They applied to the Bishop of Long Island, James P. DeWolfe, for a dissolution of the "pastoral relationship" with Dr. Melish.

Within hours, an impromptu meeting was organized at the Parish House. "The Committee To Retain The Rector" was formed, headed by retired teacher Lewis G. Reynolds and Anna May Mason, active in Brooklyn settlement-house work, and soon had the signatures of 321 parishioners, more than 70 percent of the membership.

"The Bishop would not accept the Committee's petition," Mr. Melish states. "He could only deal with the vestry, they were told—as if our church is an authoritarian body where the parishioners have no rights. I believe this is the basic issue of the case. Finally, after phone calls and telegrams, the Bishop agreed to a hearing of the diocese's Standing Committee."

On March 2, 1949, the Bishop issued his judgment dismissing Dr. Melish on the grounds that his refusal to discharge his son had aggravated the dissension within the parish.

"The Committee To Retain The Rector" became the rallying point of a group of protesting parishioners.

They warned the vestry that if a supply preacher came in to conduct Easter Services they would march out of church en masse. The Melishes were allowed to preach. The committee then called a special meeting at which they summarily brought the nine vestrymen who had opposed them up on charges and "dismissed" them. At their regular annual meeting on Easter Monday, the five vestrymen whose terms had legally expired were replaced with pro-Melish vestrymen, including Lewis G. Reynolds, by a vote of 234 to eighty-three.

The deposed vestrymen sued Melish et al in the first of many tortuous legal wrangles. They won a decision that the special election was illegal and that Dr. Melish's dismissal was legal. However, the court did not rule on the regular Easter election and the pro-Melish parishioners were now triumphantly in control of the vestry and corporation of Holy Trinity Church.

DR. MELISH, supported with a petition of 2,576 Protestant clergymen from all over the country, appealed his dismissal up to the United States Supreme Court, which refused to hear the case.

"Today I regret that I backed the father," says 74-year-old Lewis G. Reynolds, now leader of the anti-Melish forces. "He was worthy but his cause was not. We soon found out that the son had duped us."

At the time, however, the parishioners—including Mr. Reynolds—solidified in sweet victory. On March 26, 1951, at the suggestion of a 119-to-11 vote, the parish asked the

vestry to ask William Howard Melish to be their rector, stating formally the principle that his "outside political activities were his own private privilege." When the Bishop refused to accept Melish as "duly qualified" (a power Melish supporters deny he has), the vestry named him assistant or "acting" minister—a post he claims he still holds today.

"Ours is a liberal congregation," says Leroy Peterson, who became a vestryman soon after. "We wanted to believe in Melish, but little by little, after we employed him, we began to see his true motivation. He began to fill Holy Trinity with his political friends, many of whom I recognized as pro-Communist American Labor Party people. Under the guise of freedom of the pulpit, he was making an Episcopal Church into a soapbox."

Mr. Melish was indeed active politically. He was a director of the Marxist-oriented Jefferson School for Social Research; he supported the defense of the Communist leaders on trial under the Smith Act; at a rally with Paul Robeson, he referred to the anti-Communist "American regime of brutality in Greece"; he invited the "Red Dean" of Canterbury, Hewlett Johnson, to speak at Holy Trinity; he wrote two articles for *The Daily Worker*.

Melish testified for 38 hours before a Washington committee, which afterwards said about one of his associations, the National Council of Soviet-American Friendship: "(It) is primarily operated for the purpose of giving aid and support to the Communist Party and the Soviet

Union, a Communist foreign government."

One Sunday, Holy Trinity churchgoers saw the words "Commie Preacher" smeared across the church signboard. The church picked up a neighborhood euphemism—"Red Cathedral." Then, in January, 1956, six of the nine active vestrymen discharged Melish as their acting minister. Mr. Melish adamantly refused to be fired, reminding the vestry that they had passed a resolution sometime before not to act on the ministry without consulting the parishioners. Claiming the parish was with him, Melish refused to leave the rectory or relinquish the keys and membership list.

One night, the vestry had all 40 locks on the church property changed and asked Bishop DeWolfe to send in a supply preacher for the next Sunday—hopeful that they had seen the last of William Howard Melish.

But that Sunday morning, January 15, Reverend Melish rose early and, preceded by sympathizers, entered the church at 8:25 through a door whose new lock had been jimmied open. Shortly afterward, the supply priest, Reverend Robert K. Thomas, entered escorted by three detectives. Both gave early communion, and at 10:45 they both began the main worship.

Mr. Thomas mounted the pulpit and called for Psalm 118. Mr. Melish, from the altar, called confidently for Psalm 28.

From the babble of the two prayers, it was obvious that a majority of the churchgoers were Melish supporters—almost shouting the Lord's Prayer in their attempt to

drown out the supply priest.

Mr. Thomas strode out, angrily followed by about 40 parishioners.

The vestry feverishly sought a permanent rector to replace Melish. Finally on February 7, 1956, they elected Reverend Herman S. Sidener, a candidate proposed by the Bishop, as their rector.

"Dr. Sidener's installation was done with a show of force," Mr. Melish says. "There were uniformed Pinkertons with side arms inside the church, squad cars and detectives outside, and uniformed policemen every ten feet around the church."

MR. MELISH, however, refused to leave Holy Trinity and marshaled his supporters. Dr. Sidener and the old vestry went to court for an injunction to force him out, but Melish contested it on the grounds that only six vestrymen were present at the meeting that elected Sidener—while Section 42 of the Religious Corporations Law of New York requires seven vestrymen.

In addition to the courts, the tenacious Mr. Melish sought support in the pews. The annual meeting that Easter Monday was much like the one immediately after the dismissal of the older Melish—only rowdier.

"Mr. Reynolds chaired the meeting," Mr. Melish recounts. "He came with a list of people he would allow to vote and started to read it. The parishioners whose names were omitted started to complain. When it became obvious that his vestrymen would be outvoted in any case, he just picked up the ballot box and walked out with his hand-

ful of supporters. The clerk of the vestry reformed the meeting and we elected new vestrymen by a vote of 198 to 0."

Stock broker and anti-Melish vestryman Mr. Peterson has a decidedly different version of the election. "It was pure bedlam," he says. "Mr. Melish had illegally seized the church records and Mr. Reynolds had to operate from memory. The room was filled with people I had never seen before. Many of them had never been parishioners and I doubt if they were Episcopalians. When the name of a Melish sympathizer wasn't called out, they started to jeer and shout. It was impossible to conduct a meeting. I can shout, too, so I made a motion to adjourn the meeting for 30 days—which was passed by a voice vote. I understand they had a rump meeting after we left and elected new vestrymen by a typical Iron Curtain vote of about 200 to nothing.

"Thirty days later when we came to meet, Melish had locked us out of the church. We met at nearby St. Ann's and decided to adjourn until our rector, Dr. Sidener, could officiate."

That meeting has been hard and long in coming. Rump or otherwise, Melish and his supporters had effectively deposed the vestrymen who had once defended his father. Cameron Beadle, once executive secretary to George Foster Peabody, one of the church's great benefactors, was named Senior Warden. To cap the celebration, a few weeks later, a Brooklyn Court declared Reverend Sidener's election illegal, a decision that was reaffirmed by a State

Supreme Court referee in September.

From March, 1956, until July, 1957, Mr. Melish preached unimpeded every Sunday from the Holy Trinity pulpit. Then the situation, with the "discharged" Mr. Melish apparently in firm control, took a sudden and dramatic reversal this past June 24th. Bishop DeWolfe, who had been virtually without comment, formally entered the case as a "friend of the court," claiming supreme authority over his clergy. The Appellate Division declared that church canon had supremacy over the Religious Corporations Law and that Reverend Sidener's election was legal. Melish appealed the decision; but the court issued an injunction which prohibited Melish from church grounds—except the rectory where he could live with his wife and three children until the appeal was complete. He was not to administer to the spiritual needs of Holy Trinity parishioners.

Reverend Sidener preached his first sermon at Holy Trinity on July 7, with Reverend and Mrs. Melish, who has actively supported her husband, quietly taking communion from his hands. "I preached to a hostile congregation for three Sundays," Dr. Sidener recounted bitterly. "I came in hoping to make friends but instead they met me on the church steps with a letter. It read: '... the Parish does not acknowledge you as its rector. It does not want you as its rector.'

"After the service they invited me to the coffee hour, then no one looked at me. Then, on the third Sunday, I was actually knocked

down during the coffee hour. It was no accident."

The scuffle that ended with portly Reverend Sidener dumped uncereemoniously on the floor has many versions and is even called a "fabrication" by Melish men. But it was resounding enough to precipitate the dramatic announcement from the pulpit the following Sunday that, at the Bishop's suggestion, Holy Trinity was to be closed until further notice. Said Bishop DeWolfe: "I cannot tolerate the church edifice being used as a battleground."

Though Bill Melish always seems able to find backers, there is some question about who these people actually are.

"Melish has driven 400 people out of Holy Trinity since I mistakenly backed the Melish cause in 1948," says Mr. Reynolds. "There are only 75 of us left in the parish and 50 are against Melish. Most of the others are his left-wing friends who have infiltrated the church. The 'packing' technique is not new."

Pro-Melish parishioner Anna May Mason, who is well spoken of by both sides, refutes this. "We have all kinds of people in our parish—Republicans, liberals, ADA members. I support Mr. Melish because he has brought liberalism to the Episcopal Church."

"They're not even Episcopalians," says anti-Melish parishioner Duncan Holder, who was born into the mother Church of England in the British West Indies. "I watch them at Sunday services. Few of them know how to follow the prayers or even understand what is going on."

On Melish's appeal, the celebrated case was heard by the New York Court of Appeals which will sustain or reverse the lower courts. Meanwhile, the external serenity of the building belies the armed truce. Court actions are pending to decide which is the rightful vestry and the disposition of the \$400,000. Meanwhile, bills are paid by court order with a signature from each side. The parish buildings are supposed to be closed by Rector Sidener's orders, but the pro-Melish vestry states in their church bulletin: "The corpse is very much alive."

In the skirmishes remaining in this latter-day Battle of Brooklyn Heights, observers believe the anti-Melishers have the strongest armament.

Mr. Melish's friends control the church, and he can appeal his case up to the U.S. Supreme Court, or conceivably take it to the Episcopal Church's General Convention in Miami in 1958. However, even if the decision is reversed in Mr. Melish's favor, the Bishop is armed with a new diocese canon which gives him the right to appoint an acting rector after one year if the church does not present an acceptable candidate. And Mr. Melish is definitely not acceptable to the Bishop.

But those who have carefully watched William Howard Melish these past nine years do not underestimate this man who is, according to his friends, a servant of God and to some of his foes, a force for international Marxism. For thus far, he has tenaciously held the fort in the battle for the church at Clinton and Montague Streets.

driving dilemmas



OFFICER," STORMED the motorist to the policeman, "I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I'm to blame."

The local officer eyed him accusingly: "You certainly were."

"But why?" the ruffled driver wanted to know.

"Because," the officer replied, "the Mayor of this town is the father of the fellow you hit, his brother is Chief of Police, and what's more I go steady with his sister!" —Smiles

A MALE DRIVER had an unusual excuse when he snarled up traffic at an intersection. He called out to a nearby woman driver, "Sorry, but my wife taught me how to drive."

—Associated Press

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Miami, Florida, boy has received a traffic summons on four charges of driving on a parking lot in a soapbox car powered by a lawnmower motor.

The parents of the boy said the ticket cited driving without a license, headlights and state license plate, and overloading. Junior had two playmates riding with him.

—Associated Press

COMING HOME from work, a young lady found her six-year-old brother and the little girl next door sitting on the bottom step of the back

porch. His arm was about her shoulder and they were staring intently at the garage door. When she asked her brother what they were doing, he replied nonchalantly, "We're playing drive-in."

—JOSEPH J. LISSE

A CLERK at the Wisconsin Motor Vehicle Department office in Milwaukee picked up a shopping list left on a counter. It read:

"Stove, license, foot doctor, toboggan, phonograph, white and red crepe paper," and "some sort of something to hang from."

—Associated Press

HAVING LOST our way while motoring through Northern New England, we hailed a farmer in a nearby field and asked: "How do we get to Centerville?"

Leaning on his spade handle he drawled, "Just two looks from here. You look where I'm pointin' as fur as you can look. When you get there you look right, as fur as you can look. That's Centerville."

—ETHEL M. RICE

A CALIFORNIA high-school teacher was non-plused when she read the following note attached to one youngster's homework: "I could not submit this homework yesterday. There were no parking places left so I had to go back home."

—Texas Public Employee



Mixing medicine with intuition—and large doses of affection—he brings contentment to citizens of a primitive world

ZOO DOCTOR

GALAPAGOS TURTLES can't complain about their symptoms when they're ill. Nor can any of the other 2,500 animals at the world-famed Zoological Park in the Bronx, New York. So pipe-smoking Dr. Charles P. Gandal (*right*), brooding over the turtle enclosure, often must rely on his intuitive "third ear" and super-sense of observation to piece together many fragments in making a diagnosis.

Dr. Gandal, 29, a native New Yorker and Cornell University graduate, is associate veterinarian at the Bronx Zoo, and has been bandaging, splinting and curing ailing members of its thousand-odd species for the past six years.

"Animal diseases," says Dr. Gandal, "are largely similar to man's." Thus he prescribes pretty much the same medicines and treatment your doctor does for common colds, croup, tonsillitis, asthma, bronchitis and allergies. Even tranquilizers are now being tried experimentally to quiet animals before they are treated.



A new chimpanzee (left), starting a 60-day quarantine, opens wide for the zoo doctor.



SOME ZOO ANIMALS work for their keep. Tracy, a dromedary (*upper right*) that Dr. Gandal has just treated for saddle bruises, has carried almost a million children around the riding track in nine years. At 20 cents a ride, four children per trip in a special saddle, Tracy has earned a net profit of some \$25,000—which buys new animals and helps build new park facilities.

Tracy's neighbors outside the camel house (*above*) are a Mexican burro and, behind him, a Sicilian donkey. Both, noted for gentleness, also carry children around the track.

"Animals sense a person's fear, love, hate or self-confidence," says Dr. Gandal. They are least likely to attack a confident individual. Some even cooperate with the doctor when he treats them.

But never relax your guard with wild animals, warns the vet. In six years at the zoo he hasn't been bitten, clawed or attacked by beast, bird or reptile.

Once, though, he was nipped slightly by a tame skunk when he grabbed it suddenly during a lecture demonstration.

"I just got careless," he explains.



Love, kindness—callousness and brutality, too—leave their stamp on captive animals. The zoo doctor (right) affectionately soothes an 80-pound female cheetah after completing an eye, ear, nose and throat examination.

JANUARY, 1958



(Below) An injured baby reindeer is tenderly carried to the ambulance by an attendant. (Right) Dr. Gandal consults with his superior, Dr. Leonard J. Goss, and nurse Vencenza Martine about a throat culture.



CLOSE TEAMWORK between the zoo doctor and animal keepers is responsible for general good health and well being of the animals. Keepers virtually live with their charges, know their habits so intimately they are aware of the slightest change in feeding or behavior patterns.

Keepers report early signs of un-

usual change. In the hands of the zoo doctor, the keeper's report plays a large part in determining what's wrong with the animal.

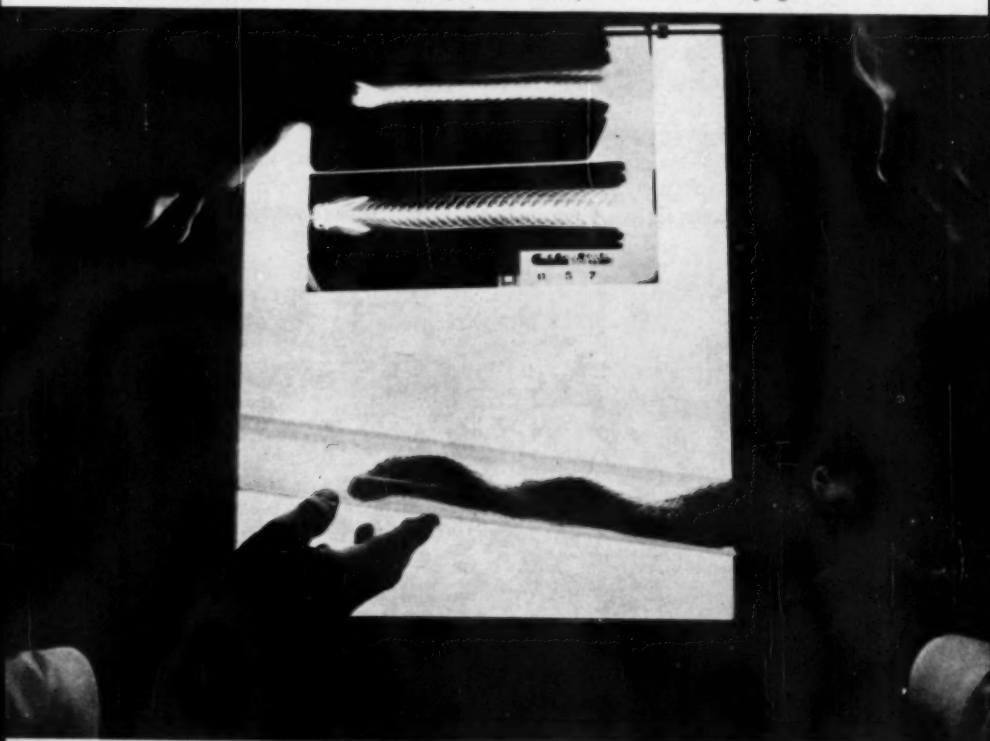
Like humans, animals are clan-nish. Chimps, for example, have been known to "gang up" on a new-comer and make life miserable for him until he is accepted by the group.



(Above, left) A pugnacious tiger cub is anesthetized before receiving a distemper shot.

(Right) Dr. Gandal and assistant return a chimp to its cage.

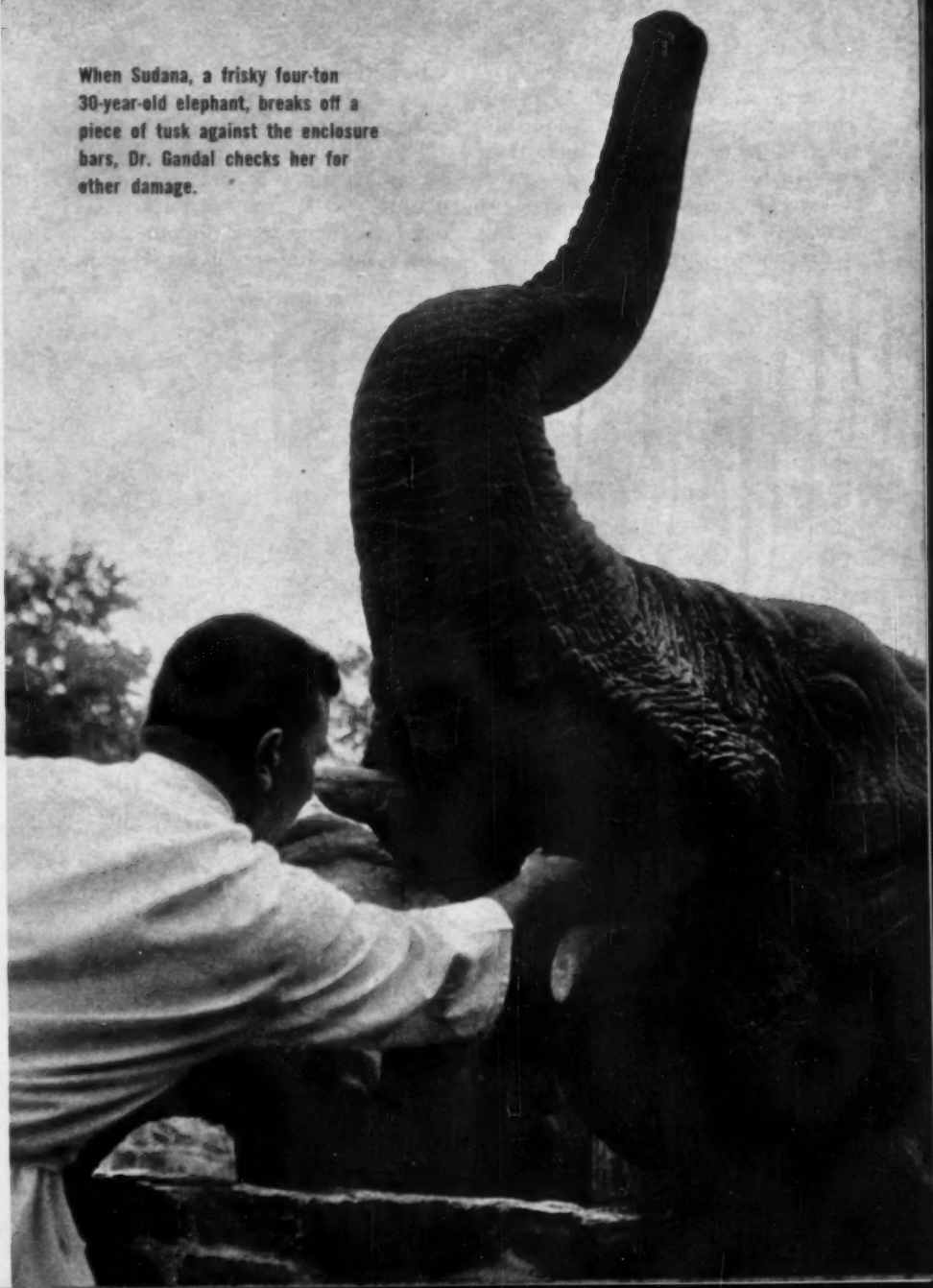
An Indian cobra with a stiff neck is pushed into a plastic tube for X-raying.



A neighboring giraffe kibitzes as the zoo doctor introduces an African okapi to its new mate.

CORONET

When Sudana, a frisky four-ton 30-year-old elephant, breaks off a piece of tusk against the enclosure bars, Dr. Gandal checks her for other damage.



EVEN CLOSELY RELATED ANIMALS have individual personalities, Dr. Gandal says. Four recently acquired chimps react to him just as four human patients would to their doctor—in four different ways.

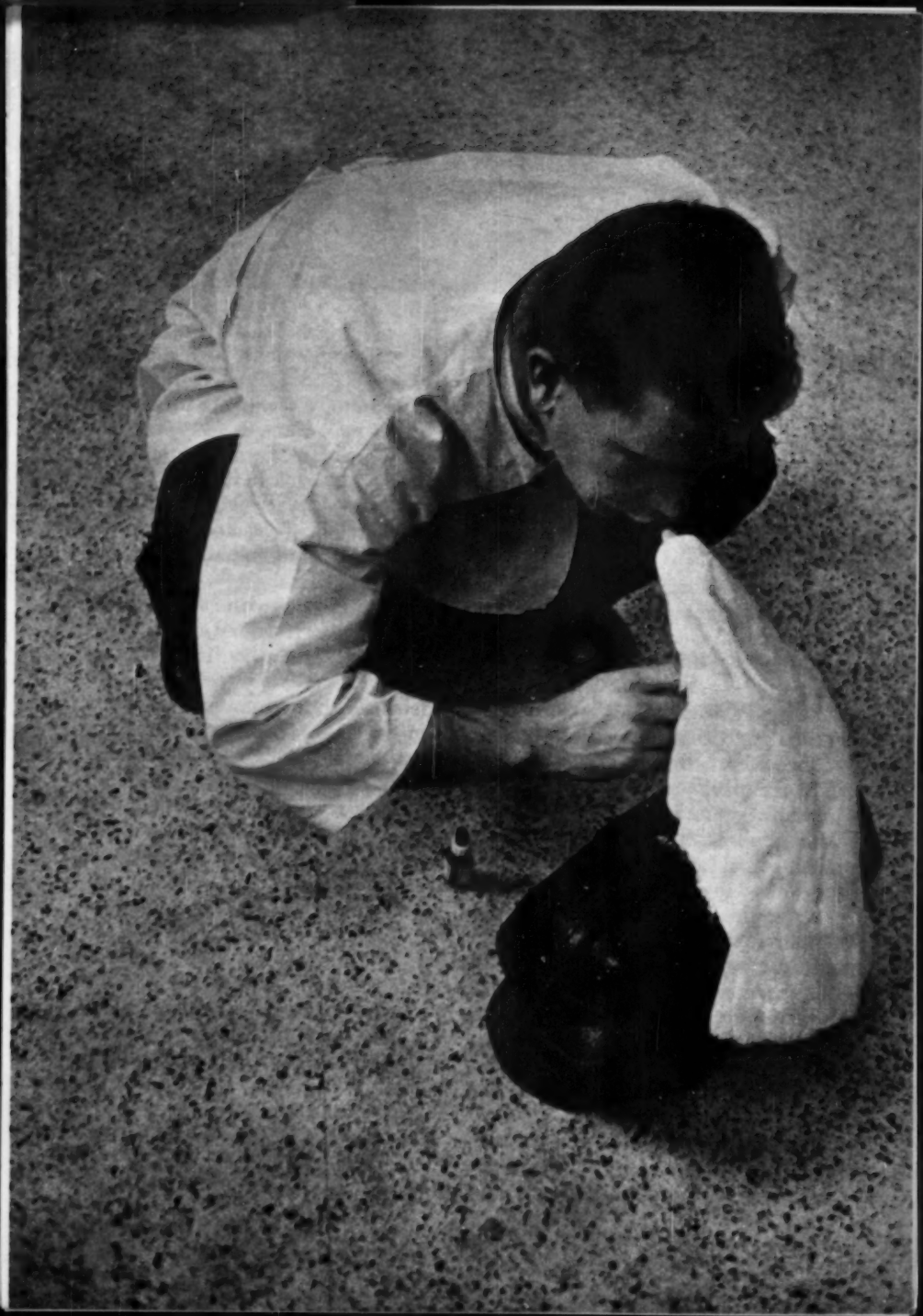
Interpreting animal feelings is as challenging to Dr. Gandal as making a diagnosis—almost as stimulating

as surgery. It's also an area of deep satisfaction. Small things like shifting a cage will often change a bird or beast's whole attitude.

"That's what makes my daily job so fascinating, and one of the big reasons why I chose to study veterinary medicine over human medicine," says the young zoo doctor.



Coaxing Andy (left), a Borneo orangutan, to take medicine can be dangerous. So it is disguised in honey and fed through the bars. (Right) A sulphur-crested cockatoo confides in the zoo doctor.





THE SHORT, SAD LIFE OF

THE FIRST NEWS BULLETIN WAS simple and stark. It read:

NEUCHÂTEL, Switzerland, July 2 —Mrs. Jaime Ortiz-Patiño, the former Joanne Connelley, who was voted New York's most beautiful debutante of 1948, died today at her villa in Montmollin near here. She was 27 years old.

Reading this in 1957, those who knew and remembered Joanne Connelley could not help but think back to the year 1948 mentioned in the dispatch. For 1948 was Joanne Connelley's year. She was 18 then and the toast of New York. They called her the "Golden Girl." Though she was neither rich nor socially prominent, she was—with her shimmering blonde hair, soft white skin and hazel eyes—easily the most sought-after debutante of the season. Her name was in all the columns. Movie scouts clustered around her. And, to top it all off, she met and married a handsome millionaire who swept her away to the glittering playlands of the wealthy—Palm Beach, Paris, Biarritz.

For the average girl, living in a small town or working in a city shop or behind a typewriter in an office somewhere, dreaming of the moment her everyday pumpkin would

in some miraculous way suddenly be turned into a Solid Gold Cadillac, Joanne was walking proof that dreams can come true. Yet, just nine years after she had bloomed in all her golden glory, the fairy princess—wasted mentally, emotionally and physically—was dead.

How did the Cinderella story go so tragically wrong?

It all began with the dreams. Joanne's closest friend, Patty Farley, recalls, "Joey (as friends called Joanne) often told me she should have been born hundreds of years ago—because then she could have been a real princess. She kept expecting things to work out for her the way they do in stories." Joanne's flight from reality carried her headlong into Hollywood's make-believe world. "She was wild about movie stars," says Mrs. Mary Dillon, a family friend. "When she was in the mood, she'd go right from one movie into another."

The girl's favorites were all glamorous women. She never missed an Ava Gardner film, always referred to Lana Turner as "my dear little Lannie," and grieved over the cruel way Rita Hayworth was treated by some of the men in her life.

During her early teens, when she

A FAIRY PRINCESS

by Robert J. Levin

Above the glittering international set, Joanne Connelley's star flashed brilliantly, then fell as suddenly as it had risen—amid tragedy and shattered dreams

was a student at the Academy of St. Joseph on Long Island, New York, Joanne achieved a reputation as a gay, impulsive, quick-witted girl. "Let's live it up," she used to urge her friends. "Let's have a few chuckles and drink a bottle of shampoo!"

Her tastes were simple. She preferred ice cream sodas to cocktails, disliked coffee, and never smoked. Joanne was—in the words of publicity man Ted Howard—"an immature kid, right out of a private school, a normal, popular girl with a million friends."

"One day," Howard continues, "I saw this beautiful blonde having lunch with another girl at the Little Club. I began thinking this was the most beautiful girl I'd seen in the clubs in a long time and thought of the job I could do in making her into a new Brenda Frazier."

To dreamy Joanne and her ambitious mother, Mrs. Huntington Watts, who had married into society but worked in a dress shop for a living, Ted Howard was the man with the magic wand. He would transform Joanne from "an immature kid" into a glittering glamor girl, and fame and fortune would follow.

Howard wasted no time carrying

out his project. He made sure she was seen at the *right* places, with the *right* people. When there was no reason for her name being mentioned in a column or her picture appearing in the newspapers, Howard found a reason. People began talking about Joanne Connelley, seeking her out, fawning over her. She was getting the "treatment"—and it was working with spectacular success.

Then Joanne fell in love with and married Robert Sweeny, who seemed to be all the things a girl with dreams would have wanted in a man. A rich, handsome sportsman, he cut a dashing figure as he moved through the International Set. In combination, he and Joanne were everything either Hollywood or Joanne could ever have imagined.

Yet disenchantment lay ahead. Joanne and Robert Sweeny were ill-matched. She was 18; Sweeny was 37. Apart from a veneer of sophistication, Joanne was a romantic young girl whose previous dates, except for those engineered by Ted Howard, had been with boys her own age. Sweeny, a golf champion and war-time RAF pilot, was a veteran society figure who had been the escort of such middle-aged women as

Lady Stanley and Barbara Hutton.

"Sweeny wanted Joanne as a possession," is the way an intimate friend of Joanne's saw it, "something beautiful that he could show, as he would a work of art. And Joanne wanted a father." Furthermore, her practical mother had maintained that it was just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as a poor one, and now the proof was at hand.

Two days after her wedding, however, Joanne found herself a golf widow. At Palm Beach, where Sweeny had a home, her only possible companions were considerably older women. Not for years did she get to see her friends back in New York. She wasn't allowed to learn to drive but was expected to run the household, which included a personal maid and five servants, a demanding task for an 18-year-old girl with little practical experience.

Joanne had two daughters, Sharon and Brenda. As she did with everyone close to her, she gave them nicknames, Sharinski and Bendo, and she enjoyed dressing them as she might have done with dolls. But she was as ill-prepared to be a mother as she was to be a home-maker, a condition not improved by the fact that she and her husband spent five and six months at a time in Europe, leaving the children in the care of an English governess.

Joanne, according to her mother, would never appear before her chil-

dren in curlers or without make-up. "Joey insisted on looking her best for them," Mrs. Watts remarked. "Last summer, when she stayed with the girls for a while, they took her to school and said to the nuns, 'Here is our beautiful mommy!'"

For Joanne Connelley, nothing less than physical perfection was acceptable. One day a friend mentioned that she suffered from arthritis. Shocked, Joanne warned her not to mention it.

"They'll think you're old," Joanne warned.

Another of Joanne's friends commented: "Of course Joey was deathly afraid of looking old or ugly! No one—not even her mother—ever made her feel she had anything to offer except her beauty. Why did Ted Howard pick her out? Why did men chase after her? Why did Bobby Sweeny marry her? Only because she was beautiful."

It was after the birth of her second daughter Brenda that Joanne feared she was losing her figure. As a friend put it: "When she had those babies it spoiled her tummy and gave her a very big complex." She began taking reducing pills intended to lessen her appetite. They succeeded. But they also stepped up the metabolism of her body and made sleep difficult. So she took sleeping pills.

Barbiturates to make her forget at night, stimulants to counter the



First husband, her marriage to society golfer (Robert J. Sweeny, Jr., at 18, was hailed as "perfect", but he divorced her after four years.

barbiturates and keep her going by day—Joanne was soon caught up in the insidious cycle. Not for a couple of years, however, did it build itself up to grave proportions. Yet even when Joanne realized that her life was actually at stake, she seemed to accept it as her destiny.

"Normie," she once told her close friend Norma Clark, "I don't belong in this life."

In June, 1953, Joanne cabled from the Riviera for her mother to come for a visit. Mrs. Watts arrived and was horrified to discover that her daughter weighed but 95 pounds. Mrs. Watts also discovered that the marriage was breaking up. When Sweeny was in Deauville playing golf, Joanne, with her mother, went to a clinic in Lausanne to regain her health. There, on Switzerland's Lake Geneva, she met Jaime Ortiz-Patiño, grandson of a wealthy Bolivian tin industrialist, nephew of Antenor Patiño, one of the world's richest men.

Meanwhile, unknown to Joanne, her husband had arranged for the governess to bring their two children to London, where he had a permanent residence. When Joanne arrived, she found her daughters waiting to greet her. Also waiting to greet her were Sweeny's lawyers, with the news that he would seek a divorce in the British courts, charging her with infidelity and naming celebrated playboy Porfirio Rubiro-

sa as corespondent. Joanne had known Rubirosa briefly in Paris; but she denied Sweeny's allegations concerning him. Nevertheless, Sweeny got his divorce in 1953, along with custody of the children. Several months later, Joanne married Jimmy Patiño.

It was common knowledge that Joanne's mother thought Patiño would make an excellent husband and said so, frequently and forcefully. "One day," recalls a friend, "Joanne and I came into her apartment at the George V hotel in Paris and found her mother and Jimmy writing wedding invitations. Joanne said, 'Look at that—I haven't told him I'll marry him, and they're ready with invitations!'"

Of course, in addition to her mother's persuasion, Joanne had reasons of her own for accepting Jimmy Patiño as a husband. She was a girl badly scarred by the wounds of rejection. Broken marriages seemed to be a family blight. It went back to her grandmother, whose husband had abandoned her; plagued Mrs. Watts, with two luckless unions; and now it seemed to doom Joanne, with her first divorce.

This fear, and some self-pity, echo in her own explanation of why she married Patiño. "After my break-up with Bobby," she said, "I'd have married anybody who made me feel I was important to him."

It must also be added that Pa-



Second husband: stormy four-month union with Bolivian tin heir, Jaime Ortiz-Patiño, ended in scandalous court fight just before her death.

tiño's wealth was a factor in her decision. She had tried living on the \$500 a month alimony that Sweeny paid her, but had failed. According to Norma Clark, Joanne had no idea of the value of money and, for example, would tip a hairdresser more than the salon charged for her services.

"She was impossibly generous," says Patty Farley. "Anything she had, she would give away. And when people worked for her, she couldn't do enough to show them how much she appreciated what they did."

Only a man with money could have afforded Joanne, and on that count Jimmy Patiño qualified.

THE 49 DAYS that followed their marriage were a cruel parody of the romantic nonsense of popular songs. Joanne and Jimmy Patiño, rich young newlyweds on the heavenly Isle of Capri, transformed it into a hell of their own making. At the end, the honeymooning bride took an overdose of sleeping pills in an unsuccessful suicide attempt.

The full details of their grim wedding trip will never be disclosed; but there were enough sordid charges and counter-charges to indicate that only a psychiatrist would be equipped to evaluate their actions.

When Joanne allowed herself to be quoted concerning her short marriage to Patiño, the account appeared first in an Italian publication and was then reprinted, under the banner line, "Pity the Poor Patiños!" in an English newspaper. Jimmy Patiño filed libel suits in Italian and English courts, winning both.

In February, 1957, while her law-

yers worked to salvage what they could of the original divorce settlement, Joanne was living in virtual isolation at a Swiss villa in Montmollin. Since she spoke neither French nor German, she was cut off from those around her. Left alone—faced with having to endure herself—she sought the old, easy escape, using more and more pills to sleep by night and stay awake by day. But when her mother arrived on June 13th, there was no visible evidence of the harm Joanne was doing herself.

Less than three weeks later, bags and trunks were packed and stacked in the hall. Mrs. Watts was returning to her home in New York. Joanne was said to be going to Majorca for one of her endless series of holidays. She was pale and nervous from the long ordeal of the libel suit in England; but she was animated and happier than she had been for a long time.

In the morning, Joanne's maid brought her tea as usual, and found her mistress gasping and feverish. The maid called the doctor, who—after a quick glance—reached for his hypodermic and ordered the maid to send for a priest immediately. He gave her an injection, but it was too late. Joanne died soon after the priest arrived. The doctor said she died of a heart attack. Twice before, she had been treated at a Lausanne hospital for heart trouble, caused by overdoses of reducing pills. This time the exhausted heart could pump no longer.

Joanne's body was brought back to New York for burial. All arrangements were made by Patty Farley,

who made certain that the grave would be under a tree. "Joey couldn't bear the sun," she explained.

A newspaper columnist wrote, as his final comment, that the \$100,000 ring—Jimmy Patiño's wedding present—which Joanne had on her finger when she died was a symbol of the futility of her life.

For those who knew her better, there was a different verdict. Among the mourners at the funeral were two servants. One was an elderly employee who had manifested his affection by naming his daughter Joanne. The other was a woman who for many years had been Joanne Connelley's maid, a woman cruelly crippled and deformed. She sobbed inconsolably at the grave. "No one else in the world," she wept, "will ever care about me the way that she did."

The legacy that Joanne had left these two was what she herself had sought and failed to find throughout her short life—the feeling that someone had cared for her, someone had truly loved her. As Norma Clark phrased it after Joanne's death, "Joanne had too much too fast. When she was 18 she had what other women struggle years to get; but with it all she never felt she was loved." She was, in fact, so hungry for sincere affection that when a sentimental Frenchman gave her a bunch of violets—instead of the richer, yet more impersonal gifts she had been used to—she broke down and cried.

The smile and the brightness hid

the inner turmoil from the public. What they saw was a girl confident and beautiful, admired and sought after by men wherever she went. "When she came into a room," a male acquaintance once commented, "everybody appreciated the difference between the sexes."

Yet Joanne found little satisfaction or comfort in this admiration. She feared and mistrusted men to such an extent that she not only sought out the company of women but, as a close friend remembers, "Joey would suffer terribly just walking into a room. She was very frightened of men."

Beautiful as she was—and perhaps because of her beauty—the Golden Girl had failed to find love, failed to discover the fairyland she sought. Instead, she was surrounded and used, either unthinkingly or otherwise, by people who had their own ends to gain. Pulled and pushed, called on to face challenges that were too much for her, she reached desperately and found little personal strength to sustain her. Floundering, she fell and was destroyed in attempting to preserve the very thing that plagued her—her beauty. Had she led a normal life, grown up to live and to love like the girl in the shop or behind the typewriter, her story might have had a different ending. It might not have been the realization of her dreams; but it might have been happier and longer. As Norma Clark said so succinctly looking back on her friend Joanne's short, volcanic life, "It is not so easy being a beautiful woman."

GIVE SOME people an inch and they act like a ruler. —ARTHUR E. BATES

*Shrouded in the false
cloak of religion, the
sadhus for centuries
have made a cult of living
the life of the
devil in the flesh*

I India's holy terrors

by A. M. Rosenthal

INDIA'S DIRECTED ECONOMY and its five-year plan have finally caught up with the largest and strangest collection of strict individualists in the world—its wandering holy men, the sadhus.

For centuries, the sadhus have been kings of the roads and paths of India. They have worn what seemed fitting to them—saffron robes, or thorn shirts, or just a small piece of loin cloth around the waist.

They have lived in the ways that seemed most fitting—equipped with only a begging bowl of brass and a stern countenance, and supported by the awe and fright of the people. Thousands of them have wandered the country searching for inner peace; more thousands searched for loot, and worse. Yet, saints or devils, they had this in common: they were aloof from the conventions of men and the controls of government.

There may be 3,500,000 of these sadhus who live by the begging bowl and the open road. That is the figure the government usually gives. Or there may be twice that number. But the sadhus themselves admit that

only about 200,000 or so believe deeply in the ancient Hindu tradition of austerity and self-sacrifice and the attainment of wisdom through the shedding of desires, all of which are supposed to be the real motives for becoming a sadhu.

The rest are no-goods, or at least not-much-goods, who wander about getting rice and curry by putting the fear of being cursed into the peasantry. They find it hard on the feet perhaps, but certainly a lot less trouble than working.

But times are changing and the holy man business is not what it used to be. Hardly a week goes by without some sadhu doing something illegal or gory or spicy and the whole country finding out about it through those inventions the old-time man in the saffron robe never had to worry about—the printing press and the radio.

One sadhu with dreams of glory decided the ascetic life was not for him. In a fortress-castle in Cuttack, Eastern India, he gathered unto himself the believing, and a collection of kidnapped young women,

many of them wives. Then he organized his male followers into an army of archers and stone hurlers.

When the police caught wind of it and asked entry into the castle, the mad monk, as he happily and pithily described himself, made them take off their shoes and holsters first, then proceeded to have them clobbered by his army of faithful followers. When the police returned armed with tear gas and determination, they found boxes of gold, abducted women in the cellar, and an archery target. The government got the

gold, the husbands got the women, and the sadhu got two years in the Cuttack lock-up.

The mad monk, and hundreds like him, have an astonishing hypnotic influence on whole groups of people.

There was, for instance, the postal clerk called Raghubaraband who got tired of stamping envelopes and decided that being a sadhu would probably be more fun and more profitable. He wandered into the village of Mokhimpur, convinced the locals that he was the incarna-



tion of the god Vishnu and set himself up in the best house, with the prettiest ladies, and the best food. All went well until a couple of outsiders were beaten up by the villagers and the police came.

Armed only with sticks and stones, the villagers, crazed at the idea of losing their living god, threw themselves with fury at the police. By the time the battle was over, nine villagers and three policemen were dead, 38 villagers and one sadhu were in jail, some 50 villagers had fled to the jungle, and Mokhimpur had ceased to exist.

And there have been stories in the papers recently, too, about the most detested sect of sadhus—the dread Aghoris—and their hideous ways. There has always been something of the semi-legendary about the Aghoris. But last year police in scattered towns and villages in Northern India arrested more than 20 of the sect, and found that the stories that had leaked out about them were frighteningly close to the legends—kidnapping and eating of children.

OVER THE YEARS the sadhu has become as much a part of the Indian scenery as the bullock, or the beard of the Sikh, or the swirling skirts of the Rajput peasant women. He walks along the streets of Bombay, austere and dignified in white homespun or saffron robe. He attends a festival in New Delhi, dressed in a comb for his hair, and little else.

He climbs the mountain paths of Kashmir toward the sources of the holy rivers, half-naked and smeared

with ash. He sits on a hilltop in the green state of Mysore and the people bring him food and, a good man, he speaks to them of peace. He wanders into India's villages, clad in a mangy tiger-skin and wearing a necklace of berries sacred to the god Shiva, god of destruction, the deity specially worshipped by most sadhus.

He takes his rice from the people and wanders on. Or he becomes part of the establishment of a temple and serves as a priest. Some of the temple-sadhus of India control vast fortunes in jewels and gold.

On the days of great religious festivals, the sadhus come to the banks of the holy rivers by the tens of thousands. Among them are old men waiting to obtain release from life, passing their days by reading holy books and reciting prayers. They cling to the life of true simplicity and follow the word of Manu, the Hindu law-giver, about the life of a holy man:

"He shall neither possess a fire nor a dwelling. He shall be firm of purpose, meditating and concentrating on Brahman. He shall have a potsherd for an almsbowl, the roots of a tree for a dwelling, coarse worn-out garments, live in solitude and indifference toward everything."

And there are gangs of wild-eyed adolescents, captured by wandering bands of sadhus in childhood. These young apprentice-sadhus are trained to wear cloaks of thorn or live with iron tridents—the Shiva symbol—through their tongues. They are trained, too, to steal and beg, chained to their sadhu masters by fear and, often, by doles of opium.

The tradition of the wandering

holy man is as old as Hinduism and springs from the belief that in the last stages of his life a man must leave earthly desires behind him and seek the truth through restraint. There was a Maharaja of Cochin, in the early part of this century, who became a symbol of this belief.

The Maharaja was rich in land and jewels. But one day he turned it all over to his son, walked into the forest and was seen no more. To this day, hundreds of men of learning—educators, judges, military men, engineers—count it as their ambition to leave the world behind, and often do.

There are sadhus who have added to this concept of self-sacrifice the concept of service. The Ramakrishna Mission near Calcutta, for instance, has organized hospitals and schools, training centers for nurses, maternity clinics. But the fact is that generally the sadhu is a bit of a rascal who lives by his wits and the peasant's superstition. And he usually has a sideline or two—alchemy, fortune telling, contortion, palm-reading, astrology.

Astrology is without question the most popular of these sidelines. For it is the rare Hindu who does not believe in the influence of the stars and planets, who does not consult the sadhu astrologer before doing anything from taking a trip to opening a business.

Jawaharlal Nehru, India's Prime Minister, denounces them—which is akin to having a politician in the United States attack Mother's Day. But it is not much of a secret in New Delhi that some members of Mr. Nehru's own cabinet have their pri-

vate astrologers. During the elections this spring, many politicians consulted astrologers on what the ballot box would show.

Mr. Nehru's denunciation convinced the sadhus that they were in for some bad times. And then a member of parliament really threw a scare into the fraternity by proposing a bill that all sadhus be registered, and that those who did not register become government guests—in jail. The bill—not yet acted on—bluntly stated that there were too many sadhus, and too many knaves among them.

A group of sadhus got together in an Indian town whose name means "Gateway to Heaven" and decided that they did not like the idea of registration one bit. "Did Vishu register?" they demanded. "Did Shiva?" But they nevertheless decided that they had better hurry up and get themselves some good publicity.

Then along came India's Minister for Planning—lean, bespectacled Gulzarilal Nanda—and announced that the sadhus were really an untapped resource, something like a spiritual coal deposit, and that it was about time they fell in line and did something useful to promote the socialist pattern of society.

Since they get around so much, he contended, why not make the sadhus sort of traveling salesmen for the five-year plan? Why not have them plug the benefits of prohibition, the necessity for putting savings into government bonds, for working hard and just generally cooperating nicely with the government?

Some sadhus replied that this was

not their business, that this was not what Manu the code-giver had in mind. But Mr. Nanda is a persuasive gentleman and he was able to put across a hard sell. He convinced the best-known sadhus in India that there was a great place for them in society if only they would organize a little, learn the right slogans and preach them as they wandered.

So, scolded and lectured by the administration, headlined and hounded by the press, threatened by parliament with registration, the sadhus

fell meekly into line. Now, in addition to the begging bowl and the robe, India's sadhus have: an organization, a constitution, a schedule of meetings, an advisory committee, slogans, programs and even an office.

And to any who will listen, the sadhu leaders are now saying that, when it comes to helping the government by preaching the benefits of plans and projects, there will be nobody quite so keen as the man in the saffron robe.

Money Matters

WHILE VACATIONING in Mexico this summer, my wife and I had dinner with another American couple at a small restaurant in Mexico City. A Mexican peddler approached our table with a tray of exquisite silver bracelets. When told the price was 1000 pesos per bracelet, my wife became discouraged, but the other woman, who had been in Mexico for some time, began a spirited negotiation. I was amazed to observe how the price dropped as the two matched wits with obvious enthusiasm. Finally, one bracelet was sold for 250 pesos.

My wife promptly offered to buy a second bracelet at the same price. The peddler drew back in obvious disdain.

"No, no, Madam!" he exclaimed. "For you, we start over again."

—Quote

A CLERK was handed a pay envelope which, by error, contained a blank check.

The astonished clerk looked at it and moaned.

"Just what I thought would happen," he said. "My deductions finally caught up with my salary."

—Rig and Reel

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Ozzie Sweet; 10, 14 bottom United Artists; 14 top 20th Century-Fox; 22, 23 bottom center, 24 top, bottom center Jack Dressler; 34-45 Kary Lasch; 52, 54-5 Wide World; 58 Grace Thompson from National Audubon Society; 85 Leslie Horn; 92-101 Bruce Davidson; 102, 104 INP; 105 Wide World; 131-139 Sam Rosenberg Collection; 142 20th Century-Fox.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

I'M SO WORRIED about my son." The mother who said that to us was obviously not only troubled but embarrassed. It seemed that lately her five-year-old had been exhibiting strange tendencies. She didn't know whether she should be concerned about them or not, but she was worried enough to talk to us as friends and fellow parents in whom she could confide freely. Could it be possible, she wondered, that her son was going to become a homosexual?

Her worry did not shock us, for she was simply expressing a concern that haunts many parents—the fear that a child of theirs may become a sexual deviant. It is a growing concern, fed

**A startling
scientific report
gives new insight into
the problem of**

YOUR CHILD'S SEX BEHAVIOR AND YOU

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

by glaring newspaper stories and a recognition that a frighteningly large number of people actually are sexually abnormal.

If this worried mother had known of a startling report recently made to the American Medical Association, she might have phrased her question differently. She would have looked at herself, instead of at her son, and said, "Is it possible *I* am doing something that will make my son a homosexual?" Moreover, her husband might well have asked himself the same question.

For the AMA report, made by Dr. Adelaide Johnson of the University of Minnesota and Dr. David Robinson of the Mayo Clinic, says flatly that *sexual deviation is caused by parents.*

Without realizing what they are doing, many parents are unwittingly channeling their children toward ab-

normal sex lives. By a process of sexual stimulation and arousal that the psychiatrists go so far as to call "seduction," and by various forms of verbal guidance, such parents are unconsciously urging their children toward a variety of sexual aberrations. These include sadism, masochism, exhibitionism, fetishism and homosexuality.

The Johnson-Robinson report is important because it throws a bright light on a subject that has long been obscure. Even in medical circles there has been disagreement as to the exact causes of sexual deviation. This report, based on hundreds of

cases observed at the Mayo Clinic and elsewhere, voices the latest findings of psychiatry. Sexual deviation, it says, is not brought about by such popularly accepted explanations as body build, mentality, personality or glandular functioning.

The fact that these psychiatrists trace the cause to the parents, rather than to some built-in quality in the child, is actually more encouraging than it is alarming. For it is the hopeful view of Drs. Johnson and Robinson that if parents, with or without medical help, could be made to see what they are doing wrong, most cases of sexual deviation could be prevented.

How do parents foster sexual deviation in their children? Of course, almost no parents would consciously do anything so reprehensible. Their actions are produced by a subconscious response, the psychiatrists say, to their own sexual frustrations. In the Mayo studies it was found that *all* parents of sexual deviates had unsatisfactory marital relations. They were "emotionally very confused, badly maladjusted, and definitely sick, belying every outward appearance of their stability in the community."

Just what do parents do that can create such disastrous consequences for their children?

They make fearful predictions to the child.

The report cites a typical case of a mother who, upon observing a minor sex infraction by her son, told him that he was going to become a sex maniac. "Boys like you," she said hysterically, "go around attack-

ing women when they grow up."

True to other similar predictions made through the years, the young man was arrested at 19 for molesting women. His mother tearfully told psychiatrists that from the time he was seven she believed that he was "oversexed" and would turn out to be "one of those sex fiends." Only psychiatric treatment could convince her that by her own wild fears she had pushed him along toward the very behavior about which she expressed such fears.

Similar was the case of a boy who came home in disgrace from a boys' school. In a talk with the doctor, his father kept saying, "I can't understand it. I've done my best to make that boy a real man. He was always a sissy. I tried to take it out of him; I told him what it might lead to."

The psychiatrist had to tell the father that he had encouraged the very conduct he feared. His frantic efforts to urge masculine pursuits on the boy had intimidated him and only made it harder than ever for him to conform to the masculine image set up by his father. His interrogations of the boy on visits home had not helped either. "A consciously guileless adolescent who is subjected to suspicious, suggestive, unfriendly quizzing," say Drs. Johnson and Robinson, "angrily apprehends the destructive lack of faith on the part of the parent."

These parental fears are all too often needless, overanxious reactions to perfectly normal conduct. Rather feminine gestures in a boy, or a lack of interest in masculine activities, is not necessarily significant. Many parents get alarmed over certain

perfectly normal traits their children show at certain ages. Boys, for instance, experience a phase between the ages of four and six when they often exhibit feminine interests, even play with dolls. Girls at the age of six or seven may play boys' games, wear boys' clothing, assume boyish mannerisms.

If his own judgment does not tell a parent what is normal in his child's development, he can check against the child guidance books, such as those of Drs. Gesell or Spock, which are likely to be found in most homes today. If parents are still concerned, they should get advice from a doctor.

They engage in sexually stimulating behavior and talk.

There is a wide range of sensually stimulating parental conduct which plays a part in creating sexual deviation. The psychiatrists mince no words in putting a label on this kind of conduct; they call it "seduction."

These unwitting seductions, they report, "often reflect confused parental efforts to be 'modern' and hide nothing from the child. The conventional restraints of common modesty, respected outside the home, are ignored when the children are concerned. The parents parade about the house in all degrees of nudity, sleep with the child, bathe with the child, and respect no bathroom privacy. The child's normal, but tentative, efforts at privacy are disregarded."

The doctors feel that for some children this lack of modesty is an unhealthy stimulant to sexual drives. At an early age it is quite harmless to the child. However, what is per-

fectly normal in infant-parent relationships becomes abnormal if carried into adolescence. The psychiatrists see it as "frankly pathological, destructive to the child, and dangerous to the parent and society."

"Seduction" can take a verbal form, just as destructive in its effects. Parents who permit their children to listen in on adult sex conversations, or who engage in adult sex talk with their children, may feel that they are sensibly applying Freud's idea that neurosis is based on repression of sexual curiosity.

It is more likely, say Johnson and Robinson, that they are actually "providing unconscious gratification to parent and child, with supercharged, unhealthy but exciting tension."

Naturally, the doctors are not speaking of a sane, reasonable approach in which parents answer their children's sex questions and provide sex instruction in an unemotional, reasonable atmosphere. They refer to an emotionalized approach in which there is too much, too exciting sex talk.

The result of all such forms of sexual stimulation, in which the child is aroused by the parents, is not simply an immediate frustration, but a subconscious rage against his parents for having created a desire which cannot be satisfied. The psychiatrists believe that this rage, with its resulting hostility, plays a role in all sexual deviation.

The doctors also point out that the home where sex is a hush-hush subject and is treated as something evil, can be equally provocative. "A child instilled with disgust for normal sex

is all the more likely to turn to furtive outlets," is the medical view. Many sex deviates, particularly those who become peeping Toms, got their start toward twisted sex lives because a shroud of silence and dark secrecy was thrown over the whole subject.

They actually encourage deviation by suggestion and permission.

Of course, no parent would deliberately and knowingly push his child toward sexual deviation—yet in studying case histories psychiatrists often find evidences of "parental pathological permission or coercion." In these cases, a parent has a deep subconscious fear, not that the child will become abnormal, but that he will be perfectly normal. An understanding of this, of course, calls for an excursion into psychiatry, but it can be oversimplified by saying that in these cases the parent—generally the mother—may have a feeling that she will "lose" her child if he grows up and lives a normal life. In other cases, bitterness and guilt surrounding their own sex relations cause the parents to endeavor to poison their child against normal sex. Another motivation may be the parent's secret wish for a child of the opposite sex.

The Mayo doctors cite the case of a mother of a five-year-old boy who was greatly worried because he seemed to take such an excessive pleasure in wearing girl's clothing. The mother's concern was not unfounded, for the matter had been prolonged, and his interest was an unnatural one. It was found that the mother, in spite of her worry, had really encouraged him by various remarks which implied approval.

On one occasion when the boy appeared before a social gathering in the home, dressed in his mother's clothing, she scolded him. Later, however, she told him, "You must never dress like that in front of friends—only in front of the family."

The psychiatrists conclude that, having really wished for a daughter to begin with, this mother was subconsciously urging her boy toward being more girl-like. Her stated moral standards told her, however, that the conduct was wrong, so she reprimanded the boy. Yet at the same time she added an implied permission to do this wrong thing in private. The son's reaction could only be a mixture of anger, confusion and hostility, for he would, doctors say, correctly sense the fact that his mother was urging him toward the very conduct she seemed to deplore.

The mother of a 16-year-old girl reported to physicians that the girl had been having a homosexual affair with a teacher. Psychiatric treatment revealed that the mother had actually tried to confine her daughter's attention to feminine company, and to instill in her a fear and distrust of men. The mother herself had such a fear, based on hostility to her father, and extending to her husband. Without knowing it, she actually wanted her daughter to get into a situation where she would not need men.

They fail to assume their proper parental roles.

Another major push toward sexual abnormality can come when either parent does not play a normal, balanced role in family life. A weak father, an overly aggressive one, a par-

ent who is an alcoholic, a domineering mother who rules the household, a mother who plays favorites with the children, treating one as a "mama's boy"—these are some of the patterns of imbalance in the parent's relationship to the family.

One of the most profoundly dangerous situations is that in which the father is a weak, unimportant figure. A psychiatrist cites the case of one father who never played with the children and seemed totally absorbed in his work, which often kept him away from home. Even when he was at home, he never disciplined the children and left all family decisions to his wife. This man's son, lacking a strong masculine figure to emulate, and feeling resentment against his father for having abdicated his proper role, patterned himself after the stronger, more "admirable" female parent.

Just as shattering can be the influence of a rarer circumstance, the indifferent mother, or one who appears, to her children, to be too busy with other things to pay proper attention to their needs. A dedicated career woman was shocked when her son was revealed to be engaging in abnormal sexual practices. He had developed the deep conviction that she did not love him, and ultimately became a homosexual because, the

psychiatrist explained, he had never really learned to love his mother.

"I never had any affection from her, and I always wanted it," he stated during treatment.

Can parents judge their own conduct and change the patterns of family behavior that provide the basis for sexual deviation? Drs. Johnson and Robinson believe they can. Simply being alerted to the grave danger of what they are doing may well be enough to make many parents bring about changes that can save their children from tragedy.

Many other parents may have trouble in judging themselves. These parents should, the Minnesota psychiatrists say, have medical help in checking over the way they are bringing up their children. This is a task of a scope that could not be taken over by already overburdened psychiatrists. But Johnson and Robinson have a solution. Armed with the new knowledge of parentally caused sexual deviation, the whole problem of helping parents prevent it can be taken over by a medical team whose services are available anywhere—the family doctor and the pediatrician. These two, working in concert, say Doctors Johnson and Robinson, "can 'vaccinate' large segments of the population against the 'virus' of sexual deviation."

Why Editors Leave Town

MR. & MRS. SMITH, who are celebrating their fortieth wedding anniversary, were married here, and have loved in this town all their lives.

—MRS. CATHERINE BALL

RUMMAGE SALE, especially children. Excellent condition.

—*Democrat and Chronicle*



Baltimore's political watchdog

by CHARLES SCHAEFFER & ART COSING

ONE AFTERNOON recently the telephone rang in the office of a Baltimore City Hall official. A contractor anxious about a fat construction deal was on the line. "What's the delay?" he asked. "Am I going to get the job?"

The politician was silent for an uneasy moment. Then: "We've got to be careful," he said. "*Hyman will sue us if we don't watch out!*"

Hyman would sue them, too, and in all likelihood win.

For the last 20 years, Hyman Aaron Pressman has been a self-appointed David challenging Baltimore's bureaucratic Goliath at every turn. The Goliath changes with every administration, to be sure, but Hyman remains, a pugnacious defender of citizens' rights—often as not, rights they didn't even know they had.

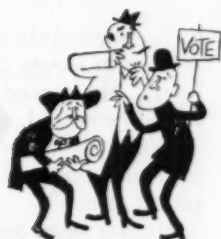
This controversial "Mr. Taxpayer," a name gadfly Pressman enjoys, is living proof that you *can* fight City Hall. And as a direct result of his legal bouts, the city of Baltimore has saved "millions of dollars," top city officials have been indicted and long-standing laws have

been changed—to the taxpayers' delight.

Smarting official wrongdoers and lax bigwigs regard 43-year-old Pressman as a noisy seeker after personal glory, but they agree that he can be neither bought, scared—nor ignored. For with a weapon available to all but surprisingly unknown to many—the taxpayer's suit—this soft-spoken, hard-headed lawyer has registered victory after victory.

Shortly after the city elections in 1955, for instance, the new Democratic Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro and his new officials took counsel among themselves and decided they were worth much more than they were being paid. Incorporated into a hastily conceived city ordinance was a \$10,000-a-year raise for the Mayor, and some \$90,000 a year more for his fellow lawmakers.

"Pay grab!" stocky, sandy-haired Pressman shouted, and filed a taxpayer's suit in Baltimore's Circuit Court charging that the city officials had illegally bypassed the state constitution. Judge Reuben Oppenheimer promptly overruled him, and he was ordered to pay court costs.



As archfoe of the civic pork barrel, Mr. Taxpayer makes a career of flipping the fat in the fire—and roasting greedy bureaucrats

A man less certain of himself and the ways of the law would have called it quits. But, as Pressman has demonstrated a score of times, an adverse lower court ruling merely whets his legal appetite. He carried the case to the State Court of Appeals in Annapolis. Many words later, the court ruled that Pressman had been correct all along.

The court had cut off the raises, all right. But nothing, City Hall reasoned, had been said about returning the \$50,000 already received by the politicians.

"Mr. Taxpayer" scented the plot and back to court he went. Early in 1957, slightly over a year after Pressman had first objected, the same jurist who tossed out Pressman's original complaint ordered city brass to refund the \$50,000 in full.

Why does Hyman Pressman do all this? He *must* have an angle, insist cynics who cannot picture an "honest man" in public life.

Pressman, it must be admitted, cannot be placed in a neatly labeled file. Despite two disappointing races for public office (House of Delegates in 1938 and City Comptroller

in 1951), he stoutly maintains he is completely happy in his career of public heckling. "I'd rather *not* be an elected Party Man, if it means I'd have to ignore my conscience," he explains.

There is no denying he relishes public acclaim—six scrapbooks bulging with press clippings attest to this—but yesterday's forgotten headlines could never sustain a lifetime of crusading effort.

Pressman's devoted older brother, Albert, a former heavyweight boxer, provides another explanation. When Hyman was 14, their immigrant father Sol, a severely orthodox Russian Jew, suddenly died of pneumonia. Even while he was alive, the family had to scrimp on the \$21 a week the elder Pressman earned as a tailor in a trouser sweatshop. Now that he was dead, there was no money to bury the father. Two days elapsed.

Hyman Pressman, already stricken by the untimely death of his revered parent, was consumed by shame. If friends hadn't donated the necessary funds, the prompt burial dictated by Jewish custom might

have been delayed still further.

Hyman would never forget those hours. He vowed that the shame would be erased.

"One of these days," Hyman pledged, "my father is going to be proud of me."

He has been aiming toward that end ever since.

Perhaps no Pressman project yet has matched the rancor engendered four and a half years ago during the parking garage scandals in which \$10,000,000 was at stake.

This explosive case, oddly enough, was initiated in an almost off-hand manner. The target: a construction company headed by Dominic Piracci, close friend of Mayor D'Alesandro.

On an otherwise calm summer day in 1953, Pressman publicly challenged the validity of a \$900,000 city parking garage contract—part of a larger building scheme—awarded Piracci. Under terms of the deal, Piracci borrowed 85 percent of the money from the city's special construction fund, supervised by the Mayor's hand-picked commissioners.

"The contractors weren't satisfied with contributing a mere 15 percent," Pressman says. "By inflating cost statements they escaped even *that* minor share."

Irrepressible Hyman turned his wrath on C. Edward Jones, one of the guardians of the abused parking treasury. He accused Jones of doling out another city garage contract to an in-law, the operator of one of Baltimore's largest auto parking firms.

When the city ruled the Piracci contract valid, Pressman was undis-

mayed. Switching tactics, he quickly slapped summonses on nine persons, including a well-known Baltimore political boss, a Maryland Congressman, and Piracci. Acting Mayor Arthur B. Price, substituting for the vacationing D'Alesandro, teamed with Pressman and ordered an inquiry of the garage scheme.

Unceasingly, Pressman hammered home his points and won. Piracci, who first refused to honor a Pressman summons, was ordered to answer by the court. Work on the controversial construction was suspended.

Ultimately, Pressman called for the head of C. Edward Jones, parking commissioner, and got it. Mayor D'Alesandro, returning to town, found his administration shaken to the foundation by Pressman. In an almost unprecedented move, rotund Thomas D'Alesandro asked for a sweeping probe of his own regime.

When the battle smoke cleared, nine persons and six corporations were under indictment. Jones was convicted of accepting illegal fees in connection with the city contract. Piracci was fined \$2,000 and received a year's suspended jail term for conspiracy.

It was nearly a hollow victory for Pressman, however. His phone rang in the early morning hours. "I'm going to put a stick of dynamite under your doorstep and blow your house up," snarled an unidentified voice. Shaken, Pressman summoned the police. No bomb was found, but throughout the night an armed officer stood guard.

Pressman thrives on unpopular causes. And if it's in the cause of the

underdog, all the better. During his Army stint as defense counsel for GIs, Pressman frequently trounced Army legal brass unaccustomed to backtalk. He had a perfect record of acquittals, a round lawyer's dozen, and no defeats.

Pressman doesn't always win, of course. But of 23 taxpayer's suits, filed at his own expense and on his own time since 1946, he has won 16, lost five, settled for two draws, and seen a number of offending laws remodeled to his design. A pay hike for juries, and the addition of two needed judges for Baltimore's courts, are two legal changes he claims.

JUST AS IMPORTANT, Pressman asserts, are the suits he only threatens to file. Sometimes, tipped by anonymous callers about a shady deal in the works, Pressman will get on the phone and warn the would-be conspirators. Often, that is enough. But when it goes unheeded, the bulldog solicitor does not hesitate to use the law he knows so well.

For this he has won orchids and brickbats. And once, at least, he has found himself making a desperate defense of his own tactics.

Hot on the trail of alleged collusion, Hyman listened to the barroom tale of a declared witness to the crime. Pressman paid \$50 for the man's story in affidavit form. When the transaction was publicized and the drinking spy blubbered he wasn't "feeling any pain" when he signed the paper, city officials roundly criticized the lawyer.

Pressman shot back: "It was just another instance of taking money out of my own pocket to carry out

my campaign for good government."

When Pressman isn't battling this "age of chiselry," he is busy earning a comfortable, if modest, living in the accident claims field. Despite a flamboyant courtroom manner that has earned frowns in staid legal circles, he recently was elected to serve as board chairman of the Maryland Plaintiffs' Bar Association. A number of high Baltimore judges privately laud Pressman's tenacity and legal savvy; and other lawyers freely use courtroom stratagems he fought to introduce, such as the 3-D photo-viewer for accident pictures, and skeleton replicas of broken arms and legs.

Out of court, gadfly Pressman is very much the average suburbanite, though he rarely socializes. On warm Saturdays he likes to take his wife and two children (Sheila, 12, and Lester, 8) and a beagle, "Perky," on a picnic or fishing trip.

Pressman met his wife, Annabelle, through their mutual love for politics. Pressman, then president of Baltimore's Young Democrats, and Annabelle, his secretary, switched easily from marching with political banners to marching down the aisle together.

The four Pressmans occupy a simple, red-brick duplex in Upper Park Heights, a middle-class development not too far from City Hall. Pressman usually spends his evenings—his days begin at 5 A.M.—in the neatly kept home, poring over law books. He and his wife may enjoy a martini before dinner or a romp with the kids and "Perky" in the back yard.

Though not wealthy by today's

standards, Pressman has still come a long way from the dingy railroad flats of his impoverished youth in the back alleys of Lombard Street.

Pressman's early statistics are impressive. He started his political career at 14, stumping for Al Smith. Before he was old enough to vote, he had campaigned in two presidential elections and founded the Baltimore Young Democrats, Inc. Having passed the State Bar examination at 19 (one of the youngest ever to do so), he had to mark time for nearly two years before becoming a full-fledged lawyer. On his 21st birthday, he was sworn in as an attorney.

Pressman's crusades earn headlines. But do they pay personal dividends in his private practice? Hyman says no.

"I'm doing well," he maintains,

"but not because of the headlines. I spend fully a third of my time and about \$1,000 a year playing watchdog to the city treasury. Ironically, my much-publicized activities seem to discourage new clients. *They think I'm too busy!*"

Certain prominent officials excepted, Baltimoreans hope Pressman won't forsake his role as "Mr. Taxpayer, the Town Sue-er." It isn't likely that he will.

"Needlework was my father's trade," he says proudly. "He put pockets in pants. Needlework is my trade, too—needlework on politicians, that is. But while father sewed full pockets into trousers, I'm rather suspicious of full pockets, if you know what I mean."

Taxpayers everywhere know what Hyman Pressman means.



I Can Hear You, Winter

THE NEXT TIME someone asks you for a list of the familiar sounds of winter, you just take a deep breath and read this to him.

Drrr. Drrr. Drrr. (Silence). On almost any bitter winter morning you can hear this sad little song as your car stands malevolently in the driveway refusing to budge. It is generally followed by the heavy breathing of a man poorly equipped to move a 3,000 pound vehicle into a position where he can get a push.

Zzzzzz-ZUT. Ugh!—Here we have the familiar sound of the householder blithely shoveling his sidewalk as the blade hits the separation groove and the handle hits the stomach.

Grfl snuf kztrp toop. We have here the words of a man who has just taken a little boy's snowball in the teeth.

Hiss. Hiss. Hiss. BOOM. This is the sound characteristically made by the man who momentarily forgets that he has not been on ice skates since the eighth grade.

Pit-pat. Pit-pat. A sound that comes from overhead during one of those brief, sudden thaws. Careful placement of a pan in the attic can change the melody to "plink-plink-plink."

—Wall Street Journal

no tin cups in Canada

by ANNE FROMER

A dynamic visionary—himself blind—helps to give sightless citizens a new view of life by making them self-sufficient

A 45-YEAR-OLD salesman was driving along a Canadian highway when, in broad daylight and sunshine, drops of rain appeared at the top of his windshield. Within seconds the drops darkened and spread until they covered everything. Hastily the salesman pulled to the side of the road and shut off his ignition.

He never saw anything again. For at that instant, and without warning, he had become totally blind.

His was not an isolated case. (This year, in the United States and Canada, some 30,000 people, 92 percent of them adults, will go blind.) But that salesman is no longer a salesman. He now owns his own business and has salesmen working for him. And last year he made more money than he did in any of the years he was a salesman.

His rehabilitation was accomplished through the help of a remarkable organization—The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, with training and administration headquarters in Toronto and 46 offices and service centers throughout the Dominion. Its purpose is essentially to make every blind person self-sufficient and self-supporting. As a result, no

blind need tin cups in Canada.

A corps of skilled CNIB instructors are ready to begin rehabilitation within 24 hours after anyone is stricken. Most are themselves blind and, in addition to the skills they impart, they use enlightened understanding and positive example to help the family and restore the newly blind's faith in himself.

Each new Institute student is trained in the field where he will do the best work, through facilities that range from machine shops, white-collar courses, homemaking and guidance toward matriculation for university degrees. The student pays nothing. Significantly, of last year's 22,279 legally blind registered with the CNIB, those employed in more than 100 industries earned exactly the same salaries as sighted workers, and in some cases more.

All this has been possible through the dedication and resourcefulness of Lieutenant Colonel Edwin Albert Baker, who sparked the organization of The Canadian National Institute for the Blind in 1918.

Today, at the age of 65, Baker is a handsome, bronzed and vigorous man who walks with soldierly erectness and who looks at you directly with piercing gray-blue eyes when

he speaks. It is hard to believe his eyes are made of glass.

Eddie Baker had studied engineering at Queen's University at Kingston, but the outbreak of World War I cut his career short. In October, 1915, near Mount Kemmel in Belgium, a sniper's bullet blinded him.

"They shipped me to a hospital in London," Baker says, "and there I reached the bottom of despair. Then one day a stranger gave me one of those cheering-up talks. Later a nurse told me that he was completely blind Arthur Pearson, founder of London's famed St. Dunstan's training school for blinded veterans.

"Ashamedly, I remembered one thing he had told me—that blindness was just one form of handicap; that everyone has a disability of some sort. I started wondering—not what a blind person could do—but if there were anything he *couldn't* do."

Baker enrolled at St. Dunstan's. One of the first things he learned was how to type. Back in civilian life, he got a job as a typist with the Ontario Hydro Commission. Three years later he married Jessie Robinson, the pretty, sighted daughter of John R. Robinson, then editor of the Toronto *Evening Telegram*.

Shortly afterward, the Canadian Government gave Col. Baker the pioneer task of training and rehabilitating not only war veterans but all the nation's sightless; and The Canadian National Institute for the Blind came into being, with Baker as its general secretary. Later he became managing director.

He had very little money to carry

on the work. But the government made a special grant with which CNIB purchased a residence in downtown Toronto. Next, Baker cajoled some sighted experts into setting up a tiny machine training shop, and borrowed the necessary machinery.

Thirty-eight years later, in the spring of 1956, the CNIB built its new ultra-progressive Baker Wood on ten landscaped acres at a cost of \$3,150,000. Some 70 percent of the money was raised by the Institute itself, the remainder through Government grants and private bequests. It is one of the most advanced training centers for the blind in the world and the hub of 22 smaller "Baker Woods" strategically located across Canada, as well as another 24 administrative and job placement offices.

Its six buildings contain administrative offices, classrooms, workshops and residences for use during the training period. Most of the ideas for layout came from the blind themselves. In the residences, every door-knob is of a different design, to make for easy identification.

Included are recreational and craft departments, a library containing 80,000 talking books and touch-type magazines, a publishing house, and an auditorium where the blind put on their own plays and concerts, hold meetings and dances.

The hobby center is open at all hours, so the newcomer can increase his skills and develop the use of the special senses he will now need. In Col. Baker's own case these compensatory senses are developed to

the point where his favorite hobby is one that is considered highly hazardous even to sighted persons—a do-it-yourself workshop equipped with power tools. Friends dropping by of an evening still cannot quite overcome an eerie feeling when they discover him working in his cellar, amid whirring saw blades—in total darkness.

Baker Wood's modern occupational facilities are designed to teach more than 100 trades, vocations and professions for use in every phase of industry and business. The national staff consists of 120 teachers, administrators and placement officers, most with university degrees, all of whom are blind, and another 30 who are experts in vocational training.

IN ADDITION to its training facilities, the Institute runs its own factories—which make such items as house and garden furniture, uniforms and dresses—and does subcontracting. As a result, it has now become more than 50 percent self-sustaining.

As soon as the Institute hears that a man or woman has been blinded, efforts are made to get a counsellor to him immediately. This counsellor, known as a field secretary, appraises what can be done, and gives the patient a boost in morale. Since the counsellor also is blind, this morale improvement is easier to bring about than it is for the average relative or physician.

The field secretary also makes an immediate decision as to the next step in rehabilitating the patient. Has he had enough previous train-

ing in a field adaptable to blind occupation? Or should he be trained for something else? Does he need an aptitude test? Does he need only a limited amount of training at one of the 22 different centers across the country, or should he be sent to Baker Wood for more extensive training, perhaps leading to the university level?

He is brought a typewriter and set on the road to learning to type by the touch system. Through typing, he can write to his friends and relatives. Typing is perhaps the most important and satisfying of the immediate activities to be learned by the blind.

In the case of a housewife, a CNIB woman home teacher may come to live at her home for two or three weeks, to educate her family in how to help her, and to teach her how to arrange everything so she can carry on a competent life.

A course at Baker Wood may be completed in from three weeks to three years, depending on the individual needs of the student. The average is six months.

The latest scientific findings indicate that the most important of the compensatory senses is that of aural direction through the detection of echoes—that the “supersonic” sensation comes from sensitized ears which catch sound reflected from surrounding objects.

The most important adjustment the blind person has to make is learning to get about in a normal way. Earl Green, who has been blind since 1920, specializes in teaching a fundamental: learning to walk. The training ground is the most difficult

possible one—the busiest section of the city.

Although white canes are used as a safety measure, Mr. Green emphasizes that they are not really necessary. The most important factors are hearing, smell and use of the feet. When he reaches a busy intersection he traces the shape of the curb on the hands of his students. He tells them always to hold the cane on the side nearest the heavier traffic, then step off with the outside foot.

Earl leads the way, stepping briskly across the street. He reaches the other side without slowing, steps up on the curb, without using his cane. "You feel with your feet for the dip in the road surface just before the curb," he explains.

As a result of its diversified rehabilitation and training program, CNIB graduates enter the sighted world assured and competent. Col. Baker derives great satisfaction from this, and from the knowledge that each has learned not only to accept the handicap of blindness, but to overlook it.

Take the case of Earl Stonefish, who was blinded in 1944, shortly

after he had completed a mechanic's course. Nearly two years of CNIB training passed before he felt fully ready for a job in his trade. Then he asked for the toughest one that could be given him.

The skeptical garage owner brought out a five-year-old automobile which needed a complete engine overhaul, including adjustment of tappets—one of the most exacting jobs a mechanic could be called upon to do.

Earl finished the work in record time, and stood by while the chief service man gave it a painstaking inspection. "Absolutely remarkable," was the verdict. "This is an excellent job."

The garage owner immediately offered Earl a full-time job at top pay. Earl said uneasily, "All right, boss, but I've got to be honest with you. I'm only taking this job to earn enough money to buy a garage of my own." Not long afterwards, he had that garage and was in business for himself.

As Col. Baker says, "It is not what you have lost that counts, but what you have left."

Masterful Stroke

AN OLD MARINERS' CHART of the East Coast of North America and adjacent waters, drawn by an unknown cartographer in 1525, and now in the British Museum, has some interesting and fearful directions on it. The mapmaker wrote across great areas of then unexplored land and sea the following inscriptions: "Here be giants." "Here be fiery scorpions." "Here be dragons."

At some time in its career the chart fell into the hands of the scientist Sir John Franklin. He scratched out the fearful old markings and wrote across the map: "Here is God."

—*The Speaker's Handbook of Humor*—MAXWELL BROKE
—Harper & Bros.

New Coronet Films For January, 1958

Coronet Films is the leading producer of educational motion pictures. It now offers, including the six new 16mm films described below, 743 outstanding productions in every subject area and at all grade levels. Each of these films was produced under Coronet's control every step of

the way. The result—the largest, most carefully planned and organized library of films available anywhere for the schools of America.

If any of the films described on this page interest you, or if you would like complete information on all Coronet films, use the coupon below.

The Boyhood of George Washington (11 min.)

Against a background of authentic locales, this reenactment of Washington's youth shows how these formative years helped fit him for leadership of the new nation. The factors which influenced his youth are analyzed, as are the high standards of conduct, morality and performance for which he is so justly known. *Intermediate . . . History.*



English Literature: Chaucer and the Medieval Period (13 min.)



The spirit and flavor of medieval England are evoked in this film, in a wealth of colorful authentic images. The film is enriched with literary contributions which even today are vivid and real—a Robin Hood ballad, *Piers Plowman*, *Morte d'Arthur*, and the inimitable *Canterbury Tales* available in full color or black and white. *High School . . . Literature.*

The Philippines: Gateway to the Far East (11 min.)

The exciting past history, present activities, and the direction of future development of this beautiful island nation are illustrated in this new film. Scenes of farm and city life show a wealth of raw materials, expanding production, and increased education in a young republic which shares many interests with the United States. *Intermediate . . . Geography.*



Bushy, the Squirrel: Background for Reading and Expression (11 min.)

When Stevie spies a squirrel with a long, bushy tail, he follows it into the woods. His discoveries there, how he makes friends with Bushy, and the things he learns, will stimulate children to read and tell their own stories about squirrels and to become more aware of surrounding animal life. Available in color or black and white. *Primary . . . Language Arts.*



How Living Things Change (11 min.)



Scientific discoveries have shown man how to make changes in animals and plants. The theme of this film, however, is the changes which living things themselves have been making for millions of years. Theories of leading scientists—Lamarck, Darwin, and de Vries—which explain these changes, are illustrated and compared. *High School . . . Science.*

Life of a Philippine Family (11 min.)

Through the eyes of the father of a Philippine farm family, we witness the simple daily life of a progressive, industrious people—the work in the rice fields, the children's chores, their school experiences, their games, their interesting rituals and, finally, a birthday celebration for the family's eldest son, Ramon. *Intermediate . . . Social Studies.*



Write for full information . . .

about these and more than 700 other fine Coronet films available for classroom use, in either color or black-and-white. Simply use the coupon to request your copy of a 100 page catalogue containing descriptions of all Coronet films and complete information on how you may purchase or rent them.

**Coronet Films
Coronet Building
Chicago 1, Illinois
The World's Largest Producer
of Educational Films**

Coronet Films, Department C-18 Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

☐ Please send me your new 100-page catalogue describing each of the more than 700 Coronet films available in either color or black-and-white.

- ☐ I am interested in purchase
☐ I am interested in rental

Name

School or Organization

Address

City Zone State

Fighting Handymen



THE ONLY Congressional Medal of Honor ever awarded for wielding a shovel appropriately went to a sergeant of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, although he did not get it for using the tool in the conventional manner.

During the battle of Taejon in Korea, the Engineers were filling one of their countless alternate roles, this time as infantry. And when the sergeant ran out of ammunition, he used his shovel to knock off a seemingly endless succession of North Koreans.

Combat, however, is just one among the score of duties assigned to this colorful, amazingly busy branch of the Army. The Engineers built the Panama Canal, the Burma

and Ledo Roads, and the Pentagon. They develop gigantic tractors that roll over soft arctic snow as if it were a superhighway. They repair the crumbling scenic beauties of Niagara Falls. They are the world's largest real-estate operators. They maintain coastal and inland harbors. They run the world's largest map-making establishment.

As head of one of the nation's biggest and most complex organizations, the Chief of Engineers, Major General Emerson C. Itschner, operates somewhat like the chairman of the board of a mammoth holding company. In peacetime, the Corps of Engineers—the Army's third-largest branch—has 10,000 officers, 100,000 enlisted men and 50,000 civilian em-

of Uncle Sam

by Andrew Hecht

Using gun, slide rule and shovel, U.S. Army Engineers tackle the "impossible"—in war or peace—with amazing success

ployees. Between them, and with the aid of hundreds of private contractors, they tackle the many jobs of the Combatant Arm and the Technical Branch of the Engineers. The Technical Branch, in turn, has both military and "civil works" duties.

Two years ago when Hurricanes Connie and Diane swept over Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, raging floods ripped houses from their foundations, smashed factories, bridges and utilities. Within 24 hours, the Engineers had their own equipment and men working in the field, restoring essential services.

In another 24 they had mobilized and organized hundreds of civilian contractors. They knew—through their own up-to-date inventory of equipment owned by private industry—who owned the bulldozers, cranes and trucks needed, and assigned them to the jobs that had to be done first. Contracts were signed on the spot, or given verbally.

Embossed on the uniform buttons of the Corps of Engineers is the motto "Essayons," meaning "Let us try"—a motto they had to follow on many occasions when unprecedented problems were tossed in their laps. At the Engineers' famed Waterways Experiment Station at

Vicksburg, Mississippi, for example, they built a gigantic scale model, a replica of the Mississippi River basin. For many years now, this model has enabled them to forecast the course of floods, and prescribe the necessary counter-measures. It was followed by models of other rivers and coastal areas, and culminated in the design of the artificial harbors and floating docks without which the D-day invasion of Normandy would have failed.

The Engineers do much of their "trying" at two other locations also, both among the most highly technical defense establishments: the super-secret Research and Development Laboratories at Fort Belvoir in Virginia and the Snow, Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment at Wilmette, Illinois. At the latter, they solved the problem of how to erect stable buildings on the polar icecap.

We needed to know this, for we had decided to build the Thule Air Base on Greenland and a number of radar warning stations even farther north. The polar cap of ice and snow, which is up to 10,000 feet deep, is too soft to support permanent buildings.

So the Engineers designed metal houses that look like submarines and

can be hooked together. Placed on top of the icecap, these slowly sink below the surface, where they are both warm and hidden from a potential enemy. Men move in and out through submarine-like hatches. The only trouble with these novel dwellings is that in about ten years they will have to be abandoned, as the pressure of snow and ice is liable to crush them.

The Engineers' secrets at Fort Belvoir involve the new equipment designed to fit the needs of atomic warfare, which calls for dispersion, mobility and speed. Among the latest developments are a 60-foot assault bridge which can be put in place by helicopter; a 13,000-pound tractor that travels across country at 50 miles an hour; a machine that can purify polluted water at the rate of 3,000 gallons an hour.

The Engineers operate six different intelligence agencies, supplying information on such subjects as the capacity of the latest Russian tractor, and the depth of the Volga or the Don Rivers at any given point, at various times of the year. Even before we reached the Rhine during World War II, the Engineers forecast accurately the flow of the river, and when we got there, could bridge it with amazing speed.

The Engineers know about the telephone system and the gas mains in Peiping, the subway net in Moscow and East Berlin—even the location of water holes in the Mongolian desert.

Millions of such data have been collected, some in the form of 1,600,000 maps in the library of the Army Map Service, the world's largest map-

making enterprise, run by the Engineers. For the Normandy invasion, its ultra-modern printing plants turned out 3,000 different maps with a total of 70,000,000 sheets.

One of the latest rush jobs, done for the NATO forces, involved converting to a standard military grid 10,000 different maps covering 400,000 miles, and printing 90,000,000 copies. These maps are the first to incorporate terrain information on where modern heavy equipment can be moved across country, regardless of roads or permanent bridges.

But the Engineers' main job was and still is: construction. This year they are building at a cost of \$1,500,000,000 some 700 bases and other installations, from Nike launching sites ringing our cities to radar warning stations in the far North, and schoolhouses in North Africa. And the Engineers don't just build military installations, they stay on the spot to keep them in running order.

Another huge domain assigned them is management of America's largest transportation system, consisting of 28,000 miles of inland and intra-coastal waterways. Part of this job is control over harbors, bridges and dams.

"This will give you some indication of the great size and scope to which the missions of the Corps of Engineers, civil and military, have grown," says a spokesman for the service. "We cannot match our potential enemies in manpower, but our nation will survive squarely on the relative superiority of our machine power, our construction power and our technological brain power."



Children's 19th-century

trading cards

Out of the almost forgotten yesteryear,
CORONET rediscovers a long-lost hobby.



Collected, treasured, and traded,
these brilliant advertising premiums
capture the life and color
of our grandparents' childhood.

If the Old Woman Who Lived
In A Shoe wanted a good shoe
—of course she'd buy ours!
A magnificent example. Ten
inches high—and it folds.



IF YOU WERE a youngster in the 1880s, what mattered it that such delights as television, radio and even movies were unknown? You had your growing scrapbook collection of trading cards and, night after night, seated at the parlor table, you lost yourself in the magical world of fantasy and color they opened to you. On the face of it, they were only picture-post-card giveaways, a merchant's—or a manufacturer's—souvenir to remind you and your parents what to buy, and where to buy it. They were always free: either you found a card inserted in a package, or your shoe dealer presented you with one when you made a purchase, or you won a particularly elaborate specimen by sending half a dozen of the proper soap wrappers.

But looking back on them now—even in the light of mass advertising media, the magazines with their enormous circulations, the television screens with their animated commercials—these trading cards still stand out as a brilliant means to sell goods. To attract attention to their products, to intrigue children (and their parents), advertisers harvested the entire field of fairy tale, folklore and history. Artists and lithographers vied with each other in ingenuity, using the tall tale, the anecdote, the legend. To study these trading cards today, three-quarters of a century later, is to journey through an earlier America, to gain a surprisingly vivid idea of life and manners of the time.

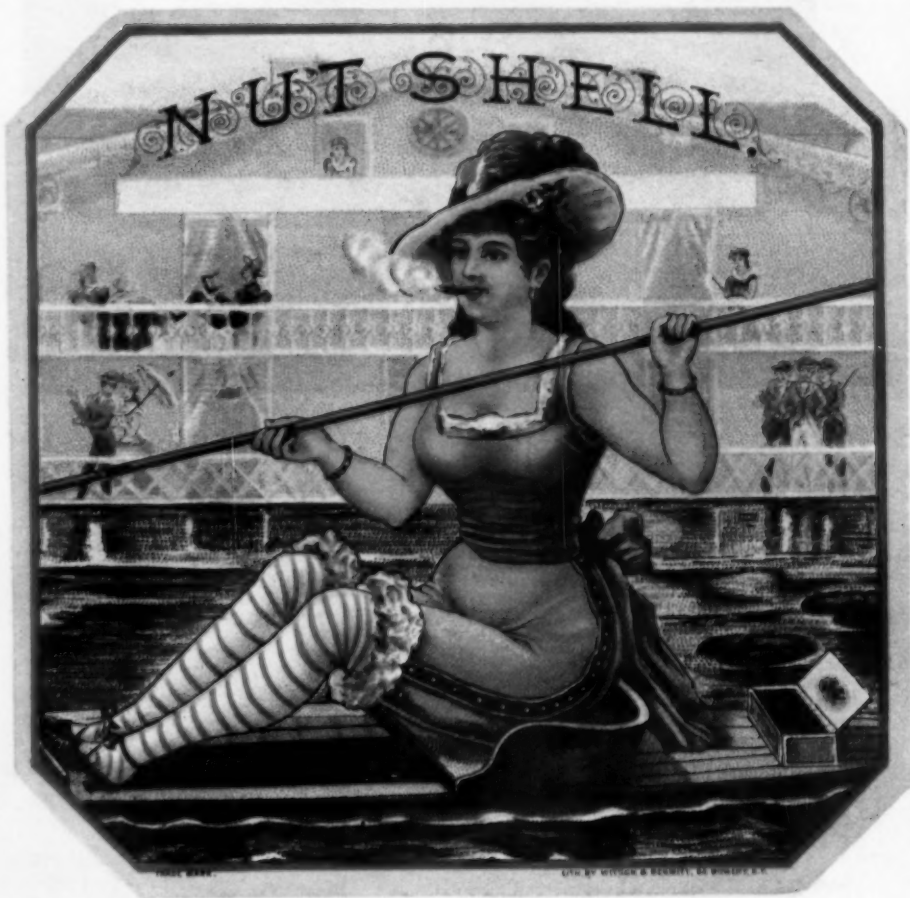


You think buying shoes is pro-
saic? A direct appeal to
youngsters playing grownup—
buy Burt Shoes, and they'll
carry you to distant lands,
become Seven League boots.



What more attention-getting device than a lovely face breaking through the very page you read?...

...Or more amusing (when men were men) than a female sculling and smoking a cigar? A wry poke at suffragettes.



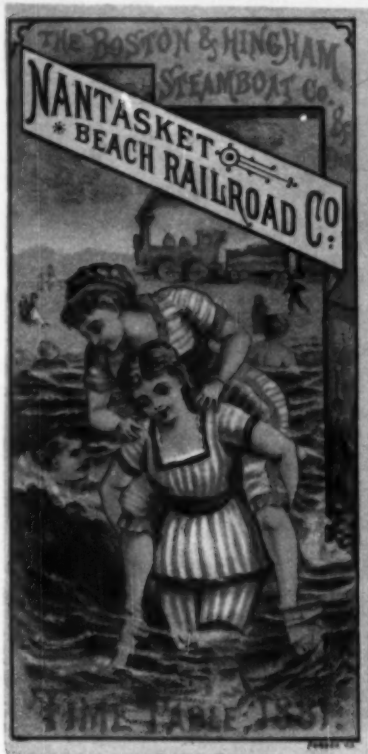
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR FOR THE TOILET

Restores Gray Hair to its Natural Vitality and Color.



IN THE CRACKER-BARREL days, most commodities came in bulk. Your grocer measured out a pound of beans and cut soap or butter to order. Around 1850 a soap company tried something new: soap bars already cut and wrapped. The public remained unimpressed until a manufacturing genius suggested offering a handsome picture, suitable for framing, for a given number of soap wrappers. That sold packaging—and started the premium boom. Soon manufacturers were giving away not only handsomely lithographed advertising cards, but also the scrapbooks to keep them in. In their heyday, some 100,000,000 cards were printed.

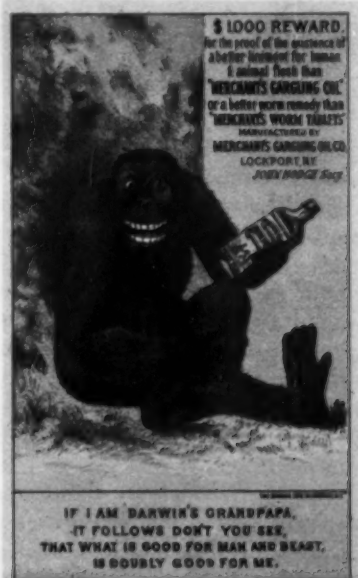
(Above) Even a mermaid would delight in using Ayer's Hair Vigor, if she could get her hands on it.
(Right) Would you, sir, throw away a timetable boasting so decorative a cover?





Snob appeal: let peasants sweat cutting grass with a scythe. The elegant, croquet-playing set use the Clipper Mower.

Was Darwin right? Fun with that new theory of evolution—and while you grin, don't forget Merchant's Gargling Oil.



(Right) the soap so effective it washes a black whale white.

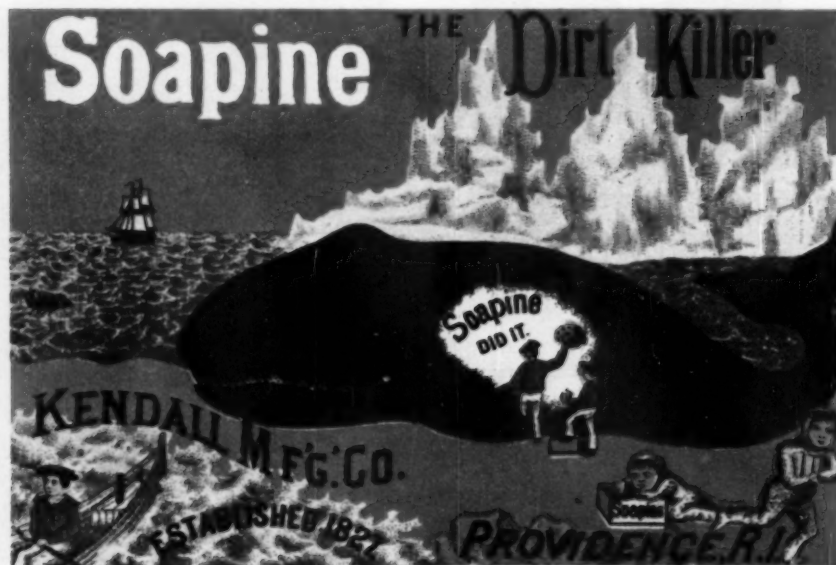


Humor—and the tall tale. The eye that won't open (unless the right salve is used).

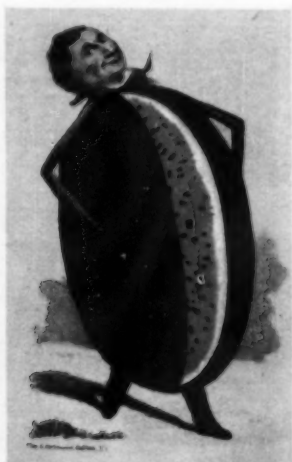


IN THESE CARDS we can read the attitudes of the day, sense the dreams of the average man. Over 70 percent of the population lived on farms, worked 12 to 14 hours a day. The advertisers, through

their cards, spoke of the American dream of leisure and elegance, of a future free from backbreaking drudgery. At the same time, they leavened their message with satire and a rough-and-ready humor.



18th Century surrealism? A carrot who is a dude, a watermelon who's a laughing bumpkin. These sold seed, fertilizer.



THE ARTISTS who illustrated trading cards, many of them amazingly talented, anticipated today's animated cartoon and the world of Walt Disney. In their search for material they touched upon all contemporary events, from Presi-

dential elections to Oscar Wilde's lecture tour; from Blondin's crossing of Niagara Falls on a tight-rope to the early days of the Gold Rush and the San Francisco cable cars. (Below) A presidential election card. Puzzle: find the candidate.



ENGRAVED ON STONE and printed in three and four colors—the process is called chromo-lithograph and today we usually see it only in calendars and Valentines—trading cards had their tremendous vogue, and faded away. Perhaps a few thousand remain in private collections. Those on these pages come from the collection of Sam Rosenberg, New York magazine photographer and writer, who considers them an outstanding example of American folk art. The cards are valued according to scarcity and quality: some at \$50, and one fabled lithograph as much as \$1,500.



Even Santa makes a special trip to deliver Sea Foam Wafers. (Right) And what child hasn't been told that babies can be bought in a department store?



Simple—but amazingly effective—is their strategy for thwarting accidents. They're ...

Sisters of safety by Will Bernard

AS HE HEADED down the winding, three-and-a-half-mile stretch of Roscomare Road in Los Angeles, the man in the yellow convertible stepped on the gas. He was an Important Executive with a brainful of plans for the day's work and he did not notice the screech his tires made as he swung round a curve.

But someone *did* hear those tell-tale sounds. Just beyond the curve, in the house at Number 1760, a slim blonde housewife left her breakfast dishes and sprang to the front window. After a quick look, she snatched up her telephone and dialed a number.

"Peggy, man in yellow convertible! Coming like blazes!"

About a mile farther down the road, in Number 1000, Mrs. Peggy Miller readied pad and pencil. As the convertible raced by, she made swift, expert notes.

Later in the day she relayed this

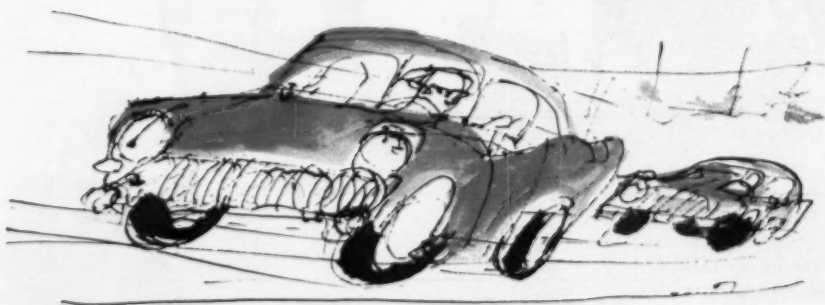
data back to Mrs. Corinne Wulffson, the original caller. Mrs. Wulffson consulted a card file arranged according to license numbers. This was the third entry—the clincher—for QML 547.

Next morning, the Important Executive received a jolting letter in the mail. Signed by an unknown "Mrs. Corinne Wulffson" on behalf of a traffic committee, it was a friendly appeal for safe driving on Roscomare Road. The TNT was contained in a neat schedule at the bottom of the sheet—a copy of the card in Mrs. Wulffson's file:

LICENSE NO. QML 547

1) Feb. 6, 1957—7:43 A.M.—man alone in yellow 1956 Buick convertible—followed only inches behind car ahead, then passed on blind curve.

2) Feb. 8, 1957—7:45 A.M.—man in yellow 1956 Buick convertible with woman in front seat, two small



boys in back seat—passed traffic at high speed, partly on wrong side of street.

3) Feb. 18, 1957—8:03 A.M.—man alone in yellow 1956 Buick convertible—passed traffic at very high speed—observer's note said: "driving like wants commit suicide."

This man's card will probably never have another entry. For, like hundreds of other motorists, he has been given the Roscomare Road Cure which, say safety experts, works wonders.

Mrs. Wulffson gives the reason in a nutshell: "A traffic ticket only hits their pocketbook. We hit their pride. When they get our letter, they're ashamed of themselves. It's simply a matter of honor."

Mrs. Wulffson, youthful mother of two boys, is the spark plug for possibly the most safety-conscious neighborhood in the United States. Spotted at strategic lookout points along Roscomare Road, members of her traffic committee do their household chores with ears alert for the roar of a speeder or the honk-honk-honk of a crowder.

At the head of the road, a businessman spends every spare moment at his pet observation post—a stool near the curb—where he can get a good look at passing cars. Farther along, a former school-teacher picks off the hard ones with binoculars.

Motorists do not seem to resent letters from the neighborhood committee. For theirs is not a brusque summons from higher authority but an appeal from unpaid, uncelebrated fellow citizens. It threatens nothing worse than a guilty conscience.

"You made me feel like two cents," a young woman told Mrs. Wulffson on the telephone. "I just never realized I was driving like that."

Roscomare Road was a peaceful dead-end street until, early in 1956, a new street linked it with the teeming San Fernando Valley. Motorists seeking to escape the heavily traveled arteries began to funnel through Roscomare Road at the rate of 5,000 cars a day.

With lots of children around, it was a blueprint for tragedy—until the Minute Women of Roscomare Road took over. By late fall of 1957, there had been only one serious accident. There were only eight in 1956. For the volume of traffic, that is an outstanding record.

Letters and pleas are only one weapon in their fight. They also send out safety bulletins, make and mount posters, and give safety talks.

Their program does not depend on bullying the police department into assigning a more-than-fair share of enforcement personnel. It doesn't pull political strings and it doesn't indulge in half-baked accusations. It only asks, "How can we help?"

"The Roscomare program could well be copied all over the land," says Paul Young, National Safety Council executive.

Why not form your own neighborhood safety committee? Expert and willing guidance is yours for the asking at local chapters of the National Safety Council, or your police department. For safety leaders, an aroused and willing citizen is a prime asset in their fight to keep death off our highways. 🍷 🍷 🍷

HOLLYWOOD'S ELEGANT REDHEAD

by Richard G. Hubler

*Beautiful "as a wildflower,"
with a wit as sharp as a thorn,
Deborah Kerr has her own ideas,
a will—and usually her own way*



ONE OF THE MORDANT tales of Hollywood concerns the time that Deborah Kerr-Trimmer Bartley went to see a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer. He hustled his chair up to his desk, rubbed his hands and beamed.

"Miss Kerr," he said, "I realize the studio has cast you in a series of no-good pictures—eight, if you count. By the law of averages, this time we should have a hit. Can we do anything for you before we start?"

"Yes," said Miss Kerr bitterly, "give me my coat and get me out of here."

The producer could have been no more astounded if a porcelain doll had jumped off the mantelpiece and stamped on his toes. Miss Kerr finished her death-scene in a historical turkey called *Young Bess*, marched off the set, fired her agent, had a good weep, and took an oath never again to be demure.

"My palace revolution worked out very well," she says. "My next movie role was that dazzling part in *From Here to Eternity*."

The trouble all started, as the charming Scots star with the tomato-bisque hair explains, at the moment she arrived in the United States in 1947. "I gave the impression of be-

CORONET

ing a lady, I suppose," she says thoughtfully. "Nothing I could do afterward got that out of their heads. I came over to act but it turned out all I had to do was to be high-minded, long-suffering, white-gloved, and decorative."

This caused her acute artistic pangs. "I was never demure in my personal life," she says. "The question was, why should I be on the screen—especially in Hollywood?"

Her husband, Anthony Charles Bartley, a 15-kill Royal Air Force ace who had to have a special act of Congress in order to stay in this country with her, was no help. He would tell her comfortably: "After all, it's your problem, dear, and we are quite comfy, aren't we?"

Miss Kerr, like most redheads, has her own ideas about herself and the world and—all things equal—will finally have her way. She is able to judge her career with the alert nonchalance of a wren on a fence. "It's hard to tell how much is me and how much the character," she says. "But I do think I improvise my own personality right with the role."

In her \$150,000 Mediterranean-style home on the top of the Palisades—the cliffs of dirt and rock overlooking the Pacific Ocean west of Hollywood—wearing bright-blue slacks and shirt, she stretches out in a room of robust chartreuse decorated with monstrous orange gladioli. "I've lived in these colors all my life," she says, glancing casually around her. "They go well, don't they? I've just redecorated the whole thing."

The 36-year-old actress—whose skin is so tender that five minutes

in the sun can give her a second-degree burn—has had numerous eulogies on her beauty. One hard-headed interviewer came away so bemused that he scribbled: "... in her coloring, hair, eyes, complexion, she is like a dazzling Scottish field of wildflowers, filmed in Technicolor."

To this Miss Kerr retorts: "I'm really rather like a beautiful Jersey cow. I have the same pathetic droop to the corners of my eyes."

Her ability seems to command similar agreement in professional quarters. Yul Brynner, working with her in one of her best, *The King and I*, declared: "She can act her part and still be herself, one of the most difficult of talents."

Part of this devotion to Miss Kerr stems from her sense of humor. Seeing her in her heavy 20-foot skirt as the governess in *The King and I*, Brynner asked her what she did when she itched. "I hire two midgets," she said.

Miss Kerr's impression of herself is that she would be better as a character woman than a heroine. "I'd like to play messed-up women like drunks," she declares, "but I can't do things like, say, murderesses convincingly. If my eyes slanted up instead of down, yes, but they don't and there you are."

A veteran of 28 movies and three plays—including the resounding stage success *Tea and Sympathy*—Miss Kerr is skeptical about modern standards for acting. "To me," she says, "an emotion analyzed is an emotion lost. I think it was Ellen Terry who said that in acting the mind should be at zero and the heart at 90." She feels she appeals to peo-

ple "because they sympathize with me."

She has no particular formula for achieving her paradoxical effects of warmth and aloofness. "All I have is a naturally nasty habit of imitating people, and a good ear," she says. "I like to daydream about my roles occasionally but I never live them. How could I?"

Her first considerable triumph in acting came at the age of nine when she and her brother—now a respectable businessman in England—duplicated the sounds of a local race-track from behind a curtain during tea-time. "It was quite jolly and realistic," says Miss Kerr. "We had terrible crashes and stiff-lipped announcements and so on. The whole family thought we were brilliant."

She did not top this until 15, attending Northumberland House School in Bristol. There she convulsed her fellow-inmates by imitating one of the maids with a harelip. "It was very cruel," says Miss Kerr complacently. "I merely asked if they wanted rice or tapioca pudding."

BORN September 30, 1921, in a little town of Helensburgh, Scotland, Miss Kerr has always planned to stupefy the public in one way or another. "I was one of those beastly little children with a Crushed English Upbringing," she says. "Serious but not aware. I was never going to act, I was going to dance. I was clever at ballet and I was always appearing in school plays. I was crammed with pages and pages of poems and sagas and epics which I would recite at the drop of a hat."

During this period, the visitors that came to the Kerr household dutifully observed the antics of this prodigy with the mahogany mop that made her seem topheavy. They invariably inquired of her father: "And what is little Deborah going to do when she grows up?"

To which her father, a civil engineer, as invariably replied: "I suppose she'll go on the stage, dammit!"

Arthur Kerr-Trimmer died when his daughter was 14. The family moved to Alford, Sussex, and Deborah began to study drama, as well as dancing, with an aunt, Phyllis Smale, who headed her own school.

The young Kerr—she dropped the -Trimmer as an unwieldy professional affix—first appeared on the professional stage as a balletmime in a rendition of *Columbine & Pierrot*. She won a scholarship to the famous Sadler's Wells ballet group, which reduced tuition considerably, and practiced for a year.

"I got to be a not-bad, not-good performer," Miss Kerr states. "I worked very hard but I wasn't dedicated. I didn't care for that 'Go back, dear, start again' grind and I saw that a good many others were far more proficient technically. So I quit."

She was 18 by the time she made her dramatic debut as the long-legged page to Pericles, Prince of Tyre, in the open-air theater in Regent's Park. She started conning the local agencies for jobs—and got nowhere except to find out what places to lunch so as to be seen.

One day she was approached by an enormous, bearlike man with a thick Hungarian accent. He was the

late Gabriel Pascal, a London theatrical impresario, who was making the first George Bernard Shaw picture, *Major Barbara*. He ascertained that she was an actress and a week later she was called to his office.

Miss Kerr crept in uncertainly to be confronted with sprinting secretaries, rows of men smoking cigars, and telephones that kept jangling. Pascal surveyed her critically through a cloud of smoke.

"Your hair is very tarty, my sweet," he said. "You must change it."

"Yes," she said.

"You are too tall, take off your shoes, sweet," he said. The five-foot-seven girl obeyed. "You are too fat," he said. "But it is sweet puppy fat, you will soon get rid of it. Can you act something for me?"

Naturally, Miss Kerr was prepared. She rattled off a couple of scenes where she played a half-dozen parts. Pascal was bored. "Something perhaps more spiritual, my sweet?" he asked. Miss Kerr was baffled. "Say the Lord's Prayer, sweet," he requested.

For a Scotswoman who had never anticipated such an emergency, the recital was agony in the midst of the ringing phones, cigar-chewing men and chattering secretaries. She got through it and tried to flee. But her naiveté had got her the part of Jenny, the Salvation Army girl.

She appeared briefly in six films, then came a major part in one of the best and most underrated pictures ever made, *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*. In this Miss Kerr played three different women—"stern, homey, and tough. I had

my 21st birthday on the set, too." Since the film was long, it was butchered by the exhibitors in the U.S. and Miss Kerr's talents slipped by unrecognized. By this time she was getting into the swing of picture-making.

In January, 1945, she went on tour in her second play, *Gaslight*, entertaining troops. Her next movie, *Black Narcissus*, another genuinely artistic and enchanting flop at the box office, gave her considerable prestige. Her role was that of a nun in the high Himalayas. It led to an offer nearly as high from MGM and two other studios.

MGM came out winner, giving \$300,000 (counting costs) for her contract and signing Miss Kerr at \$3,000 a week—more than triple her wage at the time.

In Hollywood Miss Kerr was assigned one sweetness-and-light role after another. She has never known whether or not to be grateful to Louis B. Mayer for his dictate: "Miss Kerr's name will rhyme with star and not with cur."

Bartley sat it out with her. He had met her during one of her acting tours in World War II and indulged in the customary low-key courtship of a well-bred chap. He proposed by telegram just before he flew to the South Pacific and her wild acceptance caught him somewhere in the blue. He suggested that she go down and meet his mother and father, Sir and Lady Bartley.

Miss Kerr did so, expecting an ordeal, but found her prospective father-in-law—an ex-high court judge of Calcutta—and his wife "sweet." They got along famously. She and

her DFC fiancé were married in November, 1945.

In the U.S. for three and a half years Bartley was unable to get a job because of a lack of the proper papers. He spent the interval imperturbably fending off wolves from his wife and finally became head of TV sales for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

When Miss Kerr was seen on the beach in a skimpy bathing suit being violently embraced by Burt Lancaster, everyone was shocked except Miss Kerr and the movie-going public. They were even more set back when she flew to New York to accept the major part in a play, *Tea and Sympathy*, of a sympathetic seductress (she performed the same part again at MGM). Roles in *The End of the Affair*, *The Proud and Profane*—where she became illegitimately pregnant—*The King and I* and *An Affair to Remember* followed hard after. She played the most spiritual role of her career—that of a castaway nun resisting the advances of a combat-toughened Marine in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. Her latest movie is *Bonjour Tristesse*, based on the sophisticated best-seller by Françoise Sagan, in

which she co-stars with David Niven and Jean Seberg.

All this has served to deflate the legend of the lovely china doll that so irks Miss Kerr. She now feels she is ready to handle any chore.

As for her husband, she is fond of relating his approach to the problem of being the husband of Deborah Kerr-Trimmer Bartley. When a sweet young starlet asked him if it was difficult living with a temperamental actress, Bartley replied solemnly: "Not really. She's charming, lovely, talented—and besides, she's really loaded!"

The family worries center mostly on their two children, ten-year-old Melanie and six-year-old Francesca. "They're going into the horse stage now," says their mother. "You know, galloping and cantering about and resenting brutal treatment." What does bemuse Miss Kerr is a colonial Americanism that keeps cropping up in her offspring. Snooping through Melanie's diary last June 5—Queen Elizabeth's official birthday—Miss Kerr discovered that her daughter had written: "God bless Mommie's queen!" To which Miss Kerr promptly appended: "And God bless your President Ike!"

Clay Idle

My wife has joined, with zest
dynamical,
A club for making things
ceramical;
When I come home all tired
and tottery
I find my dinner's gone to
pottery.

—Wall Street Journal

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By JAMES HENRY WESTON

**Finds Healing Substance
That Does Both —
Relieves Pain —
Shrinks Hemorrhoids**

FOR THE FIRST TIME science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new heal-



ing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H*.* Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

It was a freak that might occur just once in 500 years. But it may take a century before Washington State completely recovers from the Arctic blast which struck that balmy November, killing animals and crops, bursting steam pipes, and spreading ruin from Tacoma to Vancouver.

The day of the BLACK FROST

by Sonya L. Evans



NOVEMBER 11, 1955, began like any fall day in Tacoma, and throughout the entire state of Washington, for that matter. Temperatures were in the 40s, normal for that time of year. The sky was blue, with only a few scattered clouds, though to the north a massive weatherhead was visible on the horizon, lowering, ominous.

It had been a good growing year. Potatoes, a bumper crop, were still in the ground. Winter apples had just been picked. Holly was luxuriant.

As the morning progressed, the dark mass of the weatherhead moved slowly toward Tacoma until it blotted out the sun. A chill wind began to blow. The clock on the Na-

tional Bank of Washington read 8:30 when the first snow swirled in. Minutes later it was raging through the streets with blizzard intensity.

Within 48 hours, temperatures all over the Pacific Northwest had plummeted 35 and 40 degrees—one of the severest drops in history. By nightfall, there were traffic tie-ups from Portland to Vancouver in British Columbia. Fires broke out from overheated chimneys. Steam pipes burst, sending water cascading into schools, stores and homes.

What had happened was that a mass of Arctic cold, like an inverted dome some 17,000 feet deep, had settled over the Northwest like an igloo. (Thermometers read below freezing for six straight days.) Tem-

peratures were not spectacularly low as readings go in the area. But these were too sudden and too early—*much* too early.

When that sheet of cold air swept down from the Arctic on a country warmed by Japanese currents and green all year round, plants, grass, shrubs and trees were still growing. Neither cold nor dry weather had had a chance to harden them yet for winter.

As a result, strange and terrible things began to happen.

POTATOES froze by the acre, along with great crops of celery, turnips and carrots. Lily growers saw some 75,000 Easter lilies, planted in the ground, freeze.

"If only it had come two weeks later," people were saying all over the state, "everything would have been all right."

The Big Freeze blasted flora from sea level to 3,000 feet, quietly, insidiously. In the forests, vast hillsides of hemlocks turned brilliant red (red, in a coniferous tree, usually means a sudden kill) and their needles fell like rain. And, in some cases, the sudden bitter cold turned the sap to ice that burst the tree from root to needle end.

Some Douglas fir and red cedar were completely defoliated, and would die in stands of gaunt gray ghosts; others, stripped at the top, would be deformed, forked like a staghorn.

They called it the Black Frost too, for it turned the woods literally black with huckleberry brush. The green leaves of the holly turned brown, the red berries a ghastly black. Black too

were sword ferns and salal, valuable florist greens.

On the morning of the 12th, Dr. John Duffield, director of a huge tree nursery in the Nisqually Valley, looked sadly at millions of Douglas fir seedlings which had turned a bleached out yellow. (In March they plowed under 7,000,000 of them.)

In private gardens, hedges and shrubs turned a curious bronze, as though seared by a terrible heat. Many rose bushes were dead to the ground. Seattle's Volunteer Park lost part of its prized collection of 26 varieties of flowering cherries from the Orient.

Entire herds of deer and elk, their natural browse covered by the unnatural blanket of snow, starved to death or, in desperation, descended into foothills and valleys and ravaged valuable orchards in their search for food.

The State Game Department set up feeding stations and sent a helicopter to herd the animals to them.

At Stormy Mountain Ranch near Chelan, Bob and Jack Hatch counted as many as 200 deer at one time in their 30-acre apple orchard. They shot off rifles during the day to scare them, but the ravenous animals held their ground and stood on hind legs to reach the buds in the higher branches.

The Game Department came to the aid of the orchardists—with *fireworks*. At night they set off military flares, Very lights, even Roman candles, got the deer out of the orchards and herded them to feeding stations in the hills.

Washington's tame-wild black bear, dangerous when hungry, grew

very hungry. For their normal forage of blackberries and salmonberries were nowhere to be found. And they too came down out of the woods.

Bud Antonsen in Gig Harbor had his fences destroyed, chicken houses broken into, and at least a hundred chickens killed and eaten by marauding bears. In the course of their depredation, Antonsen witnessed what was probably the most unforgettable sight of his life.

"Some of my chickens had taken to roosting in an alder grove," he says, "and those bears, out prowling after dark, shook the chickens right down out of the trees."

The Big Freeze caused damage estimated at \$66,000,000 in Washington State alone. But there were bright spots in the picture. For one thing, Uncle Sam let citizens take part of their losses off their income tax.

Nature, too, has a way of balancing her own ledger. In gardens the following year strange things happened. Lilacs and peonies bloomed as never before, though roses often reverted to a wild state. Spring dogwood scarcely bloomed at all until late August, and then it covered the woods with a mass of bloom, along with fall asters and fireweed.

Holly trees sprouted five times as many berries as usual—and holly groves were magnificent. Apples were bigger than ever.

In a wild, extra effort for survival, the forests threw a bumper crop of seed cones—whether as respite against the freeze or as part of a natural cycle, no one was quite certain.

The Weyerhaeuser Timber Com-

pany advertised for cone collectors. Pickers raided chipmunk and squirrel dens for the precious cones, making \$20 to \$25 a day during the few, tense weeks when conditions were just right for harvesting. That crop would re-seed many an acre of valuable timberlands.

And as if fate had a particular grudge against householders, camelias which had looked alive started dying from the top down. Rhododendrons lost all their buds, turned brown, then revived from the bottom. Suddenly many of the shrubs



Starving deer were routed out of valuable orchards with flares and Roman candles

claimed dead started to regenerate.

The Internal Revenue service quickly sent out notices for discussions on shrubbery losses. No, they weren't interested in half-dead shrubs; if they had regenerated, return the loss claimed on them.

A Tacoma estate-owner who had deducted \$705 from his income tax for loss in property value due to damaged roses and shrubs, found

some of them coming back, answered his invitation and reported that the "discussion" cost him \$125. "And there may be another," he sighed. "If only I'd dug those plants up when I thought they were dead."

No one can foresee what all the final after-effects of the Big Freeze will be. But happily scientists say it is a phenomenon that might occur no oftener than once in 500 years.

Our Times

A MILWAUKEE UNION opposed the uniting of garbage and trash collections on the grounds that garbage collectors were "specialists."

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL asked the Akron, Ohio, juvenile court to let her move from her home, complaining, "If I even mention Elvis at the supper table I am forced to leave without eating anything."

M. F. FATOVE, chief at Leningrad's Metropole Hotel, was awarded Red China's medal of "Chinese-Soviet Friendship" for his services to the Chinese people. He taught them to make borscht.

A BLACKBURN, ENGLAND, man decided to remain legally dead after being identified erroneously as a train wreck victim because of the "high cost" involved in going through the legal procedure of establishing his existence.

THE CITIZENS OF POZZUOLI, Italy, didn't complain when an electronics mix-up resulted in their sets going blank and blaring forth the inter-police radio-telephone conversations. "Best program we ever had," they said.

—HAROLD HELFER

Mixed Doubles

(Answers to quiz on page 81)

- (1) specter; scepter. (2) lashes; hassle. (3) previous; pervious.
- (4) several; reveals. (5) respond; ponders. (6) presume; supreme.
- (7) sharing; garnish. (8) forest; foster. (9) pierce; recipe.
- (10) please; elapse. (11) drawer; warder. (12) praise; aspire.
- (13) hoarse; ashore. (14) teacher; cheater. (15) rebate; berate.
- (16) latter; rattle. (17) rescue; secure. (18) result; luster.
- (19) rivets; strive. (20) plaster; psalter. (21) resource; recourse.
- (22) rapier; repair.



PABLO CASALS

idealist of the strings

by Fernando Valenti

ON THE MORNING of April 16, 1957, a symphony orchestra was seated on the giant stage of the theater of the University of Puerto Rico. The musicians, hand-picked from the major orchestras of the United States, waited in respectful silence for their conductor. To play under his leadership, they had traveled hundreds of miles.

After a few minutes, a chunky little man came on stage wearing a brown wool sweater, no necktie, and the expression of a benign teddy-bear. Immediately, the orchestra rose in tribute, for this was the ageless, the almost legendary Pablo Casals.

Fernando Valenti, world-renowned harpsichordist, has played with Pablo Casals at the first Prades Festival in France and also at the 1957 Casals Festival in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

The conductor tapped his baton crisply, and with that one gesture the orchestra was galvanized by the irresistible electricity that Casals generates.

For the first hour, he lashed the orchestra as it played, not with insults but with his hands, his eyes, the almost choreographic motions of his body. In a croaking voice he sang the various instrumental parts as they were played, he grunted, he hissed. Now and then he halted the orchestra, his baton ringing on the podium, "No, no, no!" Once he insisted on repeating a single chord 13 times.

When, finally, he was prevailed upon to permit his exhausted men a ten-minute break, it was an equally exhausted Casals who slowly walked to his dressing room. He lay down to rest—and it was there that he suffered a heart attack with the echoes of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" still in his ears. Four physicians rushed to the bedside of this man whose life stands as a testament to moral as well as artistic integrity.

Pablo Casals, whose name is a watchword among men of good will throughout the world, was born in Vendrell, a small town near Barcelona, in Spanish Catalonia. One of 11 children of a church organist, the infant Pablo sang difficult songs in perfect tune long before he could speak more than a few syllables. By his eighth birthday, he had already appeared as a violinist in a semi-private concert.

He did not become a professional violinist because the townspeople identified a fiddle with sightless beg-

gars, and his playmates constantly pretended he was blind. Actually, the violin became less a source of musical pleasure to him than the cause of several black eyes.

A band of itinerant musicians visited Vendrell with the first violin-cello Casals had ever seen. The sight and sound of that instrument made such an impression on the boy that his father was forced to contrive a makeshift 'cello out of a broom-stick handle, one string and an empty pumpkin shell.

At 11, young Pablo was enrolled in the Barcelona Municipal School; at 13, he had attracted the attention of Count de Morphy, adviser to the Queen Mother and Regent, María Christina. The Royal Family gave the boy a small pension and later sent him off to a Belgian conservatory for advanced study, accompanied by his mother. The pension was their only income.

Young Pablo, notoriously absent-minded, forgot to bring his 'cello the day he came up for his entrance examination. He agreed to play on a borrowed instrument and when asked, "What can you play?" he answered, "Anything!"

His judges could not help chuckling at his supreme self-confidence. Scarlet with rage, the boy snapped up the borrowed 'cello and began to play as, even then, only he could. When he finished, the director of the Conservatory embraced him, and offered him a valuable scholarship.

Casals retorted, "No! You made fun of me in front of all these people and I will not stay here another moment." With that, he strode out; and thus began the war for personal

independence which he waged all his life.

Casals' fame spread rapidly and his ethical standards remained as uncompromising as his artistic ones. With the passage of the years, he grew more and more shocked by international events: the spectacle of global war, the bloody revolution in Russia, the system of mechanized murder in Germany. Aggression, oppression and tyranny—all sickened him. How could great art exist against a background of such horror, he demanded. And he protested with the only weapons he had: his personal prestige and the exalted music of his 'cello. He deliberately laid away the instrument and despite fabulous offers refused to appear on the concert stage anywhere.

World War II found Casals in self-imposed exile in Prades, a small town in France's Pyrénées, an exile from Spain and the Fascism he hated, and from the audiences of the world. He lived simply and quietly, taking long walks with his dog and devoting mornings to playing Bach Preludes and Fugues on his piano.

With the long-awaited end of the war, Casals' dream that the meek would inherit the earth seemed closer to realization. He began considering coming out of retirement. But the victorious Powers became divided among themselves, the political institutions in Spain which he deplored continued to be recognized, and once more Casals took up the challenge. But his protests fell on deaf ears. Disillusioned, he returned to Prades to live out his days in silence.

The year 1950 marked the bi-

centennial of the death of Johann Sebastian Bach. Commemorative festivals were organized throughout the world and Casals received thousands of letters entreating him to end his retirement. The astronomical fees he was offered only aroused his anger. "No," he said, "it is not a matter of money. It is a moral issue."

The violinist Alexander Schneider went to Prades to talk with Casals. His enthusiasm, and Casals' veneration for Bach, finally won the day. Casals agreed to play, but only if the concerts were held in the one community that had not betrayed his moral convictions, his own little kingdom, the village of Prades.

The 1950 festival is history. Scores of the world's greatest musicians

congregated in the tiny village which had for centuries enjoyed nothing more than its own unimportance. Through its crooked, cobbled streets walked Rudolf Serkin, Szigeti, Horszowski, Isaac Stern and a host of international celebrities. Casals was honored, and he was grateful. The world had not forgotten him. The mountain had come to Mahomet. Since then, the Prades Festival has become a yearly event.

Today, Pablo Casals—now living in Puerto Rico—astonishes his friends with the ease with which he wears his 81 years. At last writing, though the old master had suffered a second heart attack, he was intrepidly preparing for the 1958 Prades Music Festival!

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

- Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica"): Cleveland, Szell; Epic LC 3385
 Berlioz, L'Enfance Du Christ: Boston, Munch; RCA Victor LM-6053
 Berlioz, 5 Overtures: Paris Opera, Cluytens; Angel 35435
 Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique: New York Philharmonic, Mitropoulos; Columbia ML 5188
 Brahms, Symphony No. 2: Berlin Philharmonic, Böhm; Decca DL 9933
 Glière, The Red Poppy, Ippolitov-Ivanov, Caucasian Sketches: London Philharmonic, Fistoulari; RCA Victor LM-2133
 Grieg, Peer Gynt Music: Royal Philharmonic, Beecham; Angel 35445
 Haydn, Six Trios for Flute and Strings, op. 38: Birkelund, etc.; Vanguard VRS 1008
 Mahler, Song of the Earth, Songs of a Wayfarer: Concertgebouw, Van Beinum, Merriman, Häfliger; Epic SC 6023
 Music of France: San Francisco, Monteux; RCA Camden CAL 385
 Prokofieff, Cinderella: Covent Garden, Rignold; RCA Victor LM-2135
 Rossini, The Barber of Seville (Highlights): RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra, Bamboschek; RCA Camden CAL-386
 Schumann Song Recital: Fischer-Dieskau; Decca DL 9935
 Shostakovich, Symphony No. 7: Leningrad Philharmonic, Mravinsky; Symphony No. 1: U.S.S.R. State, Kondrashin; Vanguard VRS 6030/1
 Smetana, Czech Polkas and Dances: Firkusny; Capitol P8372
 Stokowski: Landmarks of a distinguished career; Capitol P8399

FRED BERGER

CORONET

Rent your luxury

by ROSANNE McVAY

*A booming new business enables you to live
like a million without being rich*

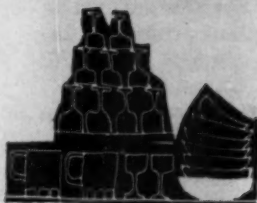
RENTING HAS BECOME the greatest boon to millions of Americans since buying on credit was introduced. For today you can rent anything from the useful to the incredible. Just name it. You can rent it—somewhere. In the last ten years this rental mania has grown into a billion-dollar industry. Luxuries like limousines, airplanes, mink coats, original paintings and other costly objects, once proud possessions of great wealth only, can now be rented at a slight fraction of cost. And anyone who has ever dreamed of living like a millionaire can indulge in the fantasy—for a day, or as long as common sense and his budget permit.

In increasing numbers, people rent for reasons of utility, show, business and fun. And, since the human mind is ingenious, unusual rental requests constantly crop up like crises in a soap opera.

"My business was built on unusual requests," says Fred Birkner of Chateau Theatrical Animals, a New York City firm which specializes in renting live animals.

A Newport hostess, for example, wanted three penguins for a New Year's Eve party, money no object. The penguins were specially flown up from Chile. Promptly at the stroke of 12, the doors of her grand ballroom were thrown open and in waddled the unheralded trio, impeccable in built-in white shirts and tails. Their magisterial dignity, in comic contrast to the noisy revelers, convulsed everyone. The price for the merriment, \$2,000.

To avoid complications, at least one handler always accompanies an animal. They are usually rented to enliven parties or business banquets. And you can rent any known creature—and some unknown—for any occasion. The price of an elephant



MATILDE LOURIE

or camel is \$350, a horse \$50, a monkey \$65. Special service, distance and additional handlers hike costs, however.

In the past few years, costume rentals for charity balls and private masquerade parties have become increasingly popular. During the social season many a law-abiding citizen has blossomed into a Robin Hood, his fair companion into Good Queen Bess, bewigged, bedecked and bejewelled from the vast clothes arsenal of Brooks Costume Company, or other outfitters around the country. There is hardly a character in history or fiction who cannot be resuscitated at a rental fee of from \$15 to \$500, depending on the quality silk, brocade or adornment.

AT THE STAR-STUDDED OPENING of the movie *The Egyptian*, in 1954, a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce pulled up. Out stepped a distinguished, dark-complexioned man with beard and mustache. He wore a tuxedo topped by a white turban and was followed by two lovely ladies.

Reporters and photographers crowded round him and in cultivated Oxford-English he graciously informed them he was the Maharajah of Barata. An eager TV producer quickly signed him up for his late evening show, where the Maharajah spoke eloquently of his native country.

Next day, his picture, beside other celebrities, appeared in newspapers across the land. But that afternoon the bubble burst when inquiry revealed Barata to be a mythical realm—and the Maharajah a prankster named Albert Carlo, by profession

an artist, who delighted in using rented regalia to hoax the press. Everything but his beard and mustache had been rented.

Modern apparel for male or female from "dress to sports" can be rented from \$15 up. As in the case of the visitor to Manhattan who lost her suitcase enroute. Expected at a formal party that evening, she rented a stunning evening gown, with shoes to match and, like Cinderella, rode off to the ball in finery costing her \$25 but worth several hundred.

Rentals of luxury items of the big, bulky kind have increased fivefold, mainly because possession, even temporary, denotes wealth and prestige. Besides, there are no worries about insurance, labor or storage—all the responsibility of the owner. In some cases, rental costs can even be charged off on income tax as legitimate business expense.

A limousine with chauffeur usually rents for \$6 an hour or 32¢ a mile, whichever is higher. The service can be obtained any hour of the day or night. When leaving a party in the wee hours, you can step into your hired limousine—order, "Home, James," with an air of distinction—and doze peacefully enroute.

It is becoming commonplace to rent cars, with or without chauffeur. As for planes, you can rent (charter to the initiated) any size for any purpose. For those who can afford to splurge, any whim can be fulfilled quickly, though the tariff comes high.

For a month's fishing trip, eight men chartered a reconditioned PBVY equipped with sleeping quarters and galley. Their flying campsite en-

abled them to go wherever rumor had the fish biting.

Recently, a young man phoned a plane-rental company with a problem. He wanted to be flown at once to a spot in Maryland where he could marry his girl before she changed her mind. The urgency was caused by a rival, a smooth talker, whom he had finally outsmarted by winning the girl's consent for this trip. And would the pilot act as witness and best man?

He did, and returned with his passengers, now happily Mr. and Mrs., the cause of romance served, though this special service was not included in the rental fee.

In one company, the price for a single-engine plane seating three passengers is \$3 an hour, plus 25¢ an air mile. For a twin-engine, seating four, it is \$10 an hour, plus 35¢ a mile. Larger planes cost more, and waiting time or an empty return trip brings the toll up.

Interest in private flight is so great, too, that one rent-a-car company plans a string of pilot-your-own planes. At present, most planes come with pilot. And if you want to experience flight by helicopter, a New York Airways whirligig will pick you up, often in your own back yard, deposit you practically wherever you say.

The public at large is waking up to the possibilities in renting as a one-time thing or for longer periods. Sparkman & Stephens, one of the largest brokers in the boat rental field, say they now charter more pleasure craft than ever before. And you can hire anything that you are big enough to afford, from \$100 up.

One moderately wealthy Pennsylvania manufacturer managed to combine vacation and fun with business at what he considered a reasonable price. With three associates and their wives, he chartered a 65-foot cruising houseboat for \$1,200 a week, exclusive of food, liquor and fuel, but including a crew of captain, steward, and engineer.

For those with less ample means, smaller boats that sleep four can be rented for \$200 a week, but you have to be your own captain, the family your crew. To entertain friends in a grand manner, but still within a fairly modest budget, you can charter a 40-foot power boat with captain at about \$100 a moonlight and daylight sail.

Today you can rent practically any kind of locomotion—trucks, buses, tractors, baby carriages, bicycles, conveyor systems, oil barges, hearses, scooters. And those with a taste for the finer things of life can rent paintings.

The New York Circulating Library of Paintings, the first of its kind, will send works of art all over the country for a fee of from \$5 to \$80 a month, depending on the value of the painting. With proper credentials you can walk out with a painting merely by paying the first month's rental price. The Museum of Modern Art, the Art Institute of Chicago and several other museums now also rent.

At first, people often merely ask for "something for over the sofa." But after the trial-and-error method of exchanging one painting for another, they frequently become connoisseurs, learning values, distinc-

tions and "who's who" in art.

A psychiatrist rented six abstracts for the purpose of starting the flow of his patients' streams of consciousness. "You can see anything you want to in an abstract," an expert explained.

In musical instruments you can rent anything that makes sound—a small harpsichord for \$110, marimbas for \$22, drums with tomtoms for \$22, or a whistle for \$1.

In fur coats, stoles and capes, you can name your animal skin. The rental price is \$15 a day—or \$30 a weekend—and up. One nightclub singer claimed she got her start when she was interviewed by a club owner in rented mink. Assured of her elegance, she acted like a star, impressed him and got the job.

A far-sighted young lawyer arranged with the Abet Fur Company to deliver to his wife throughout the summer a different fur piece whenever they visited the swank country club he'd joined. He said it was a business investment and made him look successful. His plan worked so well that in time he was able to buy his wife two stoles and a mink coat.

For a festive affair, caterers like Sherry's or the Mayfair Catering Company, for example, will supply

not only the food, but rent you all the party trimmings—bar, tent, glassware, silver, samovar, chairs, tables, linen, dishes, coat racks, ice bucket and other fine details, all delivered and installed with amazing speed. And after the party is over, everything is whisked away with no sign of displacement. A bar rents for \$6 to \$15; highball glasses, 60¢ to \$1.00 a dozen. You can spend from \$5 up to several thousand.

For a lawn party, your imagination can run riot. If you have the price, you can turn your few acres into a wonderland with fake moonlight, lily pads and swans on your pool, canopy and red carpeting at the door, a dancing floor on the lawn under a marquee (a posh satin-lined tent) with indirect lights illuminating a fairyland of splendor as if you had a private jinni. The rental firms say over 90 per cent of renters are honest and, on the whole, careful of borrowed property. Nevertheless, they insure everything.

To fulfill most any desire, all you need is a telephone, a classified directory—and the cash, of course. Often no deposit as security is required. (Renting firms are extremely trusting, but also extremely careful.)

IN FEBRUARY CORONET

BEWARE THE REFUND RACKET!

Millions of taxpayers risk being victimized by phony "experts" when they seek help with their returns. A timely expose' of the vicious income tax refund racket.

THE FRANCES FARMER STORY

At the pinnacle of success, actress Frances Farmer suffered a crushing mental breakdown. A poignant picture-text story of how she is fighting her way back.

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



SPECIAL DIET COOK BOOK . . . \$2.95



First approved cook book all 7 major health diets: Low Calorie (reducing) High Calorie (weight gain) Bland (ulcers, colitis) Low Sodium (salt free) Anti-Constipation Diet Special Diabetes Diets Low Fat-Low Cholesterol 512 pages practical help every type diet problem. Over 1200 recipes. Larmer Health Books, 433 Main Blvd., Allentown 3, Pa.

IMPORTED MIXED GLOXINIAS

Lovely imported Belgium Hybrid Gloxinias. Large size bulbs. Beautiful, easy-to-grow house plants. Bloom indoors in 6 to 8 weeks with 3" to 4" flowers that last for months. May also be planted outside. exquisite mixed colors. Supply limited. Send only 50¢ for 2. \$1.00 for 5. Sent Postpaid. Order Today. R. H. Shumway Seedsman, Dept. 475, Rockford, Illinois.



MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS



Diamonds cost at least \$1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only \$24, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beautiful hand-cut & polished, amazing. Capra Gems are more dazzling than diamonds. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-18, P.O. 5145, Phila. 41.

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

Invisible Reweaving pays up to \$10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabrico, Dept. 391, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.



FREE RUG BOOK—SAVE UP TO 1/2



Amazing Olson Broadloom Offer! Rich, new, extra thick, heavy, double wearing. Reversible Rugs & Carpets. Your old rug, carpet, clothing can Save you up to 1/2. Money back Guar. Easy Terms. Our 84th yr. Over 3 million customers. Free Broadloom Bargain Book-Model rms. in color. Write for your copy. Olson Rug Co., Dept. A-51, Chicago 41, Ill.

PLAIN OLD FASHIONED HAND CREAM

You can pay more but you cannot buy better. No fancy advertising claims. Plain Jar. Softie is an old fashioned, moisture retaining hand cream. Leaves no sticky feeling. Send \$2.00 for Giant Full Pint Jar postpaid. Federal tax paid. Ohio add 3%. Refund if you are not satisfied. Pyrrole Chemical Corp., 817 Spring Lane, Portsmouth, Ohio.



135 EXOTIC ORIENTALS ONLY 25c



From farthest corners of the earth—amazing collection of valuable stamps of the mysterious Orient! 135 all-different from Borneo, Siam, Hong Kong, Malaya, Sarawak, Singapore, etc. Scarce Airmails, flowers, temples, mts., birds animals. Worth \$2.24 at Cat. prices! Plus Big Bargain Catalog & approvals. Send 25¢ to Jamestown Stamps, Dept. D18CO, Jamestown NY.

SECRET OF HOW TO BE TALLER

Instantly, you can add almost 2 inches to your height! "Elevators," amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. Gain poise, prestige, confidence. Don't envy tall men, be one! Wear "Elevators"! Free booklet showing 31 styles. Write Stone-Tarlow Dpt. C158, Brockton 68, Mass.



(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 165

MAKE MONEY WRITING . . .

short paragraphs. You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Many make money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. No tedious study. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. 199-N, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26, Ill.



REDUCE UNWANTED BULGES



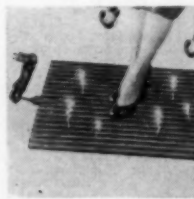
Electric figure glorifier vibrates away flabby tissues with tested two-way action in privacy of home. Four-Roller Masseurs give you a firmer, more youthful, graceful figure. Marvelous stimulant for poor circulation, soothing relief for tired aching muscles. V.L. approved, AC only. \$9.98 Ppd. Money Back Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-A Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY \$2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, multi., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. \$2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. (\$3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. J-85, Huntington Valley, Pa.



ELECTRIC FOOT WARMER



No more cold feet. . . . Keeps your feet and ankles comfortably warm. The Electro Mat is made of oil resistant rubber, operates on any 110-volt AC or DC outlet, consumes less than 100 watts. . . . 14" x 21". Can be used by anyone in office-store-factory or home. 12-mo. guar. \$7.95 ppd. Peterson Rubber Mat Co., 5506 N. Halifax, Arcadia, California.

"MOVABLE INSERT TABS"

Telephone-Address Book That's Never Obsolete For your Office, home, life time! Illustrated. No. 1003 \$5.25 ppd., special pages for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Xmas Card listings. No. T395: Loose Leaf Style, \$6.50 ppd. Greater name capacity. Extra tabs \$1.00-1.00 on perforated sheets. Send ck. or M.O. Widder Associates, Dept. C-2, 110 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y.



Silver

FOR THE PAST five years I have lived in the native section of the city of Marrakech, Morocco, and have made friends among the local Moslems.

Miloud, a blind Moslem beggar, is one of my favorites, and I have never failed to give him a small coin or two as I pass him each morning on my way to work.

One day, having no small change in my pocket, I told Miloud regretfully that I had no money for him. On my way back a few hours later Miloud, upon hearing my footsteps, held up a fistfull of bills and coins and, calling down on my head the blessings of the Great Allah, explained that having collected all his pitifully small fortune, he begged to be allowed to offer it to me.

Overwhelmed by Miloud's ges-

1/4 ACRE IN FLORIDA: \$495

Orange Blossom Estates (near Sebring, Southern Fla.) offers choice property for only \$25 down—includes rights to private lake, clubhouse on property. Save on clothing, fuel bills; no tax on homes under \$5,000 evaluation. Free colorful, illus. brochure. Orange Blossom Estates, Sebring, Fla. (Members, Sebring & Fla. State Chambers of Commerce.)



Linings



ture, I could hardly find words to make him understand that I did not need his money since I had only been short of small coins. Tears of disappointment gathered in his sightless eyes, so happy had he been at the thought of being able to help me.

My eyes were also moist as I slowly walked away wondering at the inspiring thought of such a miserable, yet extraordinary, human being.

—G. DE FOURLAUX

LAST FALL found our little girl ill in the hospital. As her condition was very serious, my husband and I spent every possible moment with her. On Halloween night, before leaving home to go to the hospital, I filled a large bag with cookies, candy and apples. I placed the bag outside the front door and to it

NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!

Now! — a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price \$170. Write for Booklet C, "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17.



GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP \$1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only \$1 ppd. Same large map US \$1—Money Back Guar. Display Pub. Co., Dept. C-1, 505 5th Ave., N.Y. 17.



FREE! 1958 124-PAGE CATALOG



Go into business for yourself in your spare time. No investment, no stock to carry. Sell famous brand items to neighbors and friends: radios, watches, clocks, jewelry, cookware, appliances, cutlery, toys and thousands of others. You buy at low wholesale prices. Make big profits every sale. Write Fraib Co., Dept. CO, Union Sq., New York, N.Y.

\$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just \$1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-PPM, Lynn, Massachusetts.



NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE



He predicted Atomic War. Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will affect you! Vol. \$5 ppd. Nostradamus, Inc., Dept. C-158, 380 Canal St., N.Y.C.

LIFE INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

If under 80, you can still apply for a \$1000 regular Old Line Legal Reserve life insurance policy. Entire transaction handled by mail. No one will call on you. Mail post card or letter today. Give name, address & age. Complete info. sent by return mail. Address Old American Insurance Company, 1 West 9th Street, Dept. L125M, Kansas City, Missouri.



WHY DON'T YOU WRITE

Writing stories, articles, enables you to earn extra money. M. Hayes says: "I sold 2 articles although only halfway through NIA course." In your own home, with the NIA Method, you too, can learn to write by writing, the way newspaper men and women do. Send for our free "Writing Aptitude Test." Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5518-A, One Park Ave., New York 16.



BE \$600 RICHER—BORROW BY MAIL



Have money in your pocket again and cut your present monthly bill payments by 1/2. Get a quick private loan by mail—\$100 to \$600. Repay in small installments over 20 months. Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope. State amount needed. State Finance Company, 323 Securities Building, Dept. A-289, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

\$1 DELIVERS UNDERWOOD & LIGHT

1957 Underwood portable delivered immediately for just \$1.00 down, then \$1.50 weekly; 24 months to pay! Every modern feature! Includes electric light, carrying-case, booklets "Earn Extra Money Typing at Home" — "Typing Inst."! Student, Mom & Dad will love the Underwood! Send \$1 no. Scot Typewriter Co., Dept. 295-A, 1 Beekman St., NYC.



*RIPPLE® SOLES "WALK" FOR YOU



Flexible sole depresses underfoot, releasing energy as foot lifts. Ripple® Sole: absorbs walking shock, balances weight, lengthens stride and provides traction. 15.95 ppd. Sizes 6-12, A-Mich. 3% tax. Write for folder (men's, women's and children's): Hack Shoe Stores, Mutual Building, Detroit, Michigan. *TM-Ripple Sole Corp.

FORCES YOU TO SAVE \$100.00

a year automatically! Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Makes you save daily, or calendar won't change date. Use year after year. Reg. \$3.50. Now only \$1.99 ea.; 3 for \$5.75 ppd. Personalized with Gold fin. Initials. \$2.99; 2 for \$5.50 ppd. Mail to Date-Bank, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, New York.



Silver Linings continued

pinned the following note: "Trick-or-Treaters—our daughter Sandra is very ill and we have gone to the hospital to see her. Each child may help himself to a treat from this bag."

On the way home from the hospital later that evening we couldn't help worrying about what mischievous pranks and possible vandalism might have been visited upon our house in our absence. At the very least, we expected the entire supply of Halloween goodies to be gone.

We were surprised, and a little ashamed, to find the bag of treats still almost half filled, and beside it was another bag bulging with Halloween goodies, and bearing the following message in a childish scrawl: "To Sandra from your friends. We hope you get well soon." It was signed with the names of 17 neighborhood children. Needless to add, not a single "trick" had been played.

—MRS. WALTER M. POWELL

WHILE ON "VACATION" in Guatemala City, an American nurse worked among the poverty stricken Indians, teaching sanitation and any

BE YOUR OWN PILOT!

Thrilling flights, motor whirling at 15,000 RPM and you control this Sabre 44 ready-to-fly gas model! High impact plastic in vivid colors; fully assembled, with engine. Big 14" wingspan. Free \$3 accessory kit, fuel, battery, etc., included for ordering promptly. \$9.95 ppd., complete. S & S Sales, Box 3482, Chicago 54, Illinois.



health aid she could. They seemed to resent her until one morning she was awakened at 2 A.M. by an Indian crying, "Señora, Señora!" She followed him to his squalid shack and there delivered his son. It took hours, and she returned to her hotel exhausted, after receiving no pay, no thanks.

Months later, as she was about to board a ship for home, she felt someone touch her arm. There stood the Indian parents, poorly dressed but clean, holding the baby she had delivered.

"You save two life," the man said, worshipfully. "We decide, for thank, we give one life to you—for keep."

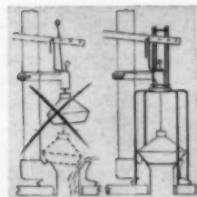
They handed her the baby and turned quickly away.

Astounded, she hugged the infant close a moment then ran to return it to the parents, and raced back barely in time to catch her ship. From the deck she looked down moist-eyed at Guatemala, realizing that gratitude, though often unspoken, is universal, even among the world's abject poor.

—OREN ARNOLD

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD son Peter had just entered kindergarten when he had an eye operation which necessitated his wearing dark glasses with

HOW TO STOP RUNNING TOILET TANKS



Now! Simple attachment ends annoying tank noise and water waste. New, non-rusting tank ball guide assures absolute sealing of water outlet. Ball cannot "hang-up" or drop off-center as shown. Full instructions to slip on any standard tank assembly in minutes. Pat. applied for. Only \$1.25, postpaid. Davies Product Engineering Co. Box 216, Fraser, Mich.

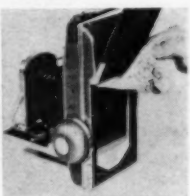
AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .



restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

AUTOMATIC POLAROID TIMER . . . \$4.95

No more guessing & spoiled films. A 1-Minute Developing Timer that tells automatically when picture is finished. Bell signals end of timing period. Attaches to tripod socket. Precision made—unconditionally guaranteed. Choice of brown or grey to match camera (specify when ordering) ppd. \$4.95. Columbia Distributors, Box 84, Brooklyn 14, N. Y.



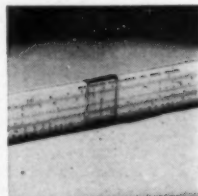
IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER



See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records, cards. Easy to use, University tests, parents' reports show children gain up to a full year's grade in 6 weeks. Write for free illus. folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. U-16, Wilmette, Ill.

SLIDE RULE—PLUS BOOK—98¢

Anyone who understands simple 7th grade arith. can use this standard 10" slide rule. For business men, students, tech. workers, mechanics, home workshop enthusiasts & housewives! Easy to do add., subtraction, proportions, discounts, commissions, etc. Slide rule & instruction book, only 98¢ pp. Nelson-Hall Co., 210 S. Clinton, Dept. AS-58, Chicago 6.



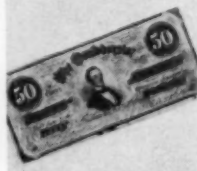
FREE NEW ELIZABETH STAMPS!



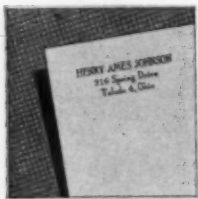
Rush reply for new Elizabeth II stamps, never given before—Free. From world's newest country, Ghana, plus Kenya, Cook Islands, many more—all genuine, all different. So new, you'll add all to your collection. Free "Collector's Guide," other offers included for inspection. Rush 10¢ handling to Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. 1CRQ, Calais, Maine.

BEST VALUES

\$1,000,000 in Confederate Money. Be a deep-south millionaire with money to burn. You can do everything with this money except spend it. A million bucks in \$10's, \$20's, \$50's, etc. Light your cigarettes or cigars with a ten-spot. You get a million for \$2.98 or four million for \$10. Postpaid. Best Values Company, Dept. M-92, 403 Market Street, Newark, N. J.



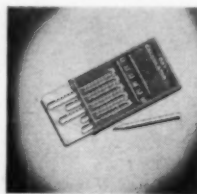
HAMMERMILL BOND ENVELOPES



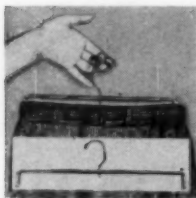
The perfect envelope for all mail not requiring a letterhead. Your name and address printed in the upper left-hand corner on the address side of 100 3 7/8" x 7 1/4" heavy-weight, Hammermill Bond Envelopes—only \$1.65 post paid, 500 — \$5.50, 1,000 — \$9.75. Money back guarantee. Williams Stationery Co., Dept. C, Camden, New York.

POCKET ADDING MACHINE \$1.50

Simple to use! Adds, subtracts, mult. Calculates 999,999. Accurate as machine costing many times this amaz. low price. Not a toy. Save money, time. Avoid calculating errors. Ideal for office & home use, keeping golf & card scores, bud et. shopping. Just \$1.50. We pay post. Money bk. guar. Ray Calculator Co., 259 Strader, Dept. CR-1, Cincinnati 26, Ohio.



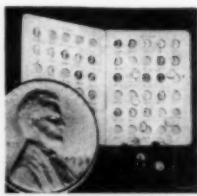
CLIPLESS SKIRT HANGER



At last... a skirt hanger that never slips, has no clips to mark fabric. Inserts quickly into waistband, holds skirt gently, firmly, without stretching. The secret is its unique spring action. Ideal for taffetas, velvet, corduroy, leather. Order 3 for \$2.50, 5 for \$3.98, pp. Satisfaction guaranteed. Convenient Home Products, CO-1, Box 396, Fairlawn, N. J.

59 LINCOLN CENTS WORTH \$35-\$120

according to leading U.S. coin authorities. There are spaces for 59 cents in this album (\$1) dated from 1909 to 1939 (1 of each date and mint). All Cents Are In Circulation. Save other sets worth hundreds of dollars. All information sent with 1st album. Send \$1 to Hobbies Unlimited, Box 97, Dept. C-7, Oakland Gardens, Station, Flushing, New York.



Silver Linings continued

"side-blinders" for a while. When he returned to kindergarten, his classmates jeered at him because he looked "different." Peter came home heartbroken.

I went to school and asked the teacher if I might speak to the youngsters. I told them that, instead of teasing and taunting Peter, they should be proud of him because he had undergone a difficult operation so very bravely. When I finished talking, the sound of a dropped pin could have been heard in the room.

The next day, about 25 little kindergarteners lined up in the schoolyard wearing dark glasses and my son was made the hero of them all!

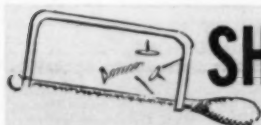
—MRS. DORA NEWMAN

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay \$50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

* FREE OFFER! QUANTITY LIMITED!

150-pg. pocket-size Guide lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Gives complete "inside" information—cuisine, specialties, entertainment, etc., carefully prepared by editors of Esquire—foremost authority on gracious living. *Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide," Dept. C12, P.O. Box 158C1, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.





SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.



FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as \$9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 803 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

FUR-REMODELING. Send for free Fur Style Booklet today. 50% savings. Direct by mail. Your old worn fur coat in glamorous new style cape or jacket for only \$22.95. For this special price we clean, glaze, repair fur, resew weak seams, lusterize to like-new sheen, remodel completely, add new lining, interlining and your monogram. Write I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th St., Dept. F-14, New York 1, N. Y.

RELIEF from varicose veins. Sheer nylon elastic hosiery now sensationally low-priced. Open toe above or below knee only \$2.99 ea., \$4.98 pr. First quality. Small, Med., Large, X-Large. Send calf measurements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check, MO or COD. Paul Morris Co., Dept. C, 210 5th Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

SINGING Stone A beautiful gem recommended by Edgar Cayce, the Miracle Man of Virginia Beach, as an aid in developing your intuition. Ladies pendant \$3.00. Write for free Mystic Gem catalog. The Gem Exchange, Bayfield, Colorado.

MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full time. We instruct. No selling. Free details: Jud-San, Box 2107, Dept. M-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

MAKE Money Addressing! Full or part-time, days or evenings—longhand or typewriting. Literature Free. Expect something entirely different! Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed! Lovis C. Cove, Box 2580-R, Greensboro, No. Carolina.

WIDE Shoes for Women. Save money on smart, new styles selected right in your own home. Choose from all heel heights, sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Only \$4.95 to \$10.95, comfort and fit guaranteed. Write for free catalog now. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

HAIR Gone Forever! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Send \$4 for Booklet "New Radiant Beauty" to Mahler's Inc., Dept. 328-A, Providence 15, R. I.

MAKE Money at Home assembling our items. No tools, sewing or experience necessary. Crown Ind., Dept. 1, 8507-W 3rd, Los Angeles 48, California.

EARN, Save money sewing readycut products. Big demand. Fine sewing supplies wholesale. Illustrated catalog 10¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

TO MAIL ORDER ADVERTISERS: Through the Coronet Family Shopper you can expose your products and services each month to more than 10,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. For full information on insertion in any of the three Family Shopper divisions: (1) Display Section, (2) Shopping Guide—Classified, or (3) School and College Directory, write, indicating the division in which you are interested to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (Future closing dates: January 20 for April issue; February 20 for May issue.)

FOR THE HOME

FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds—50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at 1/2 price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam, 390K Nye Avenue, Irvington, N.J.

IT'S Smart To Shop By Mail. Select gifts of nationally-advertised merchandise from your armchair at low discount prices. Watches, jewelry, appliances, luggage, home furnishings, sporting goods, tools, etc. Write today for big Free Catalog. Midway House, Box 25, Rockford, Illinois.

FOR THE MEN

GENUINE Antique Weapons—Exciting! Choose from Robert Abels' collection. Popular-priced collectors' items to rare museum pieces. 140-pg. Catalog, illus., bckgrnds., pistols, guns, swords, armor, 50¢. Robert Abels, Inc., Box C, 860 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. 21.

FOR THE CHILDREN

CHILDREN love to receive Nature Letters telling all about a deer and his friends in the mountains. New letter is mailed every two weeks for one year. Entertaining. Educational. Send \$3.00 to G. L. Clark, 664 Oxford, Hawthorne, California.

FOR HEALTH & HYGIENE

"CENT-A-DAY brand vitamins. America's greatest vitamin value. Ten vitamins each tablet, supplying 100% min. daily needs. 365 tablets \$3.65. Only 1¢ each. Save 300% over nat'lly adv. brands. Formula on request. Cent-A-Day Co., Box 193 Abington, Pa.

ROYAL-JELLY. Save 50-60% over advertised prices. High Potency Capsules now contain 50 mgm. of this miraculous food of the Queen-Bee. 30's—\$3.25, 100's—\$9.75, 250's—\$21.00. Write for our Free Catalog. Vitamin Specialty, Phila. 40, Pa.

DO-IT-YOURSELF

YOU have a natural ability to draw. This humorous, common sense book proves it. A must for hobbyists and students. Send \$1.00 for "That Urge to Draw" ppd. to D. Burke, 2924 North Sheridan Road, Peoria, Illinois.

CATAMARANS are for those who want to be different. Plans for both sail and power with full-size templates. Send 25¢ for interesting and instructive literature. Also other boat plans. Widd Hauber, 2451 18th Ave. No., St. Petersburg 13, Fla.

FOR THE PARENTS

"8 MISTAKES Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Parents Association, Dept. 1351, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

NEW! Complete 5-stamp Sports Set for 10¢ to introduce adult stamps for 30-day examination. *Free subscription to illustrated house organ. *Free gift each time. *Free research story on each set. *Post paid both ways. Write now to Philatelics Unlimited, Whitestone 57, N. Y.

STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3¢ postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

SPECIAL Stamp Offer! To acquaint you with our better U.S. approvals, you get 2 different \$5.00 U.S. stamps plus 20 others: Hi-Values, Air Mails, Commemoratives, etc. Send 10¢ for Lot No. 20. Irwin, Box 11-45, Brooklyn 30, New York.



ONLY 10¢ brings you 115 unusual stamps from all 5 continents incl. Airmails, Dead Countries, Old Classics, Pictorials, etc. Value over \$2.00 to introduce our superb Approvals of all U. S. and Foreign stamps. Globus, New York 10, N.Y. Dept. 14.

GIANTIC Collection Free—Includes Triangles—Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives—British Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5¢ for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. CO, Toronto, Canada.

FOR COIN COLLECTORS

WE offer Scarce Lincoln Cents 1909 vdb. 14, 15, 16d, 17d, 17s, 18d, 18s, 19d, 19s, 20d, 20s, 21, 25d, 25s, 26d, 27d, 27s, 28d, 28s, 29s, 30s, 31, 32, 32d, 33, 37s, 38s, 39s, 42s—at 10¢ each. Reynolds Coin Shop, 209 E. Kearsley, Flint, Mich.

FOR PHOTO FANS

KODACOLOR Trial Offer, enlarged Kodacolor Prints from your negatives 15¢ each; or your 8 exposure Kodacolor film developed, enlarged only \$2.00; 12 exp. \$2.50. Return this ad with trial order or send for price list. Bell Color, Dept. C, Englewood, N. J.

COLOR-PROCESSING—High Quality—Fast Service and Low Prices. Kodacolor developing 85¢; prints 27¢. Kodachrome: 35 mm processing, 20 exposures—\$1.45; 36 exposures—\$2.25. 8 mm movie rolls \$1.25; 8 mm magazines—85¢. Send for complete price list and free mailers. Photo-Mail, Box 216C, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

FOR HOME MOVIE FANS

BEAUTIFUL fully titled Kodachrome movies of U. S. Nat'l Parks, Can., Alaska, Fla., Hawaii, historic shrines, weird underground caverns. 8mm. or 16mm. descriptive 150 subject catalog free. World in Color Productions, P. O. Box 392-C, Elmira, N. Y.

FOR INVENTORS

INVENTIONS Wanted now by my manufacturer-clients. Patented, unpatented. Write Gilbert Adams, Patent Broker, 80-C Wall Street, Financial District, New York City.

INVENTORS—Send for free Patent Information book and Inventor's Record. Registered Patent Attorney, Associate Examiner, Patent Office 1922-29; Patent Attorney & Advisor, Navy Dept. 1930-47, Gustave Miller, 18C Warner Bldg., Washington 4, D. C.

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, \$6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 100 registered patent attorneys use my service. Free invention protection forms. Miss Ann Hastings, P. O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

INVENTORS—Inventions needed immediately for manufacturers. If you have an invention with good sales possibilities that you wish to sell or license on cash or royalty basis, write Kessler Corporation, 351, Fremont, Ohio.

FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25¢. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th. Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.



FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

BOOK Manuscripts Considered by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty and national distribution. All subjects welcomed. Submit MS to Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc., Attn. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

FOR HORSEMEN

"HOW To Train Horses"—A book everyone who likes horses should have. Free. No obligation. Simply address Beery School of Horsemanship, Dept. 1451, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

COULD a week-end be worth \$500 to you? Are you interested in art & display work? For \$120 we will send you 20 imported oilpaintings which ret. for \$600. They will make finest art-show your community has ever seen. A. Lehmann, Box 122, Brockport, N.Y.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

EARN \$240.00 A Month at home, spare time doing only Two \$5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big Money paid for service that makes cuts, tears disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabrico, 6222 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.



AMAZING Greeting Card Money-Maker—Make \$75.00 on 100 Deluxe \$1.25 Assortments. Newest 21 for \$1 Tail Cards, Gift Novelties, 133 fast sellers. Gift Bonuses besides biggest profits. Experience unnecessary. Stationery samples Free, others on approval. \$1.25 Gift for prompt action. Creative Cards, 4401 Cermak, Dept. 503-H, Chicago 23.

MAKE big profits making costume jewelry at home in spare time! Sell to friends, neighbors, stores, everyone. Quick, easy to make; easier to sell! Details Free! Don-Bar, 3511 W. Armitage, Dept. A-112, Chicago 47, Illinois.

MAKE Money Writing Short Paragraphs! No tedious study. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply list of editors buying from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. C-199-N, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26.

YOU Can Add \$15 To \$25 a Week to your present income. Part-time Rawleigh Business now open; also full-time. Write at once for full particulars. Rawleigh's, Dept. A-185-CNT, Freeport, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE \$20,000 a Year—Own Your Own Business! Here is your big opportunity to make big money seasonally or earn income all year 'round with a Richardson Roadside Stand. A Richardson franchise gives you the opportunity to set up a nice business backed by a proven formula for making big money with a small investment. Write for further details. Richardson Corporation, Box 790, Dept. BC-1, Rochester 3, New York.

MAKE Extra Money—Cash commissions. Full or part time. Everybody buys easy-selling Advertising Book Matches. Union label. All styles. No experience necessary. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Superior Match, Dept. N-158, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

\$1,000.00 A month possible for making dramatic 3-second demonstration of amazing lightweight Presto Fire Extinguisher. New chemical used by Airforce snuffs out fire instantly. Only \$4.95. Terrific commission. Millions want it. Free kit. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd St., Dept. X-62E, New York 16, N. Y.

THERE'S demand for "Master Key" cleaner. It cleans septic tanks, also eats tree roots. Exclusive profitable territories going fast. Write Today! "Master Key" 102 Main, Peoria, Illinois.

GROW a living Miniature Forest or orchard (only inches high), that bears tasty, tiny fruit at home. Learn amazing Dwarfing secrets! Sensational Fascinating hobby. \$4444 Home-business Opportunity. Free Details! Miniature Nurseries, Dept. JY, Gardens, Calif.

ASK Your Wife if you love your job. She knows. Then ask us about home mailorder method that drops \$1,000 monthly into one mailbox; lets operator stay home and enjoy life working for himself. Details free. Mail Trade, Gonzales, Texas.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WILL you wear new suits & topcoats without one penny cost & agree to show them to friends? You can make up to \$30.00 a day even in spare time, without canvassing. Pioneer Tailoring Co., Congress & Throop Sts., Dept. T-1234, Chicago 7, Illinois.

PAYING home business. No selling—no investment. Use phone to offer free films to clubs, churches, groups equipped with 16mm projectors. You are paid by us for each booking arranged. Write for details, exclusive franchise. Sterling-Movies USA, Inc., 6 E. 39th St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women. Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM-26, Chicago 32, Illinois.

WANT To Make Big Money At Home? \$10.00 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, laundries, homes. Details Free. Fabrico, 6222 Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill.

EARN money at home. We teach you invisible mending & reweaving at home in spare time. New improved, step-by-step course, equip. supplied. Licensed approved school. Free details. Eastern School of Reweaving, Dept. C-18, 73 Main St., Hempstead, N. Y.



FREE To Women Only! Be a Beauty Advisor. No experience is needed. Make 60% profit on famous nationally advertised Hollywood Cosmetics. Demonstrate to friends and neighbors and earn up to \$5.00 an hour spare time—\$25.00 a day full time. Later you can double your earnings by letting others demonstrate for you. Free! No charge, now or ever, for actual useable samples of Studio Girl Cosmetics. Send name on postcard to me, Harry Taylor, president, Studio Girl Cosmetics, Dept. 1891M, Glendale, California.

MISCELLANEOUS—PERSONAL

LOANS By Mail. Borrow \$50 to \$500. Employed men and women over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Up to 2 years to repay—monthly payments. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation, American Loan Plan, City National Bank, Dept. C-1, Omaha, Nebraska.

START your party, church, home, lodge, veterans, sales meeting, or tavern with a bang. Get "Trobel-en-Wurry Bags." 2 1/2 dozen \$1.00. Print-A-Product, 232 5th Avenue North, St. Petersburg 1, Florida.

PAY Your Bills Now. Borrow \$100 to \$600 Cash by mail. Easy, quick, private. Repay in small monthly installments over 20 months. Your payments may run 1/2 less than now; have money left over to spend. Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope. Advise amount needed. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. A-250, Omaha 2, Nebrs.

HIGHEST Cash Paid for Old Gold or Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Rings, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles, Platinum, Mercury, Gold Coins. Write for Free Information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rose Refiners, 29-CB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

(Continued on next page)



SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY



Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities. For additional information write directly to the schools mentioning Coronet as the source of your interest.

HOME INSTRUCTION

WHY Don't You Write? Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men and women learn—by writing. Our unique Free "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5498-A, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

GIVE The Gift of Language to family, friends. A Linguaphone Set makes languages easy. At home, master French—34 languages by Linguaphone's Conversational Method. Free Book. Details of Free Trial. Linguaphone Inst., T-C-018 Radio City, N. Y. 20.



HOW to Write short stories, mysteries, articles. Learn at home for career or extra part-time income. Earn while learning. Adam Aretz sold first two stories for \$255. Professional writers show you how. Send today for free lesson and book. Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CM-16, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, Calif.

HIGH School at Home. You can still finish High School—at home, in your spare time. No interference with job, or social life. Win more pay, a better job, social recognition. Take only the subjects you need. Complete lesson and answer service. Personalized instruction. Low cost. Diploma to graduates. I.C.S. is oldest and largest (257 courses). Write today for 3 free books: (1) 36-page "How to Succeed," (2) sample lesson (Math), (3) Career Catalog—indicates course desired. International Correspondence Schools, Scranton 9, Penna., Dept. 39253M.

AUCTIONEERING Course Offered By Home Study or classes. Easy simplified "Learn by Doing" method. Nationally recognized Diploma granted. Write today for Free Sample Chart. Nelson Auction School, Box J., Renville, Minnesota.

DRESS design: Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free booklet. National School of Dress Design, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1411, Chicago, Illinois.

LAW training leads to business leadership, develops reasoning power, hastens accurate decisions. Study in spare time at home. Low cost, easy terms. Licensed attorney instructors. LL.B. Degree conferred. Two free books give full details. Write La Salle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. L 909, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

ENGLISH Course for Adults—With my new self-correcting method you can stop making mistakes—speak & write effectively. 15 minutes a day at home. Free 32 p. booklet. D. C. Bolander, Career Institute, Dept. 291, 25 E. Jackson, Chicago 4, Illinois.

HOME INSTRUCTION

TRAFFIC and Transportation men urgently needed by thousands of firms at excellent salaries. Become expert on rates, tariffs, regulations in spare time to qualify for executive traffic jobs. Training under traffic authorities. Get free book. LaSalle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. T 908, 417 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

OIL Coloring Photographs—A fascinating hobby or profitable sideline for those with artistic talent. Learn at home. Easy simplified method. Free booklet. National Photo Coloring School, 836 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 1411, Chicago 14.

"HOW to Make Money with Simple Cartoons"—A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Cartoonists' Exchange, Dept. 1021, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

COMPLETE Your High School at home in spare time with 61-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Booklet free. Write American School, Dept. X117, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Ill.

ACCOUNTING—Free Sample Lesson. Acute shortage of men and women Accountants makes real opportunity. LaSalle prepares you quickly in spare time at low cost. Accounting ability offers secure future. Free book gives facts. Write LaSalle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. H 906, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

LEARN to speak. Spanish, French, German or Italian at home. Living Language courses formerly \$27.00 only \$9.95. 4 10" 33 1/3 rpm LP discs, text, dictionary in attractive album. Send check or money order to Language Training Aids, Dept. CN, 12101 Valleywood Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland.

WRITING? Before you consider any course in writing—Compare! NYS offers: compl. training in fiction, non-fiction, TV; placement of saleable scripts. Write for info. & sample material. The New York School of Writing, Dept. 270, 2 E. 45 St., N. Y., N. Y.



INTERIOR DECORATION: Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free booklet. Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1411, Chicago 14, Ill.

BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

PROFESSIONAL & VOCATIONAL

CAN I At My Age Become A Hotel Hostess or Executive Even Though I Have Had No Previous Hotel Experience? Would you like to step into a well-paid position as Hotel or Club Manager, Purchasing Agent, Social Director or Assistant Manager, etc.? The success of Lewis graduates from 20 to 50 proves you can. Anne K. Sill writes: "Now Ass't Housekeeper at this fine hotel, thanks to Lewis Training." Our Free Book explains how you qualify for a well-paid position at home or through resident classes in Washington, how you are registered Free in Lewis Nationwide Placement Service. Write today. Course Approved for All Veteran Training. 42nd Year. Lewis Hotel Training School, Desk DA-1124, Washington 7, D. C.



INDIANA Technical College—B.S. degree in 27 mo. Engineering, Aero., Chem., Civil, Elec., Mech. & Electronics (inc. Radio & TV). B.S. in 36 mo. (Math., Chem., Physics). Prep. courses. Enter Dec., March, June, Sept. 9518 E. Wash. Blvd., Ft. Wayne 2, Ind.

EARN High Income as an expert Beautician. Enjoy financial independence. For Beauty Culture career information write National Association of Cosmetology Schools, Dept. 1C, 3839 White Plains Road, New York 67, N.Y.

BE an Airline Hostess—Romance! Travel! You can fly next month. Exciting jobs 35 airlines; starting salary \$3500 yr. Short, easy course for men, women. Catalog (give age). McConnell Airline School, 1030 Nicollet Ave., Rm. T, Minneapolis, Minn.

SECRETARIAL

SHORTHAND in 6 weeks. Age no obstacle. Lowest cost. Famous Speedwriting shorthand. No symbols, no machines, uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% faster than Civil Service requirements. Over 350,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 35th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Write today for free booklet which gives full details—and free sample lesson that will show you how easily and quickly you can learn Speedwriting shorthand. School of Speedwriting, Dept. 4901-8, 55 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

STENO-SECRETARIAL Training. Qualified secretaries urgently in demand. Prepare at home at low cost for high-paying secretarial career. Training includes Gregg shorthand, typing, English, personality development, filing, secretarial accounting, use of office machines, etc. Free book gives complete details. Write today. La Salle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. SS 907, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Ill.

LEARN Gregg shorthand at home fast, modern way in spare time. Prepare for better job, higher pay. Take dictation—Records from 1st lesson. A complete course. Lic. State of Pa. Free details. Price School, Dept. B, Laurel, North Hills, Pa.

RESORT and TRAVEL

Coronet readers planning vacations and trips will find interesting places to visit in this new section.

NEW YORK CITY

FOR DISCRIMINATING MEN & WOMEN



Overlooking beautiful Central Park, the magnificent 40-story Barbizon-Plaza Hotel favored for flawless service, delicious food—near Radio City, Broadway theatres. Every room 100% air-conditioned for seasonal comfort, TV & radio. Single, \$8.50-\$12. Double, \$12-\$19.50. Write for free booklet NC Barbizon-Plaza, 106 Central Pk. South, NY 19. Ph. Circle 7-7000.

FLORIDA

FLORIDA Keys oceanfront co-op apartments only \$9,000 to \$12,500, equipped and furnished, in most beautiful Keys' city. Beach, boating, fishing, shopping. For complete information, Studio Co-op Apts., Key Colony Beach, Box CO, Marathon, Florida.

MEXICO

RETIRE on \$100 a mo. If you want to retire or vacation in Mexico, article by retired Army Officer can save you money if you follow my tips. For facts, send \$2.00 check air mail to Lt. Lyle R. Minner, Apartado 156, Tepic, Nayarit, Mexico.

U. S. A.

***FREE Offer!** Esquire Club's 150-page Vest-Pocket Guide to Fine Dining, lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Listings include type of cuisine, specialties, entertainment facilities, etc. All restaurants carefully screened by editors of Esquire. Quantity limited. *Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide", Dept. C12-A, P.O. Box 158C, Radio City P.O., New York 19, New York.



TO RESORT & TRAVEL ADVERTISERS: More than 3,000,000 Coronet families regularly take extended travel vacations. You can reach them effectively and economically through Coronet Family Shopper's Resort Travel Section. For full information write to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

They called it justice

by Will Bernard



LIKE FOOD, JUSTICE has different flavors in different parts of the country. In a small town in Maine, for instance, the local judge also presided over that traditional New England assembly—the town meeting.

One day a woebegone old-timer was brought into court for stealing apples. The room was warm and the argument dull. As the defense attorney ended his plea, His Honor was nodding perceptibly.

A local citizen in the front row stood up carefully and in a quiet, town-meeting voice said, "I make a motion that the prisoner be discharged."

Someone else seconded the motion and the judge drowsily rapped his gavel and murmured, "Motion carried. Prisoner discharged."

And he was.

SOME YEARS AGO in rural Arizona, a cowboy was tried on a charge of horse-stealing. Since the jurors were all Mexicans unfamiliar with English, the proceedings had to be filtered laboriously to them through an interpreter.

Finally, on the afternoon of the third weary day, the cowboy's lawyer arose for his closing argument.

But instead of the expected "Gentlemen of the jury," he began: "*Señores jurados.*"

The jurors snapped to delighted attention. But the prosecutor leaped to his feet.

"I object!" he roared. "English is the official language in this courtroom."

The defense lawyer appealed to the judge in vain. The law was clear: he must speak English.

Crestfallen, he began his final plea. Equally crestfallen, the jurors resigned themselves to the frustration of secondhand listening. But they had learned something. Now they knew which side insisted on technicalities and which side wanted to talk to them in the way they understood.

The verdict came swiftly: not guilty.

As the grateful cowboy left the court, he whispered to his attorney, "I never knew you spoke Spanish."

"I didn't," grinned the lawyer, "until last night. But it was a cinch to learn two little words."

A FADING SOUTHERN belle, unmistakably beyond 40, appeared in an Alabama courtroom as a witness. As she stepped to the stand, the clerk raised his hand.

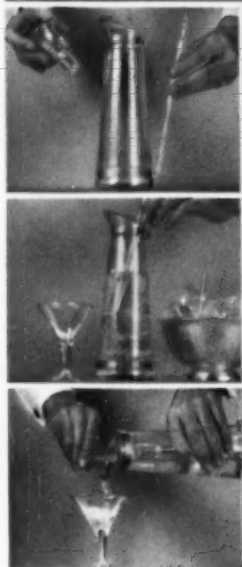
"Madam—" he began.

But the judge intervened. "I'll swear this witness myself," he said. With a gallant bow, he asked the woman, "How old are you?"

"Twenty-six," she replied coyly.

"And now," continued the judge, "do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

magnificent
new gift idea!



**SOMETHING'S STIRRING
WITH WOLFSCHMIDT
THIS CHRISTMAS**

Wolfschmidt Vodka in an exclusive new Cocktail Pitcher with detachable stirring spoon is ideal for your own year-round use or as a handsome holiday gift. *At no extra cost.*

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., N. Y. C. • MADE FROM GRAIN 100 OR 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.





Dick Peck, pilot of portable one-man 'copter, is a Camel smoker. "Camel's the one cigarette," he says, "that gives me rich tobacco flavor in a mild smoke."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Have a real cigarette— have a **Camel**

So good and mild...
the finest taste in smoking!

No other cigarette has ever equalled the superior Camel blend of costly tobaccos. Camel stands alone for good, rich flavor and easygoing mildness. No wonder more people today select and enjoy Camels than any other cigarette.

